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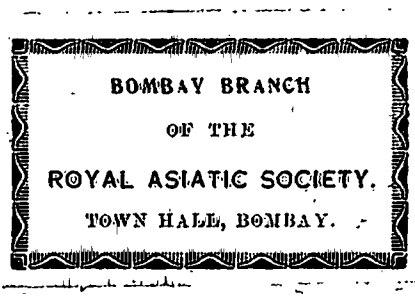

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DAMASCUS AND PALMYRA:

A JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

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WITH A SKETCH OF

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF SYRIA,

UNDER IBRAHIM PASHA.

BY CHARLES G. ADDISON,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

HIS FRIEND AND FELLOW TRAVELLER,

THE HON. WILLIAM STOURTON,

This Work,

WITH FEELINGS OF SINCERE REGARD AND ESTEEM,

IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

At the present moment, when the facilities of travelling have been multiplied so vastly by the discoveries made within our own recollection, and when time and space seem almost annihilated by the gigantic power of the steam-engine, the attention of the public is naturally attracted every day more and more to the East, and to those countries bordering the shores of the Mediterranean, which the antient and modern historian have alike rendered so interesting.

Many desirous of visiting the venerable ruins which still exist in those classic lands, and of personally examining the striking peculiarities of custom, and habits, which distinguish the Orientals from the Europeans, are deterred from satisfying their curiosity by the supposed difficulty of the enterprize and the want of information as to the mode of travelling and the length of time requisite for the journey. Much of our most valuable knowledge relative to Eastern countries is sealed up in unwieldy quartos, and lies buried under a mass

of learned discussion and antiquarian research. In those different volumes, the antient names of provinces, mountains, rivers, and promontories have been determined, the latitude and longitude accurately ascertained, antique marbles described, the plans and measures of buildings taken, their history and the nature of their construction minutely given, inscriptions copied, and coins learnedly criticised. Many smaller and more unpretending works, recently published, give sketches of the present political condition of the Orientalists, of the late changes in their government, and some illustrations of national characteristics and peculiarities.

The traveller, therefore, desirous of making the tour of the Mediterranean, of visiting the most remarkable of the ruins, the most interesting of the modern cities, and some of the most renowned sites of antiquity, is obliged to dive into many ponderous tomes to obtain the necessary information. On Greece, Constantinople, Asia Minor, and Syria, he finds various volumes displaying much classic learning, though frequently but little information on the mode of travelling, on the best route to take, or on the time occupied between the different halting places.

The following volumes are descriptive of a tour from Malta round the Mediterranean to

Damascus and Palmyra, two of the most interesting places in the East; the one remarkable for the beauty of its environs, its striking oriental aspect, its magnitude and antiquity, and the peculiar characteristics of its native population; the other for its brilliant and romantic history, its magnificent ruins, and their extraordinary position on the edge of the great Syrian desert.

The first volume treats of the route to the coast of Syria, by way of Constantinople, and pourtrays the sad state of Greece, under Bavarian misrule, its impoverished condition and its desolate aspect, "Fuit quondam Græcia, fuerunt in Græcia Athenæ, nunc neque Athenæ, neque in ipsâ Græciâ, Græcia est;"—the antiquities and curiosities of "the city of the Sultan" are described; and the route thence through the antient Bithynia and Phrygia to Sardis, once the capital of the kingdom of Lydia, and to Magnesia, one of the most populous and wealthy of the oriental towns, but little visited by Europeans. The journey then proceeds through the Grecian islands to Rhodes, and Cyprus.

The second volume commences with a description of Syria; of the range of Mount Lebanon and its inhabitants; of the camp of Ibrahim Pasha, and of the court and castle of the Emir Beshir, the

prince of the Druses; of the ruins of Baalbec, and of the route to Damascus.

This, the antient capital of Syria, one of the wealthiest, and most populous, of oriental cities, has been scantily and insufficiently described by the few who have visited it. The fanaticism and bigotry of the inhabitants, have rendered it, until of late, an unpleasant and rather insecure sojourn for the European, and have presented insuperable obstacles to the gratification of curiosity, and to a free intercourse with the different classes and grades of the population. The lawless and intolerant spirit of the people has, however, been lately happily checked by the vigorous and impartial administration of the new government under Ibrahim Pasha; and the establishment of a British Consul General, and the consequent residence of some English merchants in the city, have accustomed the population to the sight of Franks, and diminished many prejudices formerly entertained against Europeans.

It was the author's fortune to visit Damascus with a large party of his countrymen, to occupy for some weeks one of the handsomest villas in the environs, and to meet with many novel events and circumstances, which may prove, perhaps, not unamusing to the English reader.

Through the kindness of the British Consul General, and by means of his influence with a tribe of Bedouin Arabs who pasture their flocks in the desert bordering Damascus, he was enabled, with his companions, to make the excursion from Damascus across the desert to Palmyra.

The celebrated ruins of that once flourishing city still excite the wonder of the traveller, and transfix his admiration by the peculiarity of their position, their extent, and their magnificence. Little has of late been written on Palmyra, and the descriptions that have appeared since the publication of the valuable papers of the British merchants, who first discovered the ruins in 1691, are very meagre and very unimportant. The splendid architectural drawings of Messrs. Wood and Dawkins, published in 1760, give a happy idea of their pristine splendour, and of the extreme beauty and taste of their ornamental architecture.

The rise and fall of this once famed capital of the East, are most striking; and the life of its lovely and unfortunate queen forms one of the most romantic episodes of history.

But it is not Palmyra alone, or the associations and recollections connected with it, that attract the traveller to these relics of antient glory and

of past greatness. The journey thither, through a wild, deserted, and extraordinary country, such as few can have a conception of who have been familiar only with the cultivated fields and the highly populated districts of Europe, and the acquaintance there formed with the mode of life and the manners and customs of the Bedouins, the children of the desert, possess an interest almost surpassing that with which one views the funereal towers and the crumbling monuments of the antient capital of Zenobia.

While in Europe every thing is changing, and old manners and customs are swept away by the tide of innovation, the curious traveller will observe among these people the most wonderful and intact preservation of antient manners. He will see the Bedouin constant in all things—in habits and mode of living, as in ages long since passed; so that on a close and attentive consideration of the characteristics of this peculiar people, and of their mode of life, he finds himself, as it were, carried back to the earliest ages of which we have any record—to the time of the patriarchs,—and observes a faithful transcript of many customs described in the Old Testament, and many copies of pastoral scenes there vividly depicted.

He sees the inhabitants living in tents;—their

whole wealth consists in their flocks of goats and camels, and the old men, with gray hairs, still seat themselves at the "tent doors," as in the time of Father Abraham. The women may be perceived "dealing out measures of fine meal, kneading it, and making cakes upon the hearth," and the virtue of hospitality is still practised with religious scrupulousness, and the tender kid is still killed and dressed, and "served up with butter and milk," to the hungry and weary stranger. Thin cakes of unleavened bread, baked upon the hot ashes, still serve as the principal food of the people, and those who undertake a journey furnish themselves, at the present day, with "a bottle of water" and a provision of "bread," such as Abraham put upon the shoulder of Hagar, when he sent her away with the child, "and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba."

The English traveller, in pursuing his journey over the wilderness to Palmyra, still has his water-bottle slung to his saddle-bow; and on his arrival, after many long hours of fatiguing march, the bottle is let down into the water, as did Hagar "when she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad to drink." Disputes with regard to the wells of water in the wilderness, such as took place

between Abraham and the servants of Abimelech, still occur, and covenants are still made between the chiefs of different tribes with respect to the right of pasturing cattle on certain districts, such as were made with regard to a well by Abraham and Abimelech, when the covenant was ratified by the respective parties exchanging a certain number of sheep and oxen.

Circumstances and events are constantly varying, and something new generally falls under the notice of every enquiring traveller. The incidents and remarks in the following volumes were written during moments of rest and leisure, after fatiguing journeys; and some of them may be found useful to those desirous of proceeding on a similar excursion to the countries described. The time occupied in travelling on horseback, or on dromedaries, between different places, is accurately given, and the season of the author's visit, is much the best that can be chosen.

A spirit of enquiry is now widely spreading, and the increasing number of travellers, who each year assemble at Malta as a starting point for a Journey to the East, may find the contents of the following pages not altogether unacceptable; and the favour and indulgence generally shewn to works contributing in any degree to afford in-

formation on distant lands, have encouraged the Author, after some hesitation, to submit this to the approval of the public.

London,
January, 1838.

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ERRATA.

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Page 49, line 6, for "was" read "were."
96, line 1, for "does" read "do."
101, line 14, for "porches" read "porticos."
290, line 4, for "loveliness" read "loneliness."

A JOURNEY,

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MALTA.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—ZANTE.—PATRAS.—GREEKS.—GULPH OF LEPANTO.—DELPHI.—MOUNT PARNASSUS.—CORINTH.—NEMEA.—MYCENÆ.—ARGOS.—TIRYNS.—NAUPLIA.—LESSA.—GROVE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.—EPIDAURUS.

"Insula est Melita, Judices, satis lato ab Sicilia mari, periculosoque disjuncta:" CIC. IN VERR.

THE island of Malta, with its magnificent city of La Valetta, its stupendous fortifications and capacious harbours, is well calculated to strike a stranger with astonishment and admiration; and the fleet lying at anchor in the port, with the fine regiments of the garrison within the walls, to give him a high idea of Britain's power.

To an Englishman, Malta presents no ordinary attraction, and his heart swells with a feeling of national pride as he sails into the great harbour past the Castle of St. Elmo, and the triple ranges of batteries with the British flag floating above them, and surveys our noble fleet, with the Cale-

donia of 120 guns swinging within half pistol shot of the shore. Nor is this natural feeling of pride and admiration diminished as he ascends long flights of steps cut in the rocks, over drawbridges and through gateways guarded by British sentinels to the town above; and passing through the beautiful Strada Reale, or Royal Street, lined on either hand with white stone houses of rich and florid architecture, comes to the great square in front of the Palace of the Grand Master, now the Governor's Palace, and marks the royal arms of Britain, with the inscription:

"MAGNÆ ET INVICTÆ BRITANNIÆ, AMOR MELITENSIUM, ET EUROPÆ VOX, HAS INSULAS CONFIRMANT."

Valetta, founded by the Grand Master Giovanne La Valetta, in 1566, is one of the finest cities of Europe. The clean, well-kept streets are lined with handsome stone edifices with projecting windows and balconies; they cut one another at right angles, and at the end of almost every one of them, the eye is gratified by the expanse of the Mediterranean or the deep blue waters of one of the harbours.

Our first impressions of Valetta were remarkably vivid: we had been becalmed four days in cloudy weather in the canal of Malta, and at last

entered the great harbour on a fine morning with a strong breeze. The yards of the men of war were all manned and the sails were being shaken out; cutters were putting out to sea with ladies and naval officers on board; bands were playing, and men of war boats were swiftly cleaving the waters. In the town, the Highlanders, the Rifles, and the Artillery were parading in front of the governor's palace, and the bands were playing God save the King; a religious ceremony was going on in the great cathedral, and the interior was filled with crowds of pretty Maltese girls in their graceful and coquettish silk hoods, something like the Spanish mantilla, and with fans and prayer books in their hands; naval and military officers in full uniform were standing about, and the gorgeous building glittered with gold and marble, and the whole pavement, composed of the tombs of the ancient knights, was inlaid with bronze and coats of arms; opposite the throne of the bishop was the throne of our king under a canopy of crimson velvet and silk, decorated with the crown and the royal arms worked in gold, and sent from London; a full band of music accompanied the organ, innumerable wax lights glittered in every direction, and clouds of incense perfumed the air. At five o'clock the band of the Rifles played in the great

square, and at sunset as we hung over the ramparts, elevated 100 feet above the water, amid trees overshadowing monuments erected to the memory of some of our bravest officers, we looked down on the decks of the line of battle ships floating below; saw the parading of marines with fixed bayonets, the mustering of the ships' companies, and in a few moments heard the booming of the evening gun from one of the outer batteries followed by a roll of musketry from each ship, the beating of the drum, and the hauling down of the British colours. After the first act of the opera in the evening, the band played God save the King, the house standing; afterwards, Rule Britannia, when the sailors in the gallery cheered and shouted with delight.

A number of sailors from the fleet are allowed on shore every day, and may be seen in coaches, on horses, or on donkeys, distributing liberal largesses to the Maltese beggars with peculiar oaths and a very patronizing air.

The beautiful churches of Malta, the gorgeous cathedral with its interesting associations, the palace of the Grand Master, the library, and the handsome palaces of the Knights, converted into clubs, mess-rooms and barracks, well merit attention; and the inspection of the fortifications, which are

said to possess more than twenty miles of parapet wall, and to mount more than a thousand cannons; and also of the mines and galleries, and the subterranean magazines of corn and powder, with a visit to the country palace and gardens of the Governor, necessarily detain the traveller some days at this interesting spot.

April 21st, 1835.—Left Malta by the Government steamer; we had numerous passengers, but as the incidents of the voyage were much the same as those that occur nearer home, I shall not allude to them further than to say, that we had our share of sea-sickness, storms, and fright; that we saw a British frigate in full sail going to Corfu, and on the 24th in the morning, at ten A.M., made the high land of Cephalonia, and shortly afterward saw Zante.

Five, P.M. — Darted past the bold picturesque shores of Zante, and entered the beautiful bay surrounded by mountains and picturesque scenery. On the eminence above, are the castle and barracks of the British garrison, and the shore is lined with strange figures in picturesque red caps.

The stillness of the water, the clearness of the atmosphere, and the rich tints on the mountains from the last rays of the setting sun, present a

magic change from the troubled waters and dark leaden sky of the last three days.

April 25th.—At daylight we entered the Bay of Patras, and found ourselves as it were land-locked in the midst of an immense lake, surrounded by bold and beautiful mountains tipped with snow; some tapering away to a fine point, others broken into all sorts of fantastic shapes. As I came on deck, I could at first hardly believe that the bold picturesque coast so close before me was the classic land of Greece;—the Morea, the country of those poets, warriors, and philosophers whose works still amuse and instruct us, and of that gallant race of men, whose stirring actions and exploits, we are taught to admire, during the early years of our school-boy life. As we neared the land, we seemed, indeed, transported into another world; we saw curious figures on shore, dressed in loose petticoat-trousers, and crimson caps; and close to us, in the rigging of a Greek brig of war, stood a tall object in yellow slippers, full wide-spreading white trousers, and a pelisse lined with fur, so still, and motionless, that we should have taken him for a stuffed figure, had it not been for a searching pair of black eyes, glaring from side to side, under long shaggy eyebrows.

The town of Patras looked bare and naked, no trees being near it; but there seemed to be some good houses: and in half an hour, after firing twice for a boat, we were rowed to a sort of pier, on which stood about thirty figures in flowing dresses of various gay colours, and in scarlet caps. Independently of the dress, one's attention could not fail to be attracted by the grave countenances and demeanour of the people, so different from the noisy, screaming Italian, and Sicilian Lazzaroni and Faccini, who haunt all the sea-ports of Italy, crowding and disputing for the transport of your luggage. Some were talking and smoking, some were dressed entirely in white, others in different coloured embroidered jackets; there were trousers fastened at the knee, displaying a good leg, covered with a white cotton stocking, and others, like a petticoat, fastened between the legs, copied from the Turks. Everywhere the crimson cap and the blue tassel prevailed.—A fine imposing looking figure, dressed in a long robe, made us a low bow; taking him to be a man of consequence, we touched our hats, when he asked, in the kindest and most condescending manner in Italian, if we wished to buy any *pocket handkerchiefs or gloves!*

In a short time we arrived at a wooden build-

ing, the hotel, and were ushered into a small room, hung round with French prints. The master of the hotel spoke English, being a native of Corfu. In a balcony opposite were two pretty Greek girls, who ran away in a great fright on seeing us. The houses constituting the modern town are new, and built entirely of wood, one or two stories high, the first story often projecting into the street, supported by wooden pillars. To the north of the town, on a height, the Acropolis of the ancient Patræ, stands the Castle of Patras, intermixed with the modern walls of which are remains of the old masonry. From this castle one enjoys a lovely view of the sweeping coast, forming a vast bay, of the numerous bold mountain peaks, the blue land of Zante and Cephalonia, and the Gulph of Corinth, which looks like a magnificent lake, bounded by the bold mountains of Albania.

In this Acropolis of the ancient Greek city of Patræ, stood formerly the Temple of Diana Laphria, containing a very ancient statue of the goddess in ivory and gold, brought from Calydon, representing the goddess as a huntress; and here anciently was a magnificent procession in her honour, closed by a chariot drawn by stags; but for all the interesting particulars of this, as well

as other places, the reader must be referred to Pausanias, who has minutely described the different interesting objects once existing in ancient Greece. He divides the ancient town of Patræ into four different quarters. In the Acropolis, besides the temple of Diana, was a temple of Minerva and a temple of Æsculapius, there was an Odeum, theatres, temples of Nemesis, Venus, and Bacchus, no certain remnants of which can be said to exist, although bits of mortar and stone, among some of the modern residences, have been pointed out as belonging to one or other of them. Near the sea-shore, under a vault belonging to the remains of the church of St. Andrew, is a well, considered to be the same mentioned by Pausanias, as being near the temples of Venus and Ceres. To the east of the Castle Hill are ruins of the Roman aqueduct; erected when Patræ was made a Roman colony by Augustus, after the celebrated battle of Actium.

The modern town of Patras is one of the most populous in Greece, and appears in a rising condition. It is the residence of the European consuls, and its principal commerce and all its prosperity is owing to the exportation of currants, chiefly to England, and which are grown in large quantities in the plain. Silk is also produced here, as well as wool,

wax, leather, and juniper-berries, cotton, and tobacco. The population of the town appears to be idle and lazy, either standing in groups or sitting on benches smoking and talking. It was curious to see the names of the streets, and notices, and advertisements on the houses, written in the old Greek character. Previous to taking our departure, we were introduced to the Prefect of Police, a gay man, in a very full white petticoat and red embroidered jacket, who questioned us as to where we were going, and the motives of our voyage.

One, P.M.—Hoisted sail on board a large boat, with a very strong favourable wind, in the Gulph of Lepanto, the scene of the great battle between the Turkish fleet, in the reign of Selim II., and the united fleet of the Christians, scarcely less important in its results than that fought between Augustus and Marc Antony near this spot. Our crew amounted to four fine-looking, young Greeks, civil and obliging fellows; and the man at the rudder, with his well-trimmed moustachios, long beautiful hair hanging down his neck, loose jacket, and Turkish pipe, sitting cross-legged, formed quite a picture. Bread and water constituted their sole nourishment during the voyage. The scenery about this gulph is very

bold, mountainous, and most beautiful: the expanse of water presents the appearance of an immense lake bounded by precipitous rocks and lofty mountain peaks, with bold wavy outlines; the varying hues of these as different heavy thunder showers swept across them, the wild, dark, troubled waters, crested with white foam in every direction, and the solitude of the spot, unenlivened by a single boat beside our own, a single habitation, or any sign of life, save a few stormy petrels occasionally darting by, altogether presented a scene of wildness and grandeur I never saw equalled. A few miles above Patras are two castles, one called the castle of Roumelia, the other the castle of the Morea; the latter is surrounded by marshes and plantations of currants. In most parts of the gulph the precipitous rocky mountains, covered with dwarf evergreen shrubs, shelve down rapidly into the water; in some parts they however recede a little, leaving a narrow strip of level land, rocky, and unfavourable for cultivation. The shores are everywhere deserted; not a village nor even a house could be seen. Aided by the powerful and favourable wind we made rapid progress, and as night drew on and the weather became more stormy, we put into a small gulph

on the side of Roumelia, where we obtained shelter for the night under the lee of the land.

April 26th.—Early in the morning we planned an excursion to Djesphina, the ancient Delphi, and walked to Crissa, which is between four and five miles from that spot. The small hamlet of Crissa is beautifully situated in a grove of olives, and supplied abundantly with water. This is supposed to be the site of the ancient Crissa, whose arrogant inhabitants levied at one time a tax on all pilgrims to Delphi, in consequence of which the council of the Amphictyons decreed that Crissa should be destroyed, its inhabitants reduced to slavery, and their territory left uncultivated, as a district sacred to Apollo, Diana, and Latona. A war of ten years in consequence ensued, when, after a long and bloody siege, the town was taken and rased, and the surviving inhabitants sold for slaves. The scenery between this and Delphi is bold, mountainous, and very beautiful, and we had a lovely peep of part of the gulph of Lepanto. The village of Castri, occupying the site of the sacred city, is seated in a bold situation, surrounded by lofty rocks; it consists of a miserable collection of ruined cottages and mud hovels. Beneath a lofty rock, split at the

summit into two pointed crags, close by the village, is the *Castalian fountain*, a romantic and striking spot; there is a square basin or reservoir of water with steps leading down to it, an old fig-tree shades the spot with its branches, and the rocks are covered with ivy and dwarf evergreen plants. This is said by antiquarians to be the Castalian bath, where the Pythia used to wash her whole body, and particularly her hair, before she placed herself upon the tripod. There are some fragments of marble scattered about, and behind the Monastery of Panagia some stone foundations are supposed to be remnants of the Gymnasium. On the summit of the rising ground behind Castri are remains of the Stadium, many of the seats of which, hewn out of the rock, still remain. Near the monastery of Elias are two immense fragments of an architrave of Parian marble; these with the substruction of a building are supposed to mark the site of one of the principal temples of the ancient sacred city of Delphi. Near a fountain and church called St. Nicolo, is part of an old Greek inscription on a block of white marble, and on one of the pillars on the inside of the church is another of great length.

About three hours' walk from Delphi, is the village of Arracova, where mules and guides may

be obtained, to ascend to the summit of Mount Parnassus. The scenery is very grand, and all around Arracova are vineyards in terraces, rising one above the other. Although very desirous of ascending Mount Parnassus, yet the weather was so unfavourable and there was so much snow on the mountain that we were obliged to give up the project. From Arracova to the summit is about four hours of ascent, in some parts very steep, and the view therefrom of the gulph of Corinth, the plains of Thessaly, and the mountains of Greece, is said to be very grand.

Five, P.M.—Returned, and passed the night on board.

April 27th, 6, A.M.—The wind has ceased, the dark driving clouds are all gone, and it is a perfect calm. Our men started two hours ago, with a light breeze, and have since been rowing: we are drawing away from the land into the centre of the gulph. The whole east is one blush of crimson, and in the west, the snowy summit of Mount Parnassus, high above the other mountains, is already lighted up with the first rays of the sun. What a grand panoramic view of mountains! How still and beautiful is the immense sheet of water around, and how solitary! Not a boat, a living being, or even a bird in sight;

not a sound but the gentle splashing of our oars. Such a scene I never before saw, so very, very tranquil, such loveliness, and such repose, it is like magic;—yesterday the gulph was heaving in dark troubled masses, crested with foam, the black clouds chased each other along the sky, and the wind howled and whistled fearfully in our rigging. Now, it is the stillness of death.

> "So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
> We start, for soul is wanting there."

It is a monotony of beauty that wearies and depresses, there is no object to draw away attention, and no change to produce novelty. We arrived at Sicyon, where are ruins of a magnificent theatre, baths, &c., and about mid-day we slowly approached the shore off Corinth, the men continually rowing, and saw the "cloud capped" Acropolis, a short distance inland.

Mid-day, very hot. Plunged into the water, and swam ashore; climbing up a rising ground from the beach, we looked around, but not a soul was to be seen, all was solitary. One of us was therefore constrained to walk up to Corinth, about two miles off, for some mules, to carry up the luggage; the lot fell upon me, so I trudged off with a sailor, first, however, examining the remains of the ancient port of Lechæun consisting of some

masonry buried in a swamp. The form of the port may to a certain extent be distinguished. On my way to the town, I passed through a few scanty corn-fields, filled with the most brilliant wild scarlet poppies, and in about half an hour, arrived at the entrance of the place, which presented a most wretched, ruinous, deserted appearance. The whole of the houses, with the exception of those just built, in the centre of the village, being heaps of ruins, destroyed by the Turks, or deserted by the inhabitants, who have been thinned by the sword, and the plague. Bare mud walls, roofless tenements, and the shattered remnants of Turkish mosques present themselves on either side. Over these, in front, were seen the seven majestic Doric columns of the ancient temple, and behind them the lofty Acropolis. We traversed a rugged path over stinging-nettles and stones, past a fragment of a marble column, to the principal street, consisting of a few new houses of wood, and shops. Here however were a number of remarkably well-dressed Greeks, in white, clean dresses; and, to my astonishment, there was a gay billiard room, within which were some fine-looking fellows knocking about the balls, and numerous others were extended on benches, smoking and drinking coffee. The hotel was a decent-

looking wooden building, and ascending some steps, I was struck with two very fine blocks of white Parian marble built in with the rough stones.

Sending mules down to my companions, I asked the landlord in Italian what he had to drink, and he told me, in good English, *Barclay and Perkins's bottled porter!* The man was from Corfu, had learned English there, and brought his porter with him from that place.

Two, P.M.—On the arrival of my companions and the luggage, we all sallied out to view the majestic ruins of the temple—

> "There is a temple in ruins stands,
> Fashioned by long-forgotten hands,
> Two or three columns, and many a stone,
> Granite, and grass, with weeds o'ergrown."
>
> BYRON.

supposed by some to have been erected about 600 years before Christ, when Corinth was in the height of its prosperity, and sending colonies to different parts of Europe; if so, this structure must be of the surprising age of more than 2400 years. There are seven channelled columns measuring near eighteen feet at the base, and about twenty-five feet high, the shaft of each being of one single piece of stone.

A short distance to the north are a few large stones, and some fragments of Doric columns, supposed to be the ruins of another temple, by some called "The Temple of Apollo"; the diameter of some of the fragments of the columns is more than six feet. There are but few ruins at Corinth, and of these but little is known; Pausanias and Strabo both describe temples, walls, and buildings, which have now quite disappeared, and from our ignorance of the locality of these, it is hard to decide concerning the little that is left. There are on the left of the path going to the Gulph, a few Roman remains of the colony established here by Julius Cæsar, consisting of a mass of brick-work, supposed to have been baths built by Hadrian, and the hollow of an amphitheatre excavated in the rock.

Corinth, from the remotest period, maintained a high rank among the states of Greece, her numerous colonies were scattered over the coast of Sicily, Magna Græcia, and other parts in the earliest times, and during the decline of Grecian independence she was at the head of the confederacy, which for some time opposed a barrier to the conquering arms of Rome.

We ascended the lofty rocky mountain of the Acropolis by a steep rugged path, and arrived at a heavy gateway reared up against the perpen-

dicular rocks from which a ruined wall branched off on either hand along the summit of the crags. We obtained admission without difficulty from the Bavarian officer in command, and after passing some Bavarian sentinels and a barrack, we found ourselves in a large inclosure, amid ruined huts and houses. We could find no remains of antiquity, but climbing up the rock over broken mud walls and loose stones to the ruins of a small mosque, we enjoyed one of the loveliest and most interesting views in all Greece. From a height of 1,000 feet we looked down upon the isthmus of Corinth, and to the westward, immediately below us, was the blue Gulph, running up to the base of Mount Cithæron on the one hand, and then sweeping down by the isthmus in a large slightly curving bay, on the other; while beyond over the waters were the lofty summits of the mountains of Locris, Phocis, Bœotia, and Attica, and above them all, Mount Parnassus silvered with snow. To the eastward, extended the Gulph of Ægina, like an immense lake, surrounded by bold mountains, and studded with beautiful rocky islands; the celebrated bay of Salamis; and in the distance Mount Hymettus, and the Acropolis of Athens, with the Parthenon. It was near sunset and a lovely evening, the deep blue of the vast sheets of land-

locked water below us, the purple hue of the rocky coasts of the islands, and the rich colouring on the mountain sides, it is impossible to convey an idea of. Cities and towns may pass away, but the leading features of a country remain. Here one gazes upon the same mountains, the same classic waters, and beautiful islands, that were familiar to Themistocles and Alcibiades, Socrates and Plato; the scene of those spirit-stirring actions which have inspired the pen of the poet, and exercised the genius of the historian. In yon beautiful bay the Athenian defeated the Persian fleet, and from those mountains Xerxes witnessed the discomfiture of his forces.

Descending to the town below, we saw two lovely Greek girls spinning at the door of a cottage. The Bavarian soldiers here present a most unfavourable contrast to the Greeks. There is a peculiar expression in the Greek countenance, an air and manner about them that immediately strikes one, and is very different from the dandified conceited strut of the Bavarian serjeants and corporals. In the night, sounds of music and singing attracted me to the windows, where I saw two Greeks walking about, playing the guitar.

April 28th.—Left Corinth for the ruins of Nemea, Mycenæ, and Argos, on mules. Traversed

a solitary, uninhabited country for four hours, and across a rocky ridge of hills, where are some caves, one of which is said to have been the dwelling of the celebrated lion slain by Hercules! Below are vestiges of a stadium, and further on, amid masses of shattered marble, are three Doric columns of the temple of the Nemean Jupiter described by Pausanias.

Two hours from Nemea we came in sight of the Cyclopean walls and the Acropolis of Mycenæ, seated between two lofty, conical mountains. These are some of the most interesting remains in Greece, from their great antiquity, supposed to be thirteen centuries anterior to the Christian era, and from their existing at the present time in the *same state* as Pausanias describes them sixteen centuries ago.

We first arrived at the Cyclopean walls of the citadel, formed of immense unhewn stones, as Pausanias says, "so large that a pair of mules could not move the smallest from its place;" most of the stones appear, however, to have been squared a little, forming polygonal blocks, well fitted to each other. These walls extend all round the Acropolis, forming an irregular inclosure, in its extreme length and breadth about 330 by 200 yards, and they vary from fifteen to twenty feet in height. There appears to be masonry of different

dates, some of which is of the oldest and rudest form of Cyclopean architecture, where there is no artificial adaptation of one rock to another by smoothing down the rough edges and inequalities, but the interstices are filled up with small stones. The smoothing down the rough edges of the stones and the adaptation of the different sides together is evidently a later improvement.

The extreme antiquity of these rude massive walls is manifest from the fabulous origin ascribed to them by the antients, in the time of Pausanias. Walls of this description exist in other parts of Europe, and they are all remarkable for the simplicity of their construction and the great size of the stones: of these gigantic walls, Pausanias speaks with wonder, and considers them as marvellous as the Pyramids.

We first stopped at a gateway formed of three great stones, two being placed perpendicularly, and one resting on them horizontally; it is five feet four inches wide at the top, and six feet at the bottom, but not more than a third of the original height is above ground. Passing on, we shortly arrived at the celebrated Gate of Lions, approached by a passage fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, formed by two massive Cyclopean walls on either hand, and these, together with the front of

the gate, have been built of blocks rudely squared. This gateway, like the other smaller one, consists of two uprights of stone, so buried in rubbish, that it is difficult to form an exact idea of their size, but the immense transverse block resting upon them, forming the lintel of the gateway, is fifteen feet two inches long, six feet nine inches broad, and four feet thick. Resting on this immense horizontal lintel, is a triangular stone, twelve feet long, ten feet high, and two feet thick, upon the face of which are rudely sculptured, two lions, standing on their hind legs, on either side of a round pillar, which increases in size towards the top, and is surmounted by a sort of square capital, formed of a row of four balls, inclosed between two square blocks of stone. Pausanias, in his description of Mycenæ 1600 years ago, speaks of this gateway, "upon which lions stand, said to be the work of the Cyclopes, who built also the fortress of Tiryns for Prœtus." Pausanias, book ii. c. 15 and 16. It is alluded to by Sophocles, in his Electra, v. 1391.

Near this gateway are the remains of a door, half buried in ruins, by some called a tomb, by others one of the treasuries of Atreus. The length of the three stones forming the entrance, is seventeen feet ten inches, and the passage is between seven and eight feet wide. Lower down is the

half buried gateway of a ruined circular building, composed of three stones, measuring more than fifteen feet in length, and the ground is everywhere strewed with bits of ancient pottery.

But the most curious thing here is the conical mound, called the tomb of Agamemnon, and by some a Treasury of Atreus. The mass of stone lying across the uprights of the portal, and forming the lintel of the doorway, is *twenty-seven* feet, long, *seventeen* feet wide, and four feet seven inches in thickness. Passing through this heavy colossal portal, you find yourself in a circular stone chamber, terminating above in a cone, corresponding with the external shape of the tumulus. The diameter of the apartment is about fifty feet. Immediately on the right of a person entering, is another doorway, with a triangular window above it, leading into a square chamber, about twenty-three feet each way, rudely excavated in the rock, with a slightly vaulted roof. In the stones on the inside are numerous small holes for brazen nails, some of which still remain, supposed formerly to have attached metal plates to the walls.

Two, P.M.—Leaving Mycenæ, we crossed near the site of the Heræum, or Temple of Juno, formerly one of the most celebrated sacred edifices of Greece, built in the ninth year of the Peloponnesian war, B. C. 423. We then traversed a deserted

country, crossed the Inachus, and in about two hours and a half, arrived at Argos, now a miserable ruined village; the antiquities consist only of a theatre, excavated in the rock, with two wings formed of masses of rude stone and mortar, and remains of several circular rows of seats. On the side of a hill, near the theatre, are ruins of a building at the entrance of a cavern, where there is a narrow passage leading up to a niche, supposed to have been one of the oracular shrines alluded to by Pausanias; a juggling place of the priests, who crept along the passage, and secreting themselves behind the altar, astonished the weak minds of the vulgar by preternatural sounds.

Among the many ruins of temples, theatres, and edifices alluded to by Pausanias as existing in his time, he describes the Hieron of Venus, where was a statue of the poetess Telesilla, who is said, at the head of a band of females, to have repelled the Lacedæmonians from the walls, when they attacked Argos. "She was represented," says Pausanias, "standing upon a pillar, with the books of her poetry scattered at her feet, in the act of regarding a helmet, which she was about to put upon her head."

April 29th.—At day-light we departed for Epiada, the ancient Epidaurus. Shortly after leav-

ing Argos, we had a fine view of the citadel of Napoli di Romania, which had a striking appearance on the opposite side of the Gulph. In an hour and a half we arrived at the massive Cyclopean ruins of Tiryns, described by Pausanias as "rude masses piled one upon another, with small stones forced in between them." Homer in his Iliad, describes them, v. 559, in the words, Τίρυνθα τε τειχιόεσσαν,—so that they appear to have been as astonishing to the people 2000 years ago as they are to us in the present day. The most astonishing and interesting portion of them is the Cyclopean Gallery, consisting of immense blocks of stone, placed one on the other, the upper ones slanting over, forming a lancet arch. There appear to have been three gateways, and the principal one was flanked by a tower: one of the largest stones in the walls appears to be about ten feet six inches long, by three feet nine broad, and three feet nine in thickness, and the wall is twenty-four feet and a half in thickness.

Pausanias says, that these walls were built by the Cyclops, for Prœtus, whose reign is placed in Blair's Chronology, 1379 B. C. Ælian says that the inhabitants of Tiryns fed upon wild figs, and they had also the credit of being people of great mirth and frivolity.

The town of Napoli di Romania, the ancient Nauplia, the principal place in all Greece, and so lately the seat of government, is a miserable, dirty spot, and can boast of the most disagreeable and the very dearest hotel in all the land, and a most exacting, impertinent, and deceitful landlord. Its population has been thinned by the plague and the dreadful intermittent fever; there is, at present, a motley collection of Italians, Franks, Greeks, and Turks. Like most of the other ancient sites it possesses its lofty Acropolis, called Palamedi, an interesting retention of the name of the hero Palamedes, the reputed son of Nauplius.

By the ramparts near the sea are some remains of Cyclopean walls, part of the ancient fortifications. This place appears to have first risen in importance under the Byzantine empire, and it became the chief town of the Morea under the Venetians and the Turks.

About ten o'clock we proceeded on our journey; it was a brilliant, clear, warm day, and the distant blue mountains of the Morea, with their wavy outlines, had a most beautiful appearance as we passed through the Argive territory. From Nauplia to the ruins of Lessa is a journey of about four hours; a town mentioned by Pausanias as being on the road to Epidaurus, and containing a

temple of Minerva and a wooden statue of Jupiter, with three eyes. The mule track traverses a succession of narrow valleys; on the road we observed some vestiges of walls, and the ruins of two castles. The country is mostly rocky, barren, and everywhere uncultivated.

We reached the village of Ligurio, close to the ruins of Lessa; at the base of the mountain are some remains of ancient walls, an ancient pyramid, and in the village church some Ionic columns. The place is half in ruins, small, and miserable. The celebrated temple of Æsculapius, and the sacred grove, one of the most renowned places in Greece, were situated at the upper end of the valley, on the road to Epidaurus; and, about a mile and a half from Ligurio, we arrived at some widely scattered ruins on a spot called "Sto-hiero," or "sacred place," by the Greeks. Here are part of the foundations of a temple, supposed to be that of Æsculapius; some masses of brick foundations, supposed to have been ruins of a stadium, cisterns, and baths, and the ruins of the theatre mentioned by Pausanias as the work of Polycletus, of which thirty rows of seats appear above ground, many of them covered with white marble, and overhung with brambles and bushes; it is supposed to have been near 400 feet in diameter. Pausanias says,

"in harmony and beauty of workmanship what artist can come into competition with Polycletus, who built the theatre and Tholus of the Epidauri?" This sacred grove formerly contained temples of Venus, Themis, and Diana; baths erected by Antoninus Pius; and a building, beyond the sacred precincts, for the reception of the dying, and the women in labour, as it was unlawful to die or be born within the sacred district. Such was its sanctity, that according to Livy, lib. x. c. 47, a deputation was decreed at Rome, to Æsculapius of Epidaurus, (293 B. C.,) to implore his aid in curing a pestilence which ravaged the city and neighbouring country, and a ship was afterwards sent, and one of the sacred serpents brought back to Rome. Strabo describes the sanctuary as a place renowned for the cure of all sorts of diseases, and always full of invalids, and the walls of the temple were covered with tablets descriptive of the cures.

Taking up our quarters for the night in a hovel, we sent down to the miserable port of Epiada, to search for a boat to carry us across the gulph of Ægina to the island.

April 30th.—Started early in the morning for Epiada: the scenery appeared very beautiful; we were surrounded by lofty mountains, and rode

through a valley, filled with myrtles and dwarf evergreen shrubs. The sun rose magnificently behind the mountains of Attica, and the gulph of Ægina, with its numerous islands and bold rocky shores, had a most lovely appearance.

We passed the miserable village of Epiada, and through olive plantations and some scanty vineyards, to the port. Of the ancient Epidaurus scarcely any vestiges remain.

CHAPTER II.

ISLAND OF ÆGINA.—BAY OF SALAMIS.—MEGARA.—GREEK PEASANTRY.—SCENERY.—POLICE OFFICER.—ELEUSIS.—ATHENS.—ATHENIAN RUINS.—GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.—MOUNT PENTELICUS.—MARATHON.—MODERN ATHENS.

"WHY need we say (exclaims Strabo) that Ægina is one of the most celebrated of the islands, the native country of Æacus, and the Æacidæ, which once enjoyed the dominion of the seas, and contended with Athens herself, for the prize of superior glory in the battle with the Persian fleet at Salamis?"

As the wind was fair, and the island of Ægina in sight, about thirty miles off, we trusted ourselves to a frail bark; and soon after mid-day, we arrived at the ancient port of Ægina, and the site of the ancient town, marked by a large tumulus, and a beautiful Doric column, with the greater portion of the shaft of another standing by its side. There are ruins of two ancient ports, surrounded by shattered walls and moats, twenty feet thick. The walls of the town may be traced

in several places; but the ruins of the temples, theatre, and stadium, are no longer visible.

Rowing round the north-west point of the island, until we got the wind again in our favour, we bore off eastward, close along shore, for the temple of Jupiter Panhellinus, whose majestic columns we shortly saw crowning a bold eminence in front, and rising grandly above the tops of some trees. There are twenty-one Doric columns still standing; originally there were thirty-two, six at each end, and twelve at the sides. The temple was erected on a raised platform, and the majesty of the structure in the fine commanding position it occupies, must have rendered it a most striking and magnificent object.

Pausanias describes this temple as one which Æacus erected to Jupiter.

We preferred remaining in our boat all night, rolled up in our coats and cloaks, to going to the miserable village; and as a light breeze is now drawing down the Gulph, favourable for Megara, we intend, should it continue, to depart by the fine moonlight for that place, instead of sailing direct to the Piræus.

May 1st.—One hour after midnight, hoisted sail, with a light gentle breeze.

Six, A.M.—Sun just rising; what a lovely ex-

panse of water! it is like a great lake, surrounded by the grandest mountains, and studded with islands. We see the snowy peak of Mount Parnassus in the distance.

Mid-day.—Off the entrance of the bay of Salamis; and the wind that had sprung up, has slackened, as if to give us an opportunity of surveying well the celebrated scene of the naval fight between the Grecians and the Persians, where 380 sail of the former defeated the vast armament of Xerxes of 2000 ships.

About six o'clock, we landed at Megara, which at a distance looked a large respectable place; on arriving, however, we found a collection of miserable stone walls, without roofs, overgrown with grass and weeds, and mud houses tumbling to pieces. Around, were a few patches of green, and traces of cultivation; some lean beasts were browsing the scanty wild herbage, and some lazy Greeks were rolling on the grass. The hotel, a wooden building, was by far the best and largest house in the place, and has been lately erected for the convenience of travellers. Before the door, was a solitary marble column lying on the grass. The landlord was a fine looking man, with the air and manner of a well-bred gentleman. With his pipe he motioned a domestic to show us

the principal room at the top of a wooden ladder, and told us there were three mattresses, and three coverlids at our service, which were duly laid down on the floor.

Our landlord conducted us to see a large statue that had been dug up about six months back; the drapery was beautifully executed, but the head wanting. We crept along the dirty streets of the village, a complete scene of ruins; across some of the shattered walls, wood, bushes and earth had been laid, forming miserable sheds, inhabited by dirty, poverty-stricken wretches: a few mud huts built among the ruins, and one or two wretched coffee-shops filled with smoke, compose the present town. The place was depopulated and destroyed in the revolutionary war.

And is this desolate, deserted spot, the site of that Megara, which furnished twenty ships for the defence of Greece, at the battle of Salamis, and numbered her 300 warriors, under Pausanias, at Platæa,—and which in the second century, 1300 years after its foundation, takes up six chapters of Pausanias's description of Greece, in the enumeration of its buildings, history, and objects of curiosity?

May 2d.—At sun-rise, left Megara on some bad mules and horses, each furnished with a

wooden saddle, as sharp as the ridge of a house; and with all the coats and cloaks we could muster, it was with great pain and difficulty, that we managed to sit upon them the entire day. After proceeding through the plain, we reached a rugged path, winding along the rocks overhanging the Gulph. The country was everywhere deserted and solitary, and the scenery very lovely and very tranquil. The tract around appeared incapable of cultivation, consisting either of rocks, upon which the juniper and a few shrubs and flowers flourished; or a sandy gravel, conveying no idea of richness and fertility. We met during the day with some fine Albanian peasantry; most of these men have a bearing and appearance much superior to the same class in England. Their costume, mustachios, and long hair, sometimes hanging half down the back, present a strong contrast to the smock frock, laced boots, and round hat of an English peasant. One fine man that we met alone had a white frock, very full at the waist, encircled with a red girdle, holding a knife; a red cap and tassel, a tight jacket edged with fur, and ornamented with braid; and over all, a large cloak, made of sheepskin, tanned and embroidered outside, with the long hairy wool, cleaned and bleached, hanging on the inside.

We ascended and descended by rugged paths among the rocks, which were covered with green firs, the juniper, and other plants, and quantities of lavender, and wild thyme in full blossom scenting the air. The curving shores of the island of Salamis, about three miles off, formed with the coast along which we rode, a beautiful lake: beyond, stretched the magnificent expanse of the gulph of Ægina, studded with islands, and the bold blue mountains of the Morea. It is the most beautiful scenery in all Greece! The clearness of the atmosphere, the brilliancy of the sun, the lights and shadows of the projecting rocks and promontories, and the calm blue expanse of water, were enchanting; but the want of human beings, and of a varied cultivation, rendered the journey monotonous. It is wearying to crawl on hour after hour, through rocks and bushes, and muddy streams, fatigued with the heat and glare of the sun, and tormented with the monotonous buzzing of myriads of flies. We encountered two camels laden with baggage, walking in the most stately manner; and after passing a few olive trees, that diversified the scenery, we were startled in the most solitary part of the rocky path, on a wild mountain, by a grotesque figure, who suddenly issued with a large dog, and an immense firelock,

from a miserable hole covered over with green boughs, and furnished with a little straw and a smouldering fire. He shouted to us to stop, calling out, "passaporte, passaporte." Doubting the gentleman's intentions, we spurred our horses on, when the guides came running up, assuring us, that the ragged, brigand-like old fellow was really a functionary of the government, stationed there to examine the passports of all persons travelling that way. Scarcely able to keep our countenances, we handed one of the passports to him turned upside down, which he pretended to read in that position with imperturbable gravity, and then handing it back, with a dignified wave of the hand he motioned us to proceed.

Thus the Bavarian government have introduced into this country the absurd, inconvenient, and arbitrary regulations of passports; a shackle and a fetter upon travellers unknown whilst the country was under the dominion of Turkey, and a regulation unknown throughout the wide continents of Asia, Africa, and America; happily unknown too in free Britain. One of the first blessed importations of European civilisation into this kingdom, now under the imbecile government of the Bavarians. What should we think in England, if we could not travel from our native town to one fifty

miles distant, without going to a magistrate for permission to do so,—without informing him of the place of our destination, of our profession, and name, and without having the description of our persons taken down. And does the public good require such restraint upon our power of locomotion? Is it an injury to civil society to allow people the liberty of moving their persons to whatsoever place their inclinations may direct? If so, great is the injury indeed on the community, inflicted every day in old England, and in America.

We left the lovely shores of the Gulph, and traversed a desolate plain towards Eleusis. There are no trees much larger than a gooseberry bush in this country. We reached some large blocks of quarried stones, and foundations of walls, in the centre of which was a well, where several Greek women were washing clothes, supposed to be the famous well at which Ceres rested from her fruitless search after Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto! Across the plain in front extended a long ruined wall, and arches of an aqueduct. We shortly arrived at some miserable mud houses, some of which were in ruins, and halted to refresh the horses at a hut, the café of the village, where strong waters, rakee, and sour wine were sold. In heaps before the doorway, lay the

marble fragments of the temple of Ceres, channelled columns and capitals of the Ionic order, and large masses of white Pentelic marble, scattered in a vast confused heap, partly covered with weeds and rubbish. A miserable house has been built on part of the site of this temple, and around it are the remains of the ancient white marble pavement. The channellings of the columns are as sharp, and the carved ornaments almost as perfect as when they first came from the hands of the sculptor. There are inscriptions on some of the stones, among which Dr. Clarke found an interesting one, engraved on a marble pedestal, and translated thus.—"In honour of Claudia Menandra, daughter of Claudius Philippus, who has been torch-bearer at the mysteries. The senate of the Areopagus, the council of five hundred, and people of Athens erect this."

Between the village and the sea, are the ruins of another temple, consisting of a column and large fragments of stone and marble, by some supposed to be the Temple of Neptune. The Temple of Ceres was built in the time of Pericles, by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, and is mentioned by Plutarch, Strabo, and Vitruvius. A part of the pavement of the Via Sacra is still to be seen near it. There are a few other ruins towards the sea,

and the shape of the ancient theatre may be traced. Returning for our horses, we were again struck with the vast confused heap of marble ruins; not a single column is standing, nor one stone upon another. Whilst gazing upon the few miserable houses, and the few dirty lazy people lounging under the shade of the walls, we thought of the contrast of its present appearance to its ancient state, when its proud temples were erect, and its celebrated religious ceremonies of the Mysteries were so superstitiously observed every fifth year.

Crossing the plain to the eastward of Eleusis, we observed among the grass and rushes, remnants of the old causeway along which the procession was wont to move from Athens to Eleusis. Near a small stream were the foundations of another fine structure, and the ruins of a small temple close to the sea. Turning from the sea shore we entered the defile of Daphne, and near the top of it passed a tomb, and the ruins of a monastery, and shortly afterwards from the side of the hill we caught sight of the plain of Athens. Some of the new white houses of the modern town shortly appeared around the corner of a distant hill, and at last the ever memorable Acropolis, with the marble columns of the Parthenon. We soon reached

the plain, and for the first time since leaving Megara, found a rich fertile soil and some cultivation. We passed through several gardens, were obliged to ford a deep stream, the Cephissus, and at last emerging from the stone walls that intersect the country, we had an unobstructed view of the Temple of Theseus, the Acropolis with its ruined marble structures, and the whole of modern Athens. We stopped on the outskirts of the town, at a large newly erected building, the centre of which has been converted into an hotel.

Four P.M. we walked to the Temple of Theseus and the hill opposite the Acropolis, from whence we had a fine panoramic view of the opposite majestic ruins, and of various scattered columns in the plain below. The majesty and grandeur of these ruins, so superior to our most sanguine expectations, made us anxiously await an opportunity of closely examining them. How extraordinary that they should have been so long unknown to Europe, public attention having been first excited towards them by the publications of Spon and Wheler, in 1680, or rather, by the publication at Paris, in 1675, of the work of La Guilletière, who visited Athens after escaping from slavery in Barbary.

The Temple of Theseus in the plain below, constructed entirely of white marble, has a grand

appearance: it is the most perfect remnant of Grecian architecture in existence. All the columns are standing, the interior is restored, and with the exception of the once beautiful sculpture, now decayed by time, may be considered entire and perfect. It possesses all the majesty and simplicity of the pure Doric; a portico of six columns at each front, and eleven on each side, resting upon the stone pavement, without base or pedestal. Each front of the building, and the frieze the whole way round, were covered with magnificent high and bas reliefs, now unfortunately much ruined and decayed. They have been copied in the valuable work of Stuart, and by other artists. The metopes in front of the temple, are said to relate to the labours of Hercules; those on the two flanks, to the labours of Theseus; and the spirited figures on the frieze, to represent the combat of Theseus with the Centaurs, divided into three unequal portions, by two parties of deities seated on Mount Olympus. The interior is small, dark, and unimposing, very dungeon-like in appearance; it was being prepared by workmen for the coronation of King Otho, which they told us was to take place inside. This temple is considered to have been erected by Cimon, son of Miltiades, about eight centuries after the death of Theseus.

We passed on to the Areopagus, where Paul the

Apostle, declared unto the Athenians, "the Unknown God." "And they took him and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is?"

* * * * * * *

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars hill, and said, Ye men of Athens," &c., &c.* Steps cut in the rock, lead from the Agora to the hill of the Areopagus above, on the eastern or highest summit of which, is an open space, where the rock has been planed down; affording a view of the majestic ruins of the Acropolis to the east, the Temple of Theseus to the north, and to the southward, the Piræus, the Saronic Gulph, with its beautiful islands, and Salamis, the theatre of Athenian glory. Here sat the celebrated court of justice, supposed to have been founded by Cecrops, which heard causes and passed sentence in the night, in order that they might not be prepossessed either in favour of the plaintiff or defendant by seeing them. Near this spot the Persians encamped, under the command of Xerxes †.

We descended into the plain, and passed on to the Pnyx, the entire form and shape of which is clearly distinguishable, it being an area, shaped out of the solid rock. There is still to be seen the *βημα*, or stone pulpit, from which Demosthenes, and the

* Acts xvii. 19. 22, &c. † Herod. viii. 52.

Athenian orators were wont to harangue the assemblies of the people. There are few spots in the world clothed with more interesting associations than this. From the little rostrum we may imagine Demosthenes uttering those words in one of his orations, "There survive to Athens, everlasting possessions; on the one hand the memory of her exploits, on the other the splendour of her monuments."

Προπύλαια ταῦτα, ὁ Παρθενών, Στοαὶ, &c., &c.
Demosthenes Androt. 618.

We may imagine him recounting to his countrymen the fable of the sheep and the wolves, on the occasion of Philip's demanding of the Athenians, that their orators should be given up to him; or disputing with his celebrated rival, Æschines.

Just beyond is the monument of Philopappus, a ruined circular building, seated on an eminence commanding a noble view of the principal ruins, and the majestic columns of Jupiter Olympus. It is constructed of large blocks of white marble, and adorned with Roman bas-reliefs. A figure in a large niche is supposed to be king Antiochus, and under him another in a chariot, drawn by four horses led by a youth, is supposed to be the emperor Trajan. In advance of the chariot, in the same compartment, are five other mutilated in-

dividuals, apparently conversing together. The monument derives its name from the inscriptions on it, which have been published, to the effect that "Caius Julius Philopappus attained unto distinguished honours at Rome," and is supposed to have been erected in the second century. Crossing the fields towards the column of the temple of Olympian Jove, I was struck with the miserably rude attempts of the peasantry at ploughing. In vain do other nations make improvements in husbandry and agricultural implements; they are here unprofited by; the land is merely scratched with a piece of wood headed by an iron spike, drawn by oxen at a snail's pace, and the ground is rolled by a man standing on a piece of timber, drawn by two oxen, backwards and forwards across the field, who are constantly jolting him off his log and giving him infinite trouble.

The sixteen columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, from their immense size, have a very imposing appearance; they are of the Corinthian order, of the most beautiful workmanship, six feet in diameter, and near sixty feet in height; the architraves, of enormous size, still rest upon some of the columns, and one which has been measured was found to be twenty-two feet six inches in length. In the plan of this building published by

Stuart, it appears to have been entirely surrounded by a double colonnade of 124 columns, twenty in each front, and forty-two at each side; the length of the front was 124 feet, and that of the side more than 400. Pisistratus is said to have laid the foundations of a temple on this spot between 630 and 640 years B. C.; subsequently, Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, began to erect a magnificent temple to Jupiter Olympus, of the Corinthian order, upon these foundations, employing Cossutius, a Roman architect, for that purpose; at his death, 174 B. C., the work was discontinued for a long period, and then resumed at the joint expense of the Kings and States in alliance with Augustus. Seventy-eight years afterwards, the columns prepared for the building were carried away by Sylla, on his capture of Athens, and made to ornament the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome; and it was only in the time of Hadrian that the temple was completed by that munificent benefactor of the city *.

A short distance onward, in the direction of the town, we arrived at the Arch of Hadrian, of white Pentelic marble, which led from the new Athens, embellished by Hadrian, to the old city

* Pausanias. Thucydides, lib. ii. c. 15. Plutarch in Solon.

of Theseus; it is adorned with Corinthian columns and pilasters, and has on it the following Greek inscription:

ΑΙΔ ΕΙΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΙ ΘΗΣΗΩΣ Ἡ ΠΡΙΝ ΠΟΛΙΣ.

We next came to the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, called by the Greeks, Το φαναρ του Δημοσθενου, "the Lantern of Demosthenes;" a cupola, surrounded by six fluted Corinthian columns, resting upon a quadrangular basement. The architrave and frieze are of one block of marble, and round the latter are bas-reliefs, copied by Stuart, and supposed to represent the subject of the theatrical and musical entertainments. On the summit was placed the consecrated tripod of Lysicrates; it being one of those interesting little monuments, supporting tripods, gained as the prize of victory in the chorus of the neighbouring theatre of Bacchus, and dedicated to that deity, the patron of dramatic representations; erected 335 B. C.; the inscription testifies that "Lysicrates, son of Lysitheides, led the chorus, when the boys of Aramantis gained the victory, when Theon played the flute, when Lysiades wrote the piece, and when Evænetus was Archon."—Stuart. Passing through some houses, we came to an octagonal tower built by Andronicus Cyrrhestes, and called τους ἀνεμους, or the "Temple of the winds."

Each side faced the quarter from which a particular wind blew, the ideal form or effect of which is pourtrayed in bold bas-reliefs, beautifully engraved in Stuart's work. Libs and Notus have their feet bare, the latter being about to deluge the earth with a copious shower from an inverted waterpot; Boreas is blowing a twisted cone, his garments fluttering in the air. One figure is coming with a lapfull of fruit, and another is blowing along a ship, showing that that particular wind was favourable for navigation.

Sunday, May 3rd.—Having obtained an order to admit us within the Acropolis, we proceeded thither with a guide, passing the ruins of the Roman theatre, consisting of rows of arches and an excavated hollow, choked up with rubbish: we toiled up the ascent, wondering at the vast marble walls and the lofty square tower above, and arrived at a small edifice, where our order for admission was delivered; capitals, bits of marble friezes, and architraves were built into the wall, and leaning against it, were fragments of statues, cornices, and ornaments of white marble: the noise of workmen, and the rattling of spades and pickaxes, shewed that the work of excavation was proceeding; and fragments of bas-reliefs, executed in the most spirited manner, and sculp-

tured capitals and friezes, of a style of workmanship nowhere to be met with at the present day, and never equalled since the time of Pericles, were shewn us as the product of the last few days' labour.

Our attention and strongest admiration was drawn forth by the majestic front of the Propylæa, of the Doric order of architecture, the original entrance of which, between the centre columns, has been lately cleared out and thrown open; the entrance through which the noblest of the Athenians were wont to pass to offer up their thanksgivings for victory, or to suspend the shields taken from the captive or slaughtered enemy upon the marble walls of the Parthenon. Through this majestic portal, in times past, have pressed the throng of the Panathenaic procession; the bearers of olive branches, the young virgins of the noblest families, and all the pomp of the great festival in honour of Minerva, the patroness of Athens. King Otho was the first person to pass through on its being cleared from the rubbish. Crossing over vast masses of shattered marble, and over the ruins of those vast marble beams which, stretching from column to column, in time past excited the wonder and admiration of Pausanias, we came sud-

denly in sight of the grand, heavy front of the Parthenon: no description, nor the best drawing, can give an idea of the awe-inspiring effect produced by this building when it first meets the eye. From this point, the rubbish having been partly cleared away from the marble platform, the double portico, of fourteen Doric columns, strikes one with somewhat of the majesty and grandeur that it possessed in the Periclean age: on advancing, however, we see the perspective of ruined columns and mourn the dilapidation that has taken place in consequence of the explosion of the Turkish magazine, in the centre of the building, during the Venetian siege. Along the western front, a front row of eight Doric columns still support massive fragments of the entablature and frieze, and behind them is a second range of six others. Of the whole temple, twenty-nine columns only are now standing; those on the north have nearly all fallen. Of the rich frieze, 520 feet in length, covered with those superb bas-reliefs, representing the Panathenaic procession, not a vestige now remains, except a small portion on the wall of the Pronaos, or of the ninety-two metopes, representing the war of the Amazons, and the fabulous contest of the Athenians with the Centaurs. A

miserable ruined mosque, disfigures with its mean walls, the area inclosed by the ruined columns and shattered marbles.

To the northward of the Parthenon are the ruins of the Erectheum, so called from Erectheus, its founder, one of the most ancient structures in Athens, and the most beautiful specimen of the Ionic order in the world; but small, not being more than sixty-three feet in length and thirty-six in breadth. There are four beautiful Ionic columns of the north portico supporting a rich frieze and cornice still standing, surrounded by a confused heap of marble ruins, and three of the famous caryatides that supported the Caryatid portico. We mounted over huge marble blocks that had tumbled from above, to portions of the frieze and of the rich marble carving belonging to the temple, most exquisitely chiselled. In the part supposed to have been the Pandrosium are two chambers, in one of which may have grown the sacred olive; the eastern chamber, however, is supposed by Colonel Leake and Stuart to be the tomb of Cecrops, from an inscribed marble found there and now in the British Museum. In the other portion of the building, now gone to ruins, was the celebrated well of salt water, the wooden statue of Minerva, with the lamp and brazen

palm-tree before it, &c. A subterranean passage has lately been discovered leading to the supposed Temple of Aglauros, where the Athenian youth were accustomed to take an oath to lay down their lives in defence of their country. There are a great many wells, subterranean places, and excavations in the Acropolis. The view from hence of the whole of Athens, and the plain, mounts Hymettus and Pentelicus, the gulph of Ægina, the islands and the distant mountains, is very striking. We passed the ruins of the temple of the wingless Victory, erected on the spot whence King Ægeus cast himself down on seeing the black sail on his son's ship, which the victors had forgotten to take down on their joyous return: it was thought until very lately to have been blown up or destroyed by the Turks, but it appears to have been concealed in some modern Turkish masonry; eight columns about fifteen feet high, four in front, and four at the back, and nearly the whole frieze, with its beautiful bas-reliefs, still exist.

Passing again through the Propylæa, we admired afresh the simple majesty of the building, and its beautiful adaptation to the nature of the ground as a defence and ornament. It is placed across a natural opening in the rock, found by admeasurement to be 168 feet wide. The grand central colonnade of six

fluted Doric columns, stood on a raised platform, and was approached by three steps. The intercolumniations were seven feet, except between the two central columns, which were thirteen feet apart, furnishing space for a carriage way. Behind the grand central colonnade was a vestibule, forty-three feet in depth; the roof was sustained by six Ionic columns in a double row, thirty-four feet high, supporting a ceiling laid upon marble beams, the longest of which was twenty-two feet in length, and the shortest seventeen. Five doors at the extremity of the vestibule opened upon a Doric colonnade, similar to the exterior colonnade. This building, called Propylæa, and spoken of in the highest terms of admiration by Pausanias and other writers, and alluded to with enthusiasm in the orations of Demosthenes and the compositions of the Athenian poets, was commenced in the Archonship of Euthymenes, 437 B. C., and completed in five years under the direction of the architect Menesicles, at the expense, according to Heliodorus, of 2012 talents. This structure, the Parthenon, and the Temple of Eleusis, were the three greatest of the architectural undertakings of Pericles, and well attest the magnificence of his taste, and his skill and judgement in the selection of architects. The most ancient of the walls that surrounded the

Acropolis, were constructed by the Tyrrhenian Pelasgi, parts of the Cimonian work remain, and the centre of the northern side, says Colonel Leake, still bears the strongest evidence of the haste with which Thucydides describes the fortifications of Athens to have been restored, after the Persian war.

Just below the road ascending to the Acropolis, under the northern wing of the wall of the Propylæa, is a little cavern or recess in the rock, and a spring, answering to Pausanias's description of the Grotto of Pan; and still further on is the ruined Theatre of Regilla, erected by Herodes, son of Herodes Atticus, and named after his wife Regilla. Three rows of circular arches and an immense semicircular hollow scooped out of the rock, and choked with rubbish, are all that remain of this once magnificent structure, whose roof, according to Pausanias, was of cedar, and the decorations superb.

In the evening we went round to the Theatre of Bacchus, first discovered by Chandler, from whence was taken the statue of Bacchus by Lord Elgin; some slight remains of seats excavated in the rock alone exist. Just above is a small cave with an inscription, translated by Stuart, to the effect that Thrasyllus had gained the victory in

the Choragic games: and near at hand still exist two pillars, supposed formerly to have supported tripods gained by victorious Choragi in this theatre.

When we look around us at the different ruins that still attract our gaze as we wander over this interesting ground, we are led to wonder that, notwithstanding the rapacity of the Romans and the irruptions of barbarians, so many monuments of Grecian art should still exist on this spot, to give us an idea of the magnificence and splendour of Athens under the administration of Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles; near 2300 years have passed away since the erection of these buildings, which in grandeur of design, in purity of taste, and excellence of workmanship, will never be surpassed, and never, probably, again be equalled. But it is sad to see them thus moulder-ing away, and to recollect that they have suffered more during the last two hundred years than during the preceding two thousand. In the age of the Antonines, hallowed and softened by the lapse of six centuries, they are described by Plutarch as being in perfect preservation, and possessing all their original freshness, so as to make him join in the universal wonder, that buildings remarkable for the rapidity of their construction

should have been executed with such perfection. When Spon and Wheler visited Athens, the Parthenon was almost perfect, but in 1687, only a few years afterwards, took place the Venetian siege, when, on the 21st of September, a shell falling on a heap of powder, placed in the centre of the building, caused an explosion which threw down all the wall at the eastern extremity, destroyed all the centre, threw down nearly all the columns on the northern flank, and so shattered the whole pile that fragments have been since constantly tumbling. On the capture of the Acropolis, the Venetians attempting to remove the inimitable car of victory with its matchless horses, let the whole group fall, and according to the description of a Venetian captain, it was not only broken, but ground to powder on the pavement below. The Turks, on regaining possession of the citadel, completed the destruction by burning for lime the fallen fragments.

After the ravages committed in Athens by Alaric the Goth, Synesius, a writer of that age, compares the city "to a victim of which the body had been consumed, and the skin only left." What would he have said after the Venetian siege?

* Plutarch in Pericles.

May 6th.—Rode to Mount Pentelicus and the marble quarries, which are approached by a rugged path, leading through brushwood and dwarf evergreen shrubs. Marble rocks, from whence the stone has been cut, towered around, and in these, caverns and subterranean passages have been hollowed out, which we entered by torch-light; slight pillars support the roof, and the caves are much venerated by the Greeks, from their having served as retreats to the primitive Christians. It is wonderful how the vast blocks of marble were transported down this rugged mountain to the elevated positions on the Acropolis in which they are now seen.

In the evening, we strolled through a portion of the modern mud-built Turkish village of Athens, to the ruins of the pantheon of Hadrian, whose Corinthian columns tower with a noble grandeur above the ruined mud walls and dingy tenements, that line the bazaar, presenting a scene of former magnificence in striking and saddening contrast with the meanness and wretchedness of the present day. The ruined walls inclose a quadrangular space, 376 feet 1 inch in length, by 252 in breadth. In the centre are the remains of a gateway; and the western front is still adorned with ten out of the eighteen columns that ori-

ginally stood there, and at each extremity is a projecting wall, faced with Corinthian pilasters.

A little to the southward of this ruin, approaching the hill of the Areopagus, surrounded by the crumbling houses of the town, we were shewn some detached fragments of walls, called the Gymnasium of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

May 7th.—Rode to the plain of Marathon, through a barren, wild, uninhabited country, and in about five hours came in sight of a strip of long, narrow, level ground, along the sea shore, upon which may be seen a large tumulus, considered, with reason, to be the barrow erected over the ashes of the Athenians who fell at the battle. Near the sea, still extends a marshy district, the bog which was so fatal to the Persians. Pausanias, who visited this spot 600 years after the battle, speaks of half-columns, erected on the barrow, on which were engraved the names of those who had fallen. None of these have been found. There were distinct monuments for the Platæans, the slaves, and one for Miltiades, the general. It is a solitary deserted waste, without life, without cultivation, and without trees, except here and there a scraggy pine, or a few dwarf shrubs.

The soil of Greece is generally rocky, and un-

susceptible of tillage; but the mountains and open country, covered with abundance of brushwood, juniper bushes, and dwarf shrubs, the beautiful inland bays and seas, studded with islands and rocky headlands, the bold waving outlines of the shadowy mountains, and the blue mists hanging over the distant landscape, render the scenery, in many places, most fascinatingly beautiful; while here and there the marble columns, and ruined edifices, of by-gone times, rising above the crumbling mud hovels of the present day, or presenting the only traces of man in a wild uninhabited district, excite in our minds melancholy reflexions on the fallen fortunes of the country.

We arrived at Athens late in the evening, and strolled into the town, through the newly built houses. Groups of Greeks in red caps, and a few Turks in turbans, were collected in the bazaar: the latter now live on the best terms with the Greek inhabitants, many of whom hesitate not to declare that they would as soon have Turkish masters again as that the Bavarian soldiers should continue to domineer over the country. Otho himself is popular, but the Bavarians are hated, nor is it to be wondered at, when all the posts under government are occupied by Bavarians, and so large a Bavarian force is maintained. "What

do we want with these fellows?" I have heard Greeks say; "we can fight and defend our own king."

To an individual newly arrived from Europe, the town of Athens presents a most miserable aspect; he would indeed smile at the appellation of *town*, given to the collection of ruined houses and mud huts scattered on the northern and western sides of the ancient Acropolis. The Greek population is very small, and Athens, without the newly-built environs, is in fact nothing more than a mud village. The bazaar consists of a dirty lane, bordered on either side with open shops and stalls, at which roots, vegetables, and some of the commonest sorts of merchandize are sold. Very few women are to be seen, and those who, at the present day, expect to find in Greece the originals of the ideal forms delineated in the admired drawings and prints circulated in England, will be most miserably disappointed.

There can be few countries of Europe where there is less female beauty to attract attention than at the present day in Greece. The robust labours and the out-of-door hard work, which in most civilized countries fall on the shoulders of the men, here devolve upon the women, wearing down their forms and destroying all symmetry of figure.

In the sea-port towns, and in places possessing a population that subsists chiefly by commerce, and is less exposed to the wasting influence of the climate, girls may occasionally be seen possessing considerable personal attractions, but they are of a very mixed race and claim a title to be called Greeks only from speaking the modern Greek language. New houses have risen and are rising with great rapidity in the environs of Athens. Streets have been marked out, and the new erections are built much in the style of the white houses in the environs of some of our little watering places. The different European nations have resident ministers, and there are some resident families of Bavarians and of officers who served in the Greek army during the revolutionary war; there is, consequently, already some agreeable society, but a great dearth of ladies. There was a gay ball at one of the foreign minister's just before we arrived, and there were, I was told, about ten gentlemen to every lady; these ladies are exotics, being mostly German, French, &c. Greek ladies, possessing the accomplishments and refinements that entitle to that appellation, are as yet very rare. The country has been too short a time disenthralled from the iron embrace of Turkey, under whose grinding despotism all

ranks are sunk to the same common level. These new houses that have sprung up would naturally impress us with the idea that the country is rapidly advancing in prosperity, could we but see an improved cultivation of the soil, and increased capabilities of production; but the new buildings are speculations of English and French capitalists, erected to supply the wants of the government and its retainers, and those of the different foreign ministers who necessarily accompanied it in its migration hither.

CHAPTER III.

STATE OF GREECE.—DEPOPULATION.—WASTE LANDS.—DECAYED AGRICULTURE.—LAVISH EXPENDITURE.—GREEK LOAN.—GOVERNMENT OFFICES.—BAVARIAN OFFICIALS.—THEIR UNPOPULARITY.—BAVARIAN SOLDIERS.—DISCONTENT.—BAD MEASURES.—OTHO'S INEXPERIENCE.

"But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled."

GOLDSMITH.

WELL might Lord Byron remark, "'Tis Greece, but *living* Greece no more." Sad is the aspect of the country at the present time; its plains are untilled; desolation broods among its dwellings; its population is wasted away, and the sight of a human being in the course of a twelve hours' journey is really quite a cheering incident.

Comparing the present aspect of the country along the route we have hitherto traversed, desti-

tute of inhabitants, covered with ruined villages, and wide tracts of untilled land, with our knowledge of its ancient state, what a sad mutation of fortune does it not present, and what a melancholy instance of the instability of all human affairs! Mark the impoverished population in the few ruined villages you do meet with, and the aspect of the wasted female forms standing at the doors of the mud huts; see the little children, generally so attractive from their cheerful innocence, here rendered repulsive and disgusting to us by the dirt with which they are covered; and the men, whose ancestors were of old so renowned for their love of country and exalted patriotism, now lounging about the villages in reckless idleness.

As a fortune can be much easier spent than acquired, so can the prosperity of a country be much easier destroyed and its resources exhausted than they can be again restored. It is the great curse of the Turkish government that wherever its baneful influence has extended, population has languished, and countries have become impoverished. Their arbitrary government, like the deadly simoom, breathes destruction upon all within its influence. The rural districts of Greece have been rendered desolate and uninhabited by the long reign

of Turkish oppression and misrule; its fine population has been almost exterminated by famine, the pestilence, and civil war, and the Bavarian government does not appear to understand, or unfortunately does not pursue, the measures calculated to restore its ancient prosperity, and which can alone be done by sedulously diffusing habits of industry, and earnestly attending to the revival of agriculture.

But, it may be exclaimed, are not new and commodious houses rapidly arising around Athens? Has not the town of Patras been rebuilt with great rapidity from its ruins? Have not new warehouses been erected at the Piræus? And are the two former no symptoms of increasing prosperity, and the latter of increasing commerce? True, there are these gratifying appearances, but unfortunately they are merely local, owing to local causes, and are of themselves no index of the prosperity of the country generally.

At Patras, whose contiguous plain possesses a soil so favourable for the cultivation of currants, it was naturally to be expected that when the civil war ceased, and marauding robbers no longer despoiled the land, that the great demand for that fruit in the English markets should stimulate a

few European capitalists to invest some small portion of capital in the cultivation of the soil.

At Athens the new houses and erections, presenting so favourable a contrast to the mud houses and crumbling ruins of the Turkish village, are entirely owing to the removal of the seat of government, with its attendants, the staff, the diplomatic body, and numerous officials, to that desolate spot, all of whom had wants to be gratified, and for whose accommodation new dwellings and edifices were required: these wants have been supplied from abroad, and the articles for consumption have been brought to the Piræus to be transported to Athens; hence the erection of warehouses for their reception at that spot.

If we judge of the advancing prosperity of a country in the aggregate from a few local appearances, such judgment must necessarily be erroneous. The increase of an isolated village or town is no criterion of general prosperity; and if, as in Greece, we find the provinces destitute of an agricultural population, the country, except in the neighbourhood of the villages or towns, generally uncultivated land proper for liberally rewarding rural labour, covered with spontaneous productions, the climate becoming year after year more

unhealthy from undrained marshes, and the little land that is cultivated imperfectly worked,—such appearances forbid our entertaining the idea that the country presenting them is increasing in prosperity.

The stranger who has read of the fertility, the productions, and the ancient power and population of Greece, will be astonished at the present day at the paucity of the inhabitants, the scanty productions of the soil, and the rude tracts where neither the plough nor the harrow ever disturb the surface.

The two great evils which check the advancement of the country, are the want of capital and the want of an industrious rural population. Not the least misfortune attending the arbitrary spirit and destructive measures of the Turkish government, is that they press the hardest upon the most valuable portion of the community, agriculture and the agricultural population, by destroying the security of person and security of property. It is in the rural districts that its oppression has always been most felt,—it is the scattered peasant who has fallen its victim. The hungry Pasha, who would rob the rural cultivator of his hard-earned produce, has shrunk from a contact with the concentrated population of the town. Greece has been ruined

by such unprincipled oppressors. The capital of the country has been all wasted; the agricultural population, the great productive class, destroyed; and the small remaining inhabitants have been rendered idle and reckless. Habits of industry, the source of all wealth, ceased to exist when the natural reward of industry, the enjoyment of the comforts and conveniences arising from it, were no longer secure. The mainspring of all prosperity, in every country, is the diffusion among the mass of a spirit of industry and a spirit of economy, which can only be effected by securing to all, the undisturbed enjoyment of those comforts and conveniences which by industry and exertion are procurable.

But Turkish misrule has been attended with the ruinous effect of teaching the cultivator of the soil, through the robbery and exaction of oppressive rulers, that he had no interest in its improvement, no hopes in its fertility, and no motive to plant for the benefit of his children. The more the cultivator increased its produce, the more subject he was to robbery and exactions; and instead of hoarding the fruits of the earth, to be multiplied in future years for the use of himself and family, his only care was to gather an immediate subsistence.

The ground, therefore, by his labour gained no durable value, and was only impoverished by the fruits it bore. War, pestilence, and famine, brought on by bad government, gradually thinned the population, and, at last, reduced the country to the miserable powerless state in which we now see it, and from which there seems no immediate prospect of its emerging.

It will require many years of settled government, peace, and good order, before confidence and security can be restored,—before habits of idleness and recklessness, now long firmly established, can be made to give way to a spirit of industry, and the peasant be induced to trust his labour to the soil with the view of a remote return, and to feel an interest in its possession.

The present government seem to be taking no active measures to restore the prosperity of the land, by stimulating the industry of the people. It is not sufficient for the government passively to look on; they ought to stimulate industry by furnishing small loans of corn and agricultural implements to the Greek peasant, to use in the cultivation of the soil. They ought themselves to employ what capital they have in reclaiming waste lands and tilling the ground; but, instead of this, they are foolishly spending sums of money

in the restoration of the Temple of Theseus, and in excavating for marbles and antiquities in the Athenian Acropolis; which, although very proper and creditable when the nation can afford it, yet as it appears to me would be much better postponed to a future time, and the money employed in bringing the many hundreds of acres of waste land into cultivation.

It must strike every individual travelling in Greece, at the present day, that the government establishment, the number of troops kept up, and the consequent expenses, are out of all proportion to the resources of the country, and that the taxation necessary to support only the half of the present establishment must press most heavily upon the small productive class that exists.

Judging from the vast unproductive portion of the community in Greece, the numbers of soldiers, and retainers of the government—all mere consumers compared with the productive class, who must necessarily maintain them by their labour,—it should seem impossible that the surplus produce of the country can be sufficient to support the vast expensive military and civil establishment kept up in this poor and petty state; and, if not, it is very clear that the government is consuming the capital, in place of the revenue of the nation, and,

if so, is rapidly advancing to ruin. The loans advanced for its support have been nearly expended; the money has all disappeared in the hands of soldiers, ministers, and officials, in the purchasing of stores, military accoutrements and necessaries, and which, having been all imported from abroad, have not aroused the native industry of the country.

If the money that has been squandered away in keeping up a useless and expensive army, in paying the salaries of useless officials and government retainers, had been invested in the purchase of agricultural implements, corn and grain, in the building of cottages, and in the hiring of labourers, in the planting of olive trees and vineyards, and in the settlement of industrious families in some of the richest of the plains; Greece would already have presented a rapidly improving instead of a stationary aspect.

When I have seen 500 or 1000 Bavarian soldiers marching about in hot dusty weather in the neighbourhood of Athens, to the sound of the fife and the drum, elevating their arms and legs in the air at the word of command, and moving with conceited strut in long files, I have thought how much more usefully and profitably would they be employed, if, selling their muskets and

military accoutrements for wheat and barley, and turning their swords into ploughshares, they were to march to the uncultivated tracts in the distant plain, and were to employ their time and labour in tilling the ground, sowing the seed, and draining the marshes; and when I have seen the different marble hunters, the inscription readers, the learned antiquarian writers, and the workmen with their excavating tools, and iron hammers, although their labours are very interesting to the learned, and may eventually elucidate many remarkable facts connected with Grecian mythology and Grecian architecture, yet I have often wished that their labours were postponed for a few years to come, and that in the mean time the talents, the enthusiasm, the energy, and the industry they display amid the broken marbles and moss-covered stones of the Acropolis, were diverted to the consideration of the description of grain, roots and vegetables, most adapted to the different soils of Greece; in devising the best means of constructing canals and rivulets to water and refresh the ground, in forming plantations, gardens, and orchards, and in seeking to improve the land by the most judicious mode of cultivation.

There are, I am told, not far short of 6000 or 8000 Bavarian troops in Greece, paid by the Greek

Government. Now let us conceive what would be the result of the labour of 1000 soldiers employed in cultivating the land, furnished with seed, and raw materials to work upon, bought by one year's expense of 2000 troops saved with all their equipments. At the end of the first year, the expense of the 1000 soldiers metamorphosed into cultivators of the soil would be gained out of the produce of their industry, and the remaining unconsumed fruit of their labour would be more than sufficient to support the expenses of an economical government, after reserving the requisite quantity of seed and raw produce necessary for reproduction in subsequent years.

But here we see these 3000 troops with arms and accoutrements bought in Bavaria with money that ought to have stimulated Grecian rather than Bavarian industry, marching and countermarching across the plains of Greece, consuming corn and grain that is not grown in the country but is necessarily imported from abroad, through the mischievous measures of the Government; and at the end of the year, what is the result of the labour and exertions, the training and manœuvring of these 3000 able-bodied men?—Nothing. Where is the money that has been expended?—In

Candia, in Sicily, and in Egypt. Public tranquillity has been preserved, it may be said, by these troops; we shall see by and by how it might have been preserved more effectually without them.

Some of the soldiers, it is true, I have seen making a road from Athens to Piræus, and a road, too, which I was told would cost the government some little money. This is beginning at the wrong end; what are the use of roads when you have no produce to bring to market?

What should we think of a party of colonists going to the coast of New Holland, exhausting their labour and consuming their little capital in cutting roads through an uncultivated country? What is the first impulse that the dictates of common sense force upon the mind of an individual finding himself with capital in his hand, in a country possessing large tracts of waste land, which require industry alone to make them productive? Why to convert that capital into seed and implements of husbandry, and to employ his industry upon the land, and thus to create to himself property out of it.

Conceive an individual with five hundred pounds in his pocket, situated in the midst of a fine uncultivated country with a productive soil, which only

required the employment of industry to yield an annual valuable return,—conceive him hiring numerous servants and retainers, and instead of employing them in the cultivation of the land, teaching them to play at leap-frog, to fence, and study old inscriptions, and importing the corn and grain necessary for their support, from some neighbouring island; expending one hundred out of his five hundred pounds yearly, without getting any other return for it than the delight he experienced in seeing himself surrounded by so many individuals ready to do his bidding. Would not a sensible man ask, what will this spendthrift do when five years have run out, and what will become of his establishment? Why does he not set all these idle fellows to work upon the ground, and convert some of his cash into corn, and thus get an annual income out of the soil, which in a few years would produce him a revenue sufficient to enable him to keep up an expensive establishment without entrenching on his capital?

What is true of a solitary individual, is true of a government placed in the position of the Greek government. They came to an impoverished country destitute of capital, possessing a few idle inhabitants and large tracts of uncultivated land, whose productive power required seed and in-

dustry alone to render them available for the support of a large population."

England, France, and Russia, guaranteed the payment of the principal and interest of a loan of two millions and a half, to be raised for the service of the young King Otho, quite sufficient, if it had been properly expended, to have raised the country to a highly flourishing state in the space of a few years.

The young king was an inexperienced minor; the great powers exercised no control over the expenditure of this money, and it was handed over to a set of hungry Bavarians, who invented a cumbrous machine of civil government, and found out a vast variety of new posts necessary to be created, with salaries attached to them, which they crowded to fill with greedy expectation.

The king, who was going to reign over a poor half-starved people, scanty in numbers, required only a small establishment of civil officers and an economical government. His expenses first began with 3600 troops, sent to Greece by the king of Bavaria, whose cost and equipments were to be paid by the Greek government; and these were followed, I am told, very shortly by as many more. Otho thus came to the country as a

foreign prince, supported by foreign arms, a circumstance not likely to be very popular with the Greeks.

The Greek irregular troops were disbanded and thrown loose upon society, instead of being employed in the cultivation of the land, a measure not very likely to contribute to the preservation of public tranquillity; numerous civil offices were created, and the machinery of civil government put upon the same footing as if the king had to reign over a highly populous and wealthy community, where law-suits were every day arising concerning the transfer of property, and the talents of judges were required for the settlement of intricate points connected with proprietary rights.

Otho being a minor, the government began its career with an expensive regency. Three councillors were appointed by the king of Bavaria :—

M. Maurer, Professor of Jurisprudence, who was expected to frame a code of laws which were to equal the labours of Solon, and to organize a complex machinery of civil jurisprudence for a wasted and depopulated country.

General Heideck, a Swiss, whose great military talents were to be employed in organizing an ex-

pensive army, to create discontent, and consume the produce and capital of the land. And

Count Armansperg, a Bavarian minister, who was made president of the council.

To these were added M. Abel, formerly a Bavarian commissary of police, but who having married into an influential family succeeded in obtaining an appointment as a supplementary member of the council, and was only to be called on to act in case of the sickness or absence of one of the other three members.

In 1833, the young king Otho landed in Greece: he was expected with the greatest enthusiasm, and he was welcomed by the Greeks as the restorer of the country; all was hope and confidence, and it was thought that by wise measures he would soon restore prosperity to the land. The Greek revolutionary chiefs, although unaccustomed to subordination, received him with respect and obedience, and all classes appeared to unite together for the support of his throne and government.

The first excitement and joy on his arrival, however, had scarcely subsided, when all sorts of political intrigues broke out among the Bavarian officials; the wives of the members of the regency

quarrelled; Professor Maurer and General Heideck, influenced by the intriguing spirit of the commissary Abel, formed a party against the president, and being the majority of the council of regency they succeeded in depriving Count Armansperg of his pay and the emoluments attending his official situation. Their overbearing insolence was extended to the person of the young king, who had been placed, by his father, under the control of the regency; they forbad him to visit Count Armansperg's family, lest the poor youth, who had so few female faces to gladden him with their smiles, should fall in love with one of the Count's daughters, a circumstance pretended to be greatly feared by their high and mighty excellencies. Faction and party spirit at last ran so high that the government came to a stand still, and an appeal was obliged to be made to the king of Bavaria, who recalled Maurer and Abel, and sent a Bavarian gentleman, called Knobel, to act in their places.

The government proceeded to disband the native bands of Palicharis, and quartered Bavarian soldiers in the principal towns and villages, whose presence excited great jealousy and a bad feeling among the population.

The Bavarian functionaries then set their brains

to work in framing a cumbrous machinery of civil government, for the poor and scanty Grecian population.

The kingdom was divided into ten departments; at the head of each department was placed a governor, called an *Eparch*, with a board under him. These several departments were again subdivided into districts, and at the head of each district was placed a *Nomarch*, assisted by a council, whose proceedings were under the correction of the *Eparch*. There were hosts of public departments created, and a set of civil officers called *Demogerentes*.

The great majority of the offices were crowded by Bavarians; and the Greeks saw they had merely changed a Turkish for a Bavarian domination. They saw no happy result in the change —no brightening prospects,— they saw their golden dreams and sanguine expectations destroyed, and the future presented only a long and dreary vista of evil and misfortune.

A deadly hate was thus gradually engendered against the Bavarian intruders, the needy speculators on the resources of the Greek exchequer; and the overpowering presence of a strong military force, alone preserved public tranquillity. The bold and hardy peasantry of Maina, however, re-

sisted Bavarian domination, and the intrusive presence of Bavarian officials. The government troops that marched against them were repulsed in several bloody encounters, and their resistance was at last only overcome by the concentration of a large Bavarian force, under General Schmaltz, who took military possession of the province.

The whole attention of government was next occupied by the trial of Colocotroni and his brother-in-law Coliopulos, which began on the 12th May, before the supreme tribunal of Napoli, composed of the President, or Chief Justice, Polyzoides, and four judges, Tezelli, Soutzo, Frangouli, and Boulgaris. More than 200 witnesses were examined, and twenty-five days were occupied in taking down the evidence before the pleadings commenced. The judges disagreed; three out of the five were for passing sentence of death, whilst the other two dissented; the majority however prevailed, and the two dissentients, after listening to a speech delivered by the minister of justice, were compelled to take their seats in court by the major of gendarmerie while sentence was pronounced.

The two judges were then suspended, and the government proceeded against them for neglect of duty; they were tried and acquitted, and shortly afterwards restored to their official functions. A

change of ministry took place, and Mavrocordati was removed from the bureau of the foreign department and sent as ambassador to Berlin, Rizo succeeded him, and Coletti was appointed minister of council.

The government, instead of attending to the state of the country and attempting to revive its resources, was distracted with petty intrigues, and its efficiency was impeded by the clashing interest of its numerous dependents. The Greeks discovered no wisdom in the measures pursued; they saw a great deal of money spent without benefit to the country, and they found the expectations they had formed of the advantages to be derived from European wisdom and European legislation greatly disappointed.

Insurrections broke out in Messenia; two of the ringleaders were captured in the woods of Arcadia, and the government, aware of the discontented state of the population, increased its military precautions, and employed spies in hunting out the retreats of some of the disaffected chiefs whose influence was feared.

Klepthos Condovounissios, an associate of Colocotroni's, for whose capture a large reward had been offered, was surprised by a band of Bavarian soldiers in the province of Olympia; he posted him-

self with some companions behind an old house, and after being mortally wounded, and two of his band being killed, was taken prisoner. Several sanguinary scenes took place in other parts, and a good deal of Bavarian blood was spilled.

Towards the end of last year the government was transferred from Napoli to Athens, but instead of occupying itself with measures for reviving agriculture and bringing the waste land into cultivation, it wasted its time in the consideration of schemes for a fresh judicial organization of the whole kingdom, having got tired of the one they had already made.

The kingdom, therefore, was now divided into ten judicial departments, called NOMOI, over each of these was established a superior tribunal, consisting of three judges; the proceedings of these judges were made subject to revisal by two courts of appeal, one of which was located at Athens, and the other at Tripolizza. These courts again were controlled by a superior and final court of appeal for the whole kingdom, seated at Athens, called the *Court of the Areopagus*. Alas, poor Greece! Over this court presided a president, a chief justice, and under him was a vice-president.

There were ministers for foreign affairs, ministers of justice, of public instruction, commissaries

of police, corps of gendarmerie, and a variety of ministerial departments créated, as if the government of a scanty, impoverished population had as much business to transact as the English and French governments. Ministers were accredited to the courts of London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburgh, and one has just now been despatched to the court of Madrid. Many oppressive taxes have been established to weigh down the small remaining industry and energy of the people, the most odious of which is a poll-tax, attempted to be levied by the government.

The bad feeling rankling against the Bavarian intruders is daily increasing, and the only hope of the Greeks seems now to rest on the coming of age of the young king, when it is earnestly trusted that, disenthralled from an intriguing and jobbing regency, he will have discernment to distinguish the measures necessary to advance the true interests of the country, and send back the Bavarians to their own homes.

The king alone of all the Bavarians is popular, and to him the Greeks seem attached, and they always speak of him with affection and respect.

The other day I saw the Bavarian troops relieving guard at the town house, near Hadrian's Pantheon, they had a very overbearing air and

manner about them as they marched up the bazaar. They pushed the Greeks about right and left, many of whom uttered some half-smothered curses, while their fine countenances expressed the deadliest hate and indignation. The Greek men are certainly very fine-looking fellows, much superior to the women.

The loan of *two millions and a half* is now, I am told, very nearly expended. The resources of the country have not been improved, and the expenditure greatly exceeds the revenue.

Can it be possible, I replied to my informant, a young Bavarian, that the loan of two millions and a half of money has been nearly expended by the government without the resources of this impoverished country having been improved and the land brought into cultivation?

"Such is generally said to be the fact," was the reply; "and considerable uneasiness is felt as to what will be done when it is all gone."

Be the expenditure what it may, it is evident that in the circumstances of the country it has been a most wasteful expenditure—a mere consumption of capital in the employment of unproductive labour, at a time when there are so many broad acres fit for tillage, and so many people perfectly idle!

It may be said, that all the obstacles to the improvement of Greece are not justly chargeable upon the government. They went, it may be urged, to a land long unsettled by internal distractions and civil war. They had to exercise authority over a people unaccustomed to the control of regular government, and habituated to the reckless indulgencies of military life. Their exertions were liable to be impeded by the ambition of seditious chiefs, possessing an influence irreconcileable with the existence of a strong executive, and that their power and existence would be most insecure, unsupported by a large military force.

That a military force was necessary, I do not for a moment deny; but how much better would the tranquillity of the country have been preserved, if France and England, instead of guaranteeing a loan to the Greek government, to be spent according to their discretion, had themselves placed at Otho's disposal a few regiments of British and French soldiers, just sufficient in number to repress the lawless and disaffected; if they had limited such occupation of Greece to the term of ten years, and had announced their determination to preserve the integrity of the Grecian frontier against all foreign aggression, and at the same time to repress

all intestine commotion. The benefit of their experience in government, too, might have been afforded to the young king Otho, in some such advice as this:—

"You are going, Sir, to a country at present poor and impoverished, but possessing large tracts of land, which only require the employment of industry and capital to make them abundantly productive. We will therefore furnish you with some clever farmers, a large stock of the most improved agricultural implements, and a quantity of grain: we would advise you to furnish the cultivators of the soil with seed and implements of husbandry, on an agreement that half the produce of the land, when cultivated, shall be paid to your government, in return for the advance of capital you make them.

"A great deal of the land is very favourable for the cultivation of cotton, currants, &c., and you will find a ready market for any amount of produce of that description that you are able to raise.

"As the population you are going to reign over is small, and as there is little property to become the subject of civil adjudication, the establishment of your executive government, the number of judges and courts of justice, must be very limited, and you will be particularly mindful that a rigid

economy, by enabling you to add to your capital, and employ it still further in rewarding labour, and in stimulating habits of industry, can alone improve the resources of the country.

"The lawless and disaffected will be repressed by the strong arm of the military power which we shall place at your disposal; and let all offenders against the peace and the laws be forthwith condemned to hard labour upon the waste land.

"Let your undivided attention be turned to the cultivation of the soil, to the improvement of agriculture, and to the formation of a large productive body of agricultural labourers, upon whom all classes of the community depend for subsistence, and who furnish the real wealth of a state. Invite the different Greeks from the islands, and all those who are at present existing under Turkish despotism, to emigrate to your shores; supply them with seed, and stimulate their industry by granting them a liberal portion of the produce of their labour.

"After the first five years you will be able gradually to diminish the number of our troops occupied in your territory, and gradually to establish a small Greek force of your own, whose expenses you will be able to pay out of the improved

revenue of the country, arising from increased production, without in the slightest degree interfering with the floating capital which is being employed by your people in producing an annual return.

"Beware, as official situations require to be increased and filled, by the increase of population and property, and the complicated rights that naturally spring up with them, that you do not employ foreigners in such civil situations, who are always regarded with jealousy and dislike, as depriving the natives of the enjoyment of those offices which they have a right to hold, and as forming obstacles to the promotion they have a right to expect in their own country. The few situations and offices that you have at first to fill will require simply a moderate share of tact and discernment, with which you will find many of your Greek subjects abundantly gifted.

"The inhabitants, seeing the splendid results of your wise measures, will become fervently attached to your government, and we feel confident that, at the expiration of ten years, we shall be able to withdraw our troops, and you will be able, in the improved tranquillity of the country and in the settled habits that will have been diffused

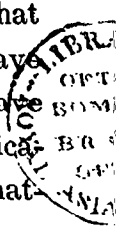
among all classes, to rely solely on your Greek subjects for protection.

"The productive power of the country, so abundantly augmented by a wise employment of capital, will enable you to repay us by degrees all our advances, and the expenses we have incurred in tranquillizing the country.

"If, on the other hand, we guarantee to you a loan, you will find yourself surrounded by hungry and needy adventurers, who on various pretences, will abstract money from your exchequer for useless services, and lead you to adopt plans of government, the ultimately ruinous effect of which your inexperience will render you unable to detect."

If some such advice as this had been given and followed, how different now would be the state of Greece! The sight of individuals with their families settled upon the waste land, who by good conduct and industrious habits had raised themselves from poverty to the enjoyment of comforts and conveniences of which the mass was deprived, would naturally have inspired other individuals with emulation and a desire to better their condition likewise by obtaining the command of similar comforts and enjoyments through

their industry. The idle would thus have been brought to compare their condition with that of the industrious; settled habits would have been gradually acquired; new wants would have arisen, and with them new means of gratification; and a large productive class, the originators of all wealth, would thus gradually have been formed.



While the government, however, remains passive, and spends its money among soldiers, ministers, eparchs, nomarchs, demogerentes, and hundreds of officials, all unproductive labourers and mere consumers, the casual riches in their possession will evaporate without exciting trade or industry, and the splendid results which might have been produced, will be still protracted. As long as it neglects all those measures which are obviously required to stimulate industry, and presses down the small remaining energy of the people by an odious and oppressive taxation, we shall still continue to wander through deserted plains and ruined villages; we shall still see the rich soil between Corinth and its beautiful gulph, and the wide, uncultivated plains of Argos and Marathon, producing poppies and weeds rather than wheat; and the healthy, vigorous Greeks in the idle employ of government playing at billiards

in Corinth, or poor, decrepid individuals, at the door of a ruined hut, playing at cards.

" No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail,
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear.
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear."

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE FROM ATHENS.—LAST IMPRESSIONS.—GREEKS. — PIRÆUS. — GENERAL IMPRESSIONS. — TALK WITH A GREEK. — GAIDARONISI. — SCENERY. — CAPE COLONNA. — TEMPLE OF MINERVA.—ZEA.—SYRA. — GREEK WOMEN. — SOCIETY.—GREEK FETE.—SCHOOLS.—LIBRARY.

"Cœpi regiones circumcirca prospicere, post me erat Ægina; ante Megara, dextra Piræus."

CIC. EPIST. AD SER. SULPICIUM.

MAY 8th.—'Twas one of those lovely tranquillizing evenings that misty people in northern climes can only picture to themselves in imagination, when we prepared to quit Athens for Piræus. The sun was approaching the summits of the western mountains, and throwing its oblique rays upon the marble ruins that were scattered in the plain, and upon the majestic columns of the Acropolis, which stood out in bold relief against the deep blue sky.

What a touching and melancholy interest are thrown around these time-worn solitary remnants of Athenian magnificence! What a host of com-

mingled feelings and associations crowd upon the mind as we gaze on them in their solitary grandeur towering above the fleeting ruins of yesterday!

For near two thousand three hundred years that virgin marble and those lofty columns have looked down from yon rocky height, upon the varied fortunes of these bright and classic regions from the early days of their palmy greatness, through many many declining centuries of infirmity and misfortune.

When the rest of Europe was in the darkness of barbarism, they stood there; and they oft inclosed within their walls the noblest and the proudest of the Athenians.

As objects that have been familiar with and every spot that has been the haunt of a departed friend are endeared to us by association and recollection, so again and again do we turn our eyes upon these ruined buildings, so intimately connected with departed worth and noble thoughts, with exalted patriotism and generous sentiments. As we gaze upon them our thoughts wander back to by-gone times, to the proud days of Athenian glory, and as we survey the masterpiece of Athenian architecture, the work of Pericles, from some favourite point of view, we think how often, perhaps, the great man himself has stood upon the same spot, to ad-

mire the noble monument of his taste, or the exulting citizen to point out its commanding grandeur to the newly arrived stranger.

The changes that have come over the nations of the earth since the decline of Athenian greatness—since Socrates taught in the schools, and Demosthenes harangued upon the Pnyx, the civilization and improvement which have long left the country to spread their more extended blessings in distant lands; the diffusion of Christianity, which has expelled the worship of the heathen gods and goddesses in whose honour these magnificent piles of buildings were of yore erected;—these and a host of "congenial thoughts and quick coming fancies," pass in review before the mind of the lingering stranger, as he casts his last look upon the spot so associated with the illustrious dead.

Often when gazing upon these marble wrecks of a chasteness and purity of architecture, which will never be surpassed, and, probably, never again be equalled, have I asked myself, What if Britain was to fall from her pinnacle of greatness, and her sons to be debased by a political servitude such as that which has so long deadened the energies of the Greeks! What would be left in after years to tell of her former magnificence, or to associate itself with the memory of her illustrious men?

In no country in the world does there exist more depraved tastes and habits than in England. In no country, except in this very land, is money more foolishly spent and squandered away in trifles. We are the richest people that ever existed. We have the means of gratifying our national taste to an almost boundless extent. We do squander immense sums of money upon building, but have not one single monument of good taste, one single edifice that would stand erect two centuries without constant repair,—or if it did so, would only excite the smile of pity and the laugh of scorn,—saving and excepting always our venerable cathedrals, which belong to another era, and point out to us the melancholy fact that our taste has declined commensurately with our increasing prosperity and civilization.

Look at the ruined abbeys, the mouldering castles, and venerable monuments of Gothic architecture dotted over the length and breadth of our island, erected by the taste and at the expense of our poorer forefathers, now allowed by their richer posterity to crumble to pieces and encumber the ground with their fallen fragments, when a small sum of money only, annually expended, would have preserved them in their pristine beauty and magnificence.

When I see the hundreds and thousands of pounds that are annually expended in London, in the providing expensive suppers, in the procuring of exotic fruits and rare wines, whose consumption affords neither health to the body nor refreshment to the soul, how greatly do I regret that our wealthy nobles, who have so much money to throw away in useless luxury, do not possess somewhat of the public spirit, and the magnificent taste that formerly distinguished the wealthy Athenians, do not take delight in rearing stupendous edifices and noble works of art, rather than in giving expensive suppers. What would the pastry-cooks, the gardeners, the jelly-makers, and the wine-merchants do? it would be asked. Why we should certainly have so many the less of that description of people, which would be no injury to the country, and we should have more architects, more stone-masons, and more individuals employed in public works, whose labours would leave a durable value behind them—something tangible which we could see and admire.

The capital of individuals, and the whole capital of the country, must be employed in the encouragement and support of industry; but it is the description of industry called forth that marks the judgment employed in expenditure. Look at

Athens, the whole of whose territory was not half the size of the smallest of our English counties, and the whole of whose annual income never equalled the annual rental of one of our large towns, yet she succeeded in raising buildings which, for taste, costliness, and magnificence, have never in modern times been equalled in this great and wealthy country of Britain.

The traveller who has wandered through Italy, will be astonished at the vast and magnificent palaces erected near five centuries ago at Genoa and at Venice, at Florence and at Rome, during the period when the progress of industry had produced and enriched the Italian republics, and when the mechanic labours were refined into the arts of elegance and of genius. The grand and massive palaces of Florence, with the bronze flag-staff rings to which the banners of her lordly chieftains were attached, still exist, and the strong and spacious palaces of the Roman and Venetian nobles still house their degenerate descendants. The nobles have become impoverished, but the result of the labour thus judiciously employed by their richer forefathers, when they had money to spend, still remains, and lordly structures with their solid walls of strength still exist unrepaired and yet undilapidated.

If their noble ancestors had possessed the same tastes as our wealthy aristocracy, and wealthy commoners;—if they had employed the money they had acquired during that flourishing period of Italian agriculture, and Italian commerce, in providing expensive suppers and lordly entertainments, in calling into existence the labours of jelly-makers, and supper providers, rather than those of the architect and the stone-mason, the consumed produce of such injudicious expenditure would no longer exist to attract our attention.

The pyramids, the wonders of ancient days, still tower above the plains of Egypt, and overlook the floods of the Nile; a hundred generations, like the leaves of autumn, have dropped into the grave; the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Cæsars, and the Kaliphs are no more; but these noble monuments of the art and industry of man, still attract the wonder and admiration of the traveller, and carry him back in the consideration of their history, till he is lost in the boundless annals of time.

But, alas, we have few monuments now erected in England that will long survive those who construct them; we live only for the present moment, and catch at the fleeting pleasures and excitements of the passing day. Our forefathers, who had much less money to spend, possessed a public

spirit which looked beyond the enjoyment of the moment, and they cheerfully contributed, out of their small stock of property, to the erection of architectural monuments, which would be completed for the benefit and admiration of posterity, and which that degenerate posterity have allowed to moulder away and to perish from off the land, grudging the money to repair that which their ancestors grudged not the money to erect.

If an individual in England was to go round to the public, with an open bag, and ask them to contribute some portion of their abundant property towards the erection of a great national monument, he would be received with a smile of astonishment. Of what use will a public building be to me? would be the reply. Get you gone; I have got my horses, my dogs, and my hounds to support: dozens of coats which I have ordered from my tailor's, and never intend to put upon my back, to pay for; there are the expenses of my wife's routs, suppers, and balls;—my racing bets, and my losses at cards, to be satisfied; and how can you be so foolish as to suppose that I have money to expend in the erection of public buildings?

But, how different was the feeling in antient Athens. There every individual citizen felt an

interest and a property in the public monuments; they crowded to admire them,—they lauded the public spirit of those who promoted their construction,—they received them with the greatest honours, and pronounced them the benefactors of their country.

We have no taste whatever for architecture in England; and why? Because we are perfectly uneducated in the art,—are made the prey of jobbing architects, who corrupt the pure originals of the antients, and palm upon us their own conceited vanities. We admire the gewgaw things that are stuck about our squares and streets, unsightly porches and detached masses of Grecian architecture, which were never intended for the places they are made to occupy, because we have seen nothing grander, and have had no opportunity of judging of their real merits by comparison.

There is the Parthenon, which has been admired in all ages as a masterpiece of architecture. How is it that the British nation have not had spirit enough to send over architects to take its exact proportions, and minutely to examine every part of it in detail, for the purpose of constructing a precisely similar building. Not merely a building of the same shape and height, the same breadth and length, but one possessing the superb frieze

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and all the minute decorations that the Parthenon once possessed. Let us have the whole Panathenaic frieze, the spirited groups of Centaurs and Lapithæ, and all the minute decorations as faithfully copied as could be done by modern sculptors. Let it be adorned with statues and superb groups of sculpture, such as we know once existed there, and then let us judge of the effect.

Let all the British population come and look at it, and then let them tolerate, if they can, the sickening display of what is called Grecian architecture in London. But the expense, every one will cry out—the expense! Why this would be covered, if the great fashionables alone were to put their hospitality and their entertainments on the same footing as those given at Paris and at Berlin, at Rome and at Vienna, which are much more agreeable than the entertainments given in the heated and confined rooms of London. One hundredth part of the money thus annually saved, would enable them, by combining together, in the course of a few years, to bequeath to their posterity, and to the British nation, a monument equal to that which adorned and ennobled the Periclean age; and they would, at the same time, be employing just as great a number of people, and just as much industry over the healthy occupation of

hewing and squaring stones in the open air, as they do now over the boiling of jellies and the stewing of meats, in the steam of kitchens and the confined atmosphere of cellars.

"He who does not see Athens," says the orator Lysias, "is a stupid fellow; he who sees it without admiring it, is still more stupid; but the height of stupidity is, to see it and admire it, and yet to quit it."

We wished, as we mounted our Turkish steeds, that we could call back Lysias from his long sleep of two thousand two hundred and fifteen years, to hear what he would now say on the wretched condition of his native city, and its uncertain prospect for the future. We wound our way along the plain, and, ever and anon, turned to catch a last glimpse of the marble columns and majestic front of the Parthenon, rising above the olive trees which bordered the road—a point from whence the building is seen, as was intended, in its greatest majesty. Fronting the Piræus, it is the first object that attracts the attention of the stranger as he lands, rising in its commanding situation above the plain, and looking at that distance nearly the same as it looked about two thousand two hundred and eighty years ago.

A carriage road was making through the plain

by the Bavarian soldiers; and at intervals near this road, may still be traced massive stones, cramped together with iron, the remnants of the long walls, which extended from Piræus to Athens, and which were demolished by Lysander and his Spartans to the sound of military music. The plain is of a very rich and fertile soil, here and there only slightly cultivated; and, as we get near the sea, in consequence of not being drained, it presents only a pestiferous bog, tenanted by legions of frogs.

Numerous olive trees extend along the valley, a pleasing change from the general bare treeless aspect of the country; they are the descendants of those olives which produced of yore the famous oil of Attica.

Our muleteers, two lively, fine looking Greeks, seemed to possess a great deal of good nature, and every disposition to oblige. The Greek peasantry seem to me superior in quickness and intelligence to any peasantry I have met with. They run sometimes before, and sometimes behind our horses, singing and flourishing their long sticks. One of them will then pat my horse on the mane, ejaculating in broken Italian, "Buono, Signore, buono! buon cavallo, cammina presto!" Their long hair falling behind on their shoulders, and their flowing

white kilts and expressive countenances, give them a picturesque and interesting appearance.

I asked one of them, how he liked the Bavarians; instead of answering, he shouted to his companion, saying, Signore Inglese wants to know how we like the Bavarians. They then both came to the side of my horse, and after complimenting the whole body with several polite epithets of Ladroni, Birbanti, &c., &c., said, all they wanted was that the king would send them back. Oh, but, replied I, you are such a wild turbulent set, that you would murder him within a week. Ah, the Bavarians say that, because they want to stop; but the king is molto bravo, molto amato, and the Greeks would sacrifice their own lives to save his.

These muleteers will undergo a great deal of fatigue. We have had them running on foot by the side of our horses for thirty and thirty-five miles a day in a burning sun; it was quite painful to me to witness it. The Greek muleteers are tolerably well off, and make a good deal of money by conveying travellers from spot to spot, so many of whom from all nations now flock into the country; and the activity they display, and the labour they will undergo when they see a sure prospect of gain, is evidence of what might be

done in this country, if proper hopes were held out to all, and proper inducements given to excite people to industry.

The sun had sunk behind the distant mountains, and not a sound disturbed the calm tranquillity of the evening, except the croaking of the frogs in the neighbouring marshes, when we arrived at Piræus, after a short ride of rather more than an hour from Athens. We passed between newly erected warehouses, a considerable collection of shops and buildings, crowded with sailors and loungers, and rode down to the water's edge just as the bright moon was beginning to illumine sea and shore. There we learnt, to our dismay, that the vessel we had hoped to have departed in for Syra, had already sailed; and we were, therefore, constrained, in disappointment and chagrin, to return to the noisy crowds collected among the houses. A consultation was held, and we determined to dismiss the muleteers, and search out the best quarters we could for the night, with a hope of being able to depart the following morning.

Glad to escape from the noise and filth of the place, I strolled down to the sea shore. It was a beautiful spring evening, and the moon, now nearly full, was shining with a pure and undisturbed splendour upon the still expanse of water.

The monotonous songs of some Greek boatmen, and the loud croaking of the frogs, still heard in every direction, were the only sounds that disturbed the deep silence and tranquillity of the spot. There was not the slightest ripple on the water, nor the sound of one single murmuring wave breaking upon the beach.

My thoughts wandered back to those distant times when the victorious fleets of Athens assembled in the port, and the exulting crowds from the city above came down to these now silent shores, to welcome the returning victors, to wreathe their brows with the laurel branch, and to conduct them in triumph to return thanks and to sacrifice to the gods in the noble Athenian temples;—when they crowded to see Alcibiades disembark from his three-banked galley on his return from Persia*;—and when the Athenian population of men, women, and children fled from their native homes, and abandoned their native city, to take refuge on board the fleet from the invading hordes of Xerxes.

I was startled by a Greek, who suddenly made his appearance with a long pipe in his hand; he

* His cùm obviàm universa civitas in Piræeum descendisset, tanta fuit omnium expectatio visendi Alcibiadis, ut ad ejus triremem vulgus conflueret.—Corn. Nep.

made me a civil salutation, and accosted me in good Italian. "You belong to a party, Signore, of three gentlemen, I believe, who are seeking for a vessel to take them to Syra?" I informed him, "I did." He then acquainted me, that he was the proprietor of a Goletta, which was to sail on the following evening, and would make a bargain with me if we could agree upon terms.

As we wished if possible to get away in the morning, I told him I could enter into no agreement at present. The courteous gentleman then sat down on a large stone, offered me his pipe to smoke and gave me the pleasing intelligence that it was reported that the plague had broken out in Smyrna. We talked about Greece and its government; its young king, and the Bavarian troops; and I found my companion pipe in with the universal note of discontent.—"We are in a sad condition," said he; "and I don't think there is much chance of better times. King Otho is much too young. The Greeks ought to have chosen a king of mature age, who knew the wants of the people, and the measures that ought to have been pursued. The Regency have plunged the country into debt; they have brought over thousands of Bavarians, who ought to have stopped in their own land; they quarrel among one another, and occupy their

time about things which are fit only to amuse children; they turn loose our bands of Greek soldiers, who used to be paid by the old government, without giving them any means of providing for themselves; they goad them into the commission of crime, and then we are distracted with long and solemn trials, disputes, and quarrels, and the public mind is kept in a state of ferment and excitement. We are," says he, "more heavily taxed than we used to be under the Turks; to be sure the money is not so directly carried away out of the country as it was then, but I don't see that the money that they spend does any good—it goes into the hands of a few merchants, and never stops long in the land. Ah," says he, "the Greeks have been long inured to calamity, and hardened against injustice; but"—and I could see his face brighten up—"but we will have a day of reckoning yet! I mean no harm to the king, Signore; only to the Bavarians who insult us. They trample upon us; they are strong in numbers at present, but the hate against them is gradually increasing, and on the first war in Europe—the first disturbance on our frontier, if we can get a few Turks or Albanians to lend us a helping hand, we will rid the country of the devouring locusts!"

I asked him what he thought was the amount

of the Greek population under King Otho's rule. He replied, "Very, very small; the population of London would more than double the whole of ours. We had hundreds and thousands killed during the long Turkish war—men, women, and children; and I don't believe that in all the land under our new king, there is more than half a million, if there is that."

A light, white mist, gradually rising from the neighbouring marshes, and gathering along the surface of the water, warned me to escape its noxious influence by returning home. The fearful intermittent fever floats along on its white vapourous bosom, and death follows in its rear.

The fine plain stretching from Piræus to Athens, which might be tilled and made to yield an abundant produce, now sends only from its dreary swamps the noisome pestilential fog, to sleep within whose poisonous influence is almost certain destruction. During July and August the Athens fever rages at its height, and the journey of many an English traveller has been cut short by it. It generally breaks out immediately after quitting the spot where the individual has imbibed the contagion.

Our accommodation for the night was most wretched; we were obliged to sleep either upon

the earthen floor of a miserable house, or upon a large shutter, which was laid on some loose bricks. During the whole night I was kept awake by the croaking of the frogs in the marsh, whose noise would not be credited, except by those who have passed a night in spring at this spot.

May 9th.—When the early rays of the sun had dispersed the white unwholesome mists which extended their damp wreaths along the low winding shore, I sallied out, took a boat, rowed out of the harbour, and bathed close to some ruined fragments of the antient Athenian walls which once fortified the entrance of the Piræus port, many of whose disjointed masses were seen buried under the clear waves. As the weather was perfectly calm, with every prospect of its continuance, I hired the open boat in which we bathed to take our party on to Syra, it being the cleanest in the place, furnished with a mast and sails, and capable of holding several individuals without any great discomfort.

About ten o'clock, under a dazzling sun and unclouded sky, we left Piræus harbour; a light favourable breeze had sprung up, which carried us slowly away from the classic land of Greece. A brilliant light was shed over the landscape; the distant wavy mountains, the rocky headlands, the Athenian Acropolis, the long line of coast, and

every surrounding object, were seen with a remarkable clearness of vision, while on the opposite side the blue Mediterranean spread out its calm waters till they were blended with the azure sky far away in the distance.

Towards evening, the light breeze which had carried us slowly along the beautiful coast of Attica, died away, and it became a dead calm. Our two sailors, a couple of fine young Greeks, took to their oars, and we thus continued still to glide slowly onwards. The golden disc of the sun was approaching the watery horizon, and we were shortly witnesses to one of those glorious sunsets which Lord Byron has so beautifully described.

> "Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

The vast sea was smooth as a looking-glass; a death-like stillness reigned every where; the distant shadowy mountains, the rocky shore, and the bold headlands, were tinted with a varied and most beautiful colouring, and the sun, as he slowly disappeared in the glowing waters, threw back a long gleaming column of golden light across the wide surface of the sea. The twilight in these latitudes, from the sun's descending more directly below the horizon than he does in England, is

very short, and turning to the opposite quarter of the heavens, where darkness was already "almost visible," we saw the moon of a deep copperish colour, just appearing above the dusky waters. In about a quarter of an hour, as the soft beauty of a Grecian night was spreading over sea and shore, we slowly rowed into the straits which separate the island of Gaidaronisi from the main land, where we cast anchor for the night.

'Twas one of those calm solitary spots so peculiar to Greece; the straits, winding between the island and the main land, presented the appearance of a large curving river. The solitary shores were covered with brushwood and a few dwarf shrubs. There were no trees, and the lonely spot, but for the warm colouring of a southern climate, would have seemed bleak and desolate. We ordered the provision basket to be taken on shore, and ascending a slight eminence on the solitary island, we seated ourselves upon the wild fern in admiration of the softness and tranquillity of the surrounding solitude. The island is entirely uninhabited, and on the opposite main land there was no trace of man far as the eye could reach, and no living thing save a few wild ducks which we saw by the water's edge. The island, according to Pau-

sanias, was anciently celebrated for its ebony wood.

The little remaining daylight soon entirely disappeared, and the moon, which was nearly at its full, shone with great splendour. The summits of the nearer hills were boldly conspicuous in the bright moonlight, the winding valleys and ravines were clothed in deep shade, and a light, thin mist was already gradually curling along the surface of the water. We listened to the songs of our Greek boatmen below, plaintive and monotonous airs, and we were startled by the long mournful howl of a jackal from the opposite hills on the main land.

Descending to our boat, we pushed off a few yards from the shore, fearing there might be wolves on the island.

'Twas about two hours after midnight when I was awakened by the noise of the sailors weighing anchor. They stated, as there was every probability of the succeeding day being very hot and very calm, they wished to row during the freshness and coolness of the night, and rest themselves during the heat of the day. I sat up in the boat to admire the soft, lovely, brilliant night; here and there a solitary star was brightly shining, and the

pure undisturbed splendour of the full moon descended upon the beautiful winding waters.—

> "And the midnight moon is weaving
> Her bright chain o'er the deep,
> Whose breast is gently heaving
> As an infant's asleep."

"Are not those thin curling wreaths of white mist that hang along the shore very unwholesome?" I asked of one of the sailors. "Not unless there is wet marshy land in the immediate neighbourhood, or land that is extensively irrigated," was the reply: "There is no fear, signor, of fever, when you are surrounded with high rocky shores like these: what you see is nothing but the vapour from the salt water."

May 10th.—When the first crimson streak of light stole along the eastern horizon, we were at the base of Cape Colonna, the ancient Sunium, on the summit of whose bold height stand the ruins of the magnificent Temple of Minerva, built by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon. Twelve majestic marble Doric columns of this noble temple still crown the summit of the bold headland overlooking the islands of the Ægean sea. It is one of the finest conceivable situations for a monument of architectural magnificence. The waves beat upon the rocks below, and the solitary marble

ruin above attracts the gaze of the passing mariner. The marble is of a virgin whiteness, and retains the polish and sharp edge it possessed when first it came from the hands of the sculptor.

The sun rising above the expanse of water cast its bright beams upon the numerous rocky islands of the Ægean sea, and over the vast and glorious scene which is presented to the eye of the beholder from this lofty eminence. The rocky coast line of the continent, the bright waters calm and unruffled, the soft dim outlines of the islands, and the distant bold mountains, altogether presented a scene which the pen and the pencil are alike unable faithfully to delineate.

About nine o'clock, by dint of rowing, we arrived at the island of Zea, the greenness of whose shores made us hope for more than the usual cultivation, but we were disappointed. There is only one miserable town built upon a mountain. There are some remains of the ansient Ioulis to be seen, consisting chiefly of the ruins of a temple. Most of the Ægean islands, which are so beautiful at a distance, are nought but bare, scraggy, uninhabited rocks.

A breeze springing up, carried us rapidly onward through the islands from Zea for a couple of hours, and then died away. Towards sunset

the wind headed us, and began to blow very strong; there was some talk among the sailors of putting back, when I took the helm and altered the course of the vessel from the northern to the southern point of the island of Syra, which was now in sight. We beat about for some little time, but the wind becoming a point or two more favourable, we were enabled to lay our course direct for the island. As the breeze increased in strength, the waves came rolling up bristling with white foam, but our little boat danced along merrily over them. We dashed by moonlight along a bold rocky coast, within a stone's throw of beetling crags against which the waves broke in thunder, and the foam, as it recoiled from them, glittered with innumerable fiery coruscations. Turning sharp round a bluff headland, forming the western point of the island, we gained a safe anchorage under shelter of some high rocks in a little bay. The sea soon went down, the moon shone again with brilliancy, and the usual quiet scene of tranquil beauty extended around.

May 11th.—Still calm, and a burning hot sun. The sea is remarkably clear, the rocky bottom is seen at an immense depth, and enormous fish glide about below. Whilst bathing, I was alarmed with the cry of a shark, which was luckily a

false alarm. After three hours' rowing we arrived in sight of the town of Syra, occupying a most commanding situation on the side of a mountain, and presenting a very imposing appearance from the water. It is the largest and most commercial town in the Archipelago, and has risen entirely within the last twenty years, chiefly in consequence of the excellence of its port, which lies in the direct route for ships bound from the western nations of Europe to Smyrna. It presents a very picturesque appearance, from the extreme whiteness of the houses, the green blinds, and the open terraces. We passed through a port crowded with shipping, our bill of health was examined by dint of a pair of wooden tongs, and we were allowed to land. A motley crowd of people in Turkish, Greek, and Frank dresses stared at us as if we had been wild beasts. We were taken through what may be called the only street in the town, bordered on each side by open shops, dirty, and very narrow, to the police; when, after having been well stared at, we were allowed to depart to a miserable hotel, kept by a young Italian in partnership with a Greek, where I obtained the luxury of a room eight feet square, with a hole in the roof to serve the purposes of a window.

The dress of the women here is very curious, a strange aping of European fashions, intermixed with the costume of the country. Some wear the wide spreading bonnets, fashionable years back in England, covered with faded artificial flowers; some have a profusion of ribands about their persons, and some cream coloured shoes; others are dressed in immense turbans of white, orange, and red gauze.

May 12th.—The town of Syra is composed of two portions, the one, crowning the summit of a lofty conical hill capped by an old Roman Catholic church, is called *Old Syra*, the other, or lower town, lining the sloping sides of the eminences, rising above the harbour, is called Hermopolis. In this lower portion there is only one miserable street, the rest of the town consists of isolated houses, with narrow footpaths leading between and around them; they are stuck about in lumps and heaps, with a sovereign contempt for all order and arrangement.

There are English, Swiss, and French, as well as Greek merchants, established here. There are some good houses, and the British consul, who has an excellent mansion commanding a fine view of the harbour, and an agreeable family, is particularly hospitable to the British T. G.

The drains which run down the middle of the streets of Syra are merely covered with loose flat stones, and the odour escaping from them in hot weather is very dreadful.

This afternoon we clambered up the mountain to the upper town, a most extraordinary place; the houses are perched one above another, and steep narrow paths, encumbered with filth, wind between them. In the steeper parts, we had to ascend a number of steps, and we at last reached the Catholic church crowning the apex of the lofty conical hill, from the stone terrace of which we enjoyed a wild and singular view. We descended by another pathway, which sometimes led through houses encumbered with pigs and heaps of the most disgusting filth. There is a dense population, and how they subsist is extraordinary. We saw no marks of extreme poverty; most of the people were tolerably well dressed, and several pretty girls, in the windows, laughed and shouted to us in Greek; and one, remarkably beautiful, with a wreath of roses round her head, was seen hanging over a balcony, spinning yarn.

It is curious that this small island, little more than a barren rock, should contain two such towns as these, the united population amounting, as we were told, to near 20,000, a thriving, prosperous

community, comprising the wealthiest of the Greek merchants under Otho's sway.

The island of Syra possesses little cultivable land, and no trees except a few withered fig trees. There are, indeed, some gardens on the south-west of the town, slight patches of arable land in the interior of the island, and a few flocks and herds are kept upon the mountains; but the corn for the support of the inhabitants is brought from Egypt and Asia Minor, and the principal part of the beef and mutton consumed comes from the more fertile islands of the Ægean sea; the exportations, therefore, in exchange, must be in manufactured articles and bullion. It is the great mart for European manufactures among the islands of the Archipelago. Here are deposited, the cottons and cutlery of England, the silks of France and Italy, and the linen of Germany, and here resort purchasers from the different islands. Pipes, shoes, beds, embroidered coverlids, &c., &c., are made in the town, and various other homely articles, which are exported to some of the islands.

The view from a bold promontory to the east of the town, is very striking; numerous peculiar windmills extend along the hills, the picturesque houses sweep down to the water's edge, and the dim distant islands are seen bounding the watery

horizon. But the striking feature of the landscape consists in the vividness with which the different shades of colour are painted—the dazzling white of the houses, the deep blue of the sea, the purple of the mountain sides, and the light gray of the rocky shores.

We were this evening invited to a soirée at the British consul's, where we understood would be assembled all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Syra, comprising the prettiest Greek girls in Otho's dominions.

An hour before sunset we mounted to a cool terrace, shaded by a verandah, commanding a most glorious view of the whole town, the harbour, and the deep blue sea. We were ushered into a spacious room, filled with a curious and motley assemblage of ladies and gentlemen; the former were very badly dressed, many being in morning gowns, and cream coloured shoes. There were one or two fine girls in picturesque costume, having the red tarbouch rolled up, so as to make a little crimson cloth cap, which was fastened on one side of the head. On the top of the cap was embroidered a gold flower, and a very long blue silk tassel fell gracefully down upon the shoulders.

The belle of the whole party, however, I

shortly after saw in the adjoining room, lounging upon a low sofa, surrounded by cushions. Her hair hung in braids behind her back, and an innumerable quantity of long blue silken cords, forming an immense tassel, hung down upon her shoulders. Finding she spoke Italian, I obtained an introduction. She was a Smyrniote, called herself Greek, had just arrived at Syra, and detested it. She descanted upon the delicious environs of Smyrna, the shady gardens, the orange and pomegranate groves, the beautiful Gulph and its bold mountain scenery, until I was burning to reach the Elysium so gloriously depicted; but then she was comparing it with the bare rocky island of Syra, not having seen any other place, except Scio, upon whose beauties, however, she as largely descanted. She spoke of its beautiful Pianura and its rich gardens, and then told me the particulars of the dreadful Turkish massacre which had depopulated the lovely spot. She seemed to have a very confused idea of England—fancied we lived always in a fog, that we never saw the sun, and were always drenched through with rain; that all Englishmen, who could afford it, came and lived abroad, and that none would stop in the country except those who were obliged. Upon my asking from whom she derived all this valuable inform-

ation, I was told, from French naval officers with whom she had danced at the balls in Smyrna.

Most of the ladies, I observed, sat by themselves, in a circle at one end of the room, while the gentlemen walked up and down, rarely venturing to talk to them. Pipes and coffee were brought in, and I made my first essay with a Turkish pipe, about six feet long. Some sat down to cards, and others were amused by listening to a conceited young man playing a guitar under the verandah. The terraces are very pleasant in the hot evenings; the women are generally seen on them, courting the cool breeze, and the men smoking their pipes.

May 13th.—To-day was a great fête. At half past seven o'clock in the morning divine service commenced at the Greek cathedral, the largest in Greece. The crowds were so great, that we had some difficulty in getting inside the building. The women were all stationed in a gallery by themselves, behind a wicker screen. There was no music but a chaunt, in which every body joined. At the door hung two pictures, one of St. George, the other of the Virgin, which were devoutly kissed by all the congregation as they went out. There was no holy water.

At Syra there is a bishop and a synod composed of two archbishops, who regulate the ecclesiastical affairs of this island, Andros, Myconos, and Tinos. The court of the Areopagus, re-established at Athens, is the supreme criminal court of independent Greece, and the only one that has power to condemn to death. The principal court at Syra decides minor cases, and regulates mercantile and civil concerns.

In consequence of the fête, the whole population in the evening promenaded about certain miserable kitchen gardens, on the western side of the bay, devouring green lettuces, lumps of which, washed and cleaned, were exposed in various places for sale. On the rocks above, large groups might be seen, spreading on the ground their frugal meal of bread, cheese, and onions, and joyful to escape, for a short time, from the confined and heated air of the town. The day had been intensely hot, and the evening was lovely. The waters of the bay motionless as a mirror, the white houses of the town clothing the mountain sides, the blue islands and distant headlands, the rich purple tinge upon the landscape, and the festive throng parading the gardens, dressed in all sorts of gaudy colours, some singing, some dancing, and all cheerful and happy, presented a scene

such as we like to dwell upon, and such as recurs often to the mind when contemporary circumstances and events have faded away.

The English and American Church Missionary Societies are making the greatest and most praiseworthy efforts for educating the people of this island; there are two large schools. To one, where are six hundred boys and girls, I was taken by a clergyman of the Episcopalian Church of America, who had the superintendence of it. As all the children are of the Greek or of the Roman Catholic Church, their education in the particular tenets and articles of their faith is left to their parents; and a few simple prayers only, in which persons of all creeds and classes can join, are fixed on by common consent, and these the children are taught to repeat, on their entering and quitting the school-room.

The girls' school presented a particularly interesting sight: there were several hundreds of them, presided over by numerous teachers, the greater part very interesting young women, of whom several had been sent to England for education, and spoke our language fluently. Children, teachers, and all, were remarkably well dressed. I heard several of the children read in Greek; and the whole establishment, so well ordered and

arranged, reflects the highest credit upon the individuals who superintend, and the nations who support it.

The American Missionary told me, that there was a striking difference between those young persons who had returned to the island, having received an education in England, and those who had been educated in France; the former being generally good Christians, the latter infidels. The inhabitants of the island are mostly either bigoted and superstitious or infidels.

There is a public library, containing some hundreds of volumes in different languages, open to any one who chooses to walk in from nine o'clock in the morning until one, and from three to five. I found it a most delightful acquisition, when tired with my rambles, during the heat of the day. It is a disgrace to our country, which prides itself upon the intelligence and knowledge diffused among all classes of society, that England should be so far behind continental nations in the establishment of public libraries, which are to be met with in every small town in France, Italy, and Sicily. Any stranger may enter, call for the most valuable works, sit down, read, and make extracts, without a question being asked or any hindrance given him.

May 14th. — The weather has completely changed. The cloudless sky, hot sun, and dead calm, have given place to a strong westerly breeze, dark driving clouds, and a heavy sea, which have unfortunately prevented our excursion to the islands of Paros and Antiparos, about twenty miles distant. Two of our friends, lately returned, describe the Grotto of Antiparos, with its crystal chambers and stalactite columns, as most glittering and gorgeous, and the Parian marble quarries as particularly interesting.

CHAPTER V.

DELOS.—DELIAN DAMSELS.—SCIO.—DEVASTATION.—TURKISH MASSACRE.—GULPH OF SMYRNA.—SMYRNA.—BAZAARS.—GREEK FETE.—CARAVANS.—HUSSEIN BEY.—GREEK LADIES.—ORIENTAL SCENERY AND IMPRESSIONS.

Μίλπετε ὦ παίδες Ἐκάεργον καὶ Ἐκάεργαν.

Siñg, O boys, Apollo and Diana.

MAY 14th.—In the afternoon we went on board a fine Austrian merchant brig from Trieste, bound to Scio and Smyrna. Several Greek vessels were getting under weigh at the same time;—they were crowded with passengers, dirty objects, huddled together and drenched with spray.

Towards evening, we arrived off the island of Myconos, and the smaller islands of Delos and Rhene. The antient inhabitants of the first, according to Strabo, were remarkable for becoming bald at an early age, and thence called, by way of contempt, the bald heads of Myconos.

The latter island is interesting to us from its association with mythological and classical history. We saw mount Cynthus, celebrated as the fabulous birth-place of Apollo and Diana; but the ruins of Apollo's temple, founded by Cecrops, now no longer exist, except in shapeless masses, and the joyous throngs of Ionians no longer frequent the Delian festivals.

Thucydides quotes a hymn to Apollo and Diana, alluding to those festive assemblies, which he has ascribed to Homer.

Ἔνθα τοι ἑλκεχίτωνες Ἰάονες ἠγερέθονται
Αὐτοὶς σὺν παίδεσσι καὶ αἰδοίης ἀλοχοισιν
Οἳ δέ σε πυγμαχίη τε καὶ ὀρχηθμῳ καὶ ἀοιδῇ
Μνησάμενοι τέρπουσιν ὅταν στήσωνται ἀγῶνα, &c.

These, with some following verses, have been thus translated.

Here, oft in flowing robes the Ionians throng,
And greet the god with festive dance and song;
Illustrious youths, and dames of matchless grace,
Who well might seem of more than mortal race,
While stored with wealth their floating vessels ride
In splendid triumph o'er the briny tide.

Here too, the Delian damsels often sing,
Thy praise, Apollo, Heaven's far darting king
And in the long resounding chorus join,
Latona's charms, and Dian's powers divine,
With dames for beauty famed in days of old,
And chiefs in council wise and combat bold.

Friday, May 15th.—Coming on deck, I found a fine breeze blowing, and the vessel entering the straits of Scio, under a crowd of canvass, studsails and royals. On our right extended the blue mountainous coast of Asia Minor, and on our left the beautiful island once called, and justly, "The flower of the Levant."

In about an hour we arrived off the town; but three-fourths of the structures, which at a distance appear to be houses embowered in woods, are only bare walls and miserable ruins—melancholy remnants of the ravages of the Turks. The Plain of Scio extends partly along the coast, and partly between two ridges of mountains; it presents a continued succession of gardens, and groves of orange and lemon trees, which in many places are so thickly planted that it is impossible to pass between the trunks. Tall dark cypresses taper above these, and with groves of the fig, the olive, and the mulberry, form a striking feature in the landscape. When the wind blows off the island, the perfume of the orange blossoms is borne completely across the straits to the opposite coast of Asia Minor.

The celebrated Pianura, or Plain, is bounded to the north by a chain of mountains, anciently called Pelinæus; its wine was much esteemed by the Romans, and until of late, by the Greeks. It

abounded with oil, silk, cotton and figs. On the mountains at present grows the mastic, which distils a gum, universally chewed and much esteemed by the Levantine ladies, for giving a delightful odour to the breath.

The beauty of these enchanting shores, as seen from the sea, excite feelings which are sadly changed on landing, when you find but the deserted ruins of the once flourishing town, and the crumbling villas of the rich environs,—sad memorials of the effects of war and of human barbarism. As I contemplated the gutted houses, the roofless tenements, and the tottering walls, which from a distance present the appearance of a populous city; the solitude and silence, where one at first expects to meet life, bustle, and animation; I thought of the description of the island given by Chandler, who was travelling here before the Turkish massacre, when Scio was rich and prosperous; and of the beautiful Greek girls, then its most striking ornaments. "Many of them, says he, were seated at the doors of their houses, twisting cotton or silk, and bade us welcome as we passed. They wore short petticoats, reaching only to their knees, with white silk or cotton hose; their head-dress, a kind of turban, the linen so white and thin, it seemed snow. Their slippers

were chiefly yellow, with a knot of red fringe at the heel. Their garments were of silk of various colours, and their whole appearance so fantastic, as to afford us much entertainment." At these ruined doorways, and in the deserted chambers of the houses, a mangy dog, or a wild cat usurps the place of the Grecian damsels, the jasmin, the myrtle, and the wild olive twine their luxuriant branches unheeded, and the tangled grass and the wild herbs choke the unpruned vine. The citron and the orange scatter their fruit to rot on the ground, and the neglected olive scarcely recompenses the gathering of its berries.

There was a time when the Sciotes, lightly taxed by the Turkish government, enjoyed a prosperous and flourishing commerce. With a fertile country, possessing many valuable commodities for exportation, they became the richest people of the Grecian islands; their persons were adorned with the silks and gems of the East; their tables with silver plate, and their houses with the richest carpets. The Greek revolutionary war broke out; all the Greek islands were in a state of agitation. Scio, however, remained tranquil, satisfied with the prosperity it enjoyed, until towards the end of March, 1822, a party of Samiotes, celebrated throughout the Levant for their daring predatory

habits, landed on the island, and stirred up the lower order of people to insurrection. They attacked and massacred the small Turkish garrison maintained in the place, and besieged the governor, who took refuge in the citadel. No sooner were these events known at Constantinople, than the Capudan Pasha was despatched with a fleet and land forces, and a royal Firman was issued, commanding all true Mussulmen to aid and assist in the extermination of the rebel inhabitants. Nor was any distinction made as to the shades or degrees of guilt; a promiscuous crowd of wild, fanatic Mussulmen, the fierce Janissary, and the cruel savage of Anatolia, obeyed the call to murder, spoliation, violation, and the indulgence of their fiercest and worst passions alike upon the innocent and the guilty.

On the 11th of April, the Capudan Pasha arrived with his fleet, and landed 9,000 Mussulmen. The work of destruction immediately commenced; as if the Turks had come with the full intention of annihilating the whole population, and every vestige of civilization. For whole weeks the island presented a fearful scene of murder, conflagration, and plunder, in town and country. The Turks set fire to the houses; the unfortunate Sciotes fled to the mountains, and

were hunted down like wild beasts. The wealthy families who had deprecated the mad proceedings they had no power to control, the innocent and the guilty, were involved alike in one common ruin. Girls, brought up in all the luxury and refinement that wealth can bestow, were abandoned to the mercies of the merciless, and to the hearts of those who knew no pity; and after seeing their fathers, brothers, and friends butchered, and after suffering such treatment as humanity blushes to recount, were exposed for sale by the side of the common African slaves, in the markets of Constantinople and Smyrna. Wives, whose husbands had been massacred, rent the air with their lamentations, holding their children with frantic energy to prevent their becoming the prize of the soldiery, and themselves rendered childless, as they had already been rendered widows.

Eight hundred gardeners of the principal families were taken to the castle, and by threats of instant death were made to confess whether they knew if property had been buried; and pits were dug in the gardens, to search for concealed treasure. All the women were sent into slavery, and all the men and male children above twelve years of age were massacred. Children of tender years, and the most beautiful of the young girls,

were sent captive on board the fleet with great pomp, under a salute of cannon. The male children were circumcised in token of conversion to Mahometanism, and were then sent off by land under an escort of soldiers to Constantinople.

Two regiments of Turks had assembled in the country with seven hundred prisoners seized as slaves, but not agreeing in the partition of them, it was suggested as the best mode of ending the dispute to put them all to death, which was done in less than half an hour. On the 8th of May the Capudan Pasha hung, at the yard-arm of his flagship, thirty-five respectable merchants. The governor followed his example with a number of hostages in his hands, and the eight hundred gardeners already mentioned to have been seized *were strangled to a man.* The work of carnage and devastation ceased only when there was nothing left on which it could be exercised, and in a few weeks, the most wealthy and prosperous of the Grecian islands, called "*the flower of the Levant,*" became a desolate wilderness.

As the summer approached, the rich soil waved with the harvest that had been previously sown, but there were no hands to reap, none to enjoy the bounties of nature. Of the 120,000 men that the island contained in March, 1822, by the end

of July scarcely 900 persons, it was computed, remained in the whole island, spared from absolute weariness of slaughter and satiety of blood; many of these were carried off by a pestilence, bred by the foul corruption of the dead. The hostages sent to Constantinople were *all put to death*, in spite of the interference of Lord Strangford, the British ambassador.

Some vengeance was however executed upon the Turks. Two Greek fire-ships, sent into the midst of their fleet as it lay at anchor in the roads of Scio, set the Capudan Pasha's flag-ship on fire, which blew up; the Capudan Pasha was killed, and out of a crew of 2286, only 200 were saved alive.

'Tis saddening now to see the ruined state of this lovely island, the poor and scanty population, among whom the memory of these events is rife, and by whom they are related with a shudder of horror. Eye-witnesses have told me of these scenes, and have assured me they have seen strings of young girls tied together and transported to the slave market, where subscriptions were raised among the Greeks and Europeans to purchase them of their hard task-masters.

The finest modern Greek library, of 70,000 volumes, perished in the common destruction.

How many fair spots in the world do we find

blasted and destroyed by Turkish barbarity; Scio of all perhaps presents the most melancholy, the most saddening example.

"Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
* * * * * *
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking, from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land."

Dark clouds had gathered along the sky, and the wind was increasing, when we left Scio and stood across to the opposite coast of Asia Minor. We passed the bay of Tchesmeh in which a British vessel of war, the Mastiff, was lying at anchor. The town of Tchesmeh, at the end of the bay, was surrounded by a few cultivated trees and fields, and five windmills on an eminence presented a striking appearance. The vineyards on either side of the water produce the small raisin so much esteemed in England; the vines are cut down close to the ground every year, and it is the young spring shoots only that produce the grape.

A storm of wind and rain coming on, our studsails and royals were taken in, top-gallant sails closely reefed, and we still dashed at nine knots an hour past the bold mountainous coast between a small island and the main land. On arriving at the entrance of the Gulph of Smyrna, the wind becoming contrary, we were obliged to put into the small port of Foggia on the northern side of the gulph, and after sending a boat ashore to see if there was any plague in the town, and finding it healthy, we landed. Passing through an archway in some old shabby walls, we entered for the first time a Turkish town; some fine looking fellows in turbans were hanging about the gates with their belts stuck full of daggers and pistols.

The scene inside was filthy and disgusting. A raised causeway, wide enough only for one person to walk, ran alongside the houses on either hand, the space between consisting of a muddy ditch full of filth and stagnant water. The roofs projecting on each side almost shut out the light of day, and the confined atmosphere below was impregnated with the most unsavoury smells.

There were Turks in immense turbans, sitting cross-legged on benches smoking, among whom was a fine patriarchal looking old man with a beard as white as snow. No women were to be

seen in the streets, but an occasional curious face peeped through the lattices above. Immense dogs were quarrelling over the offal thrown outside the doorways, and we were glad to escape the filth of the town for the country on the opposite side.

Following a lane, bordered with trees, corn-fields, and gardens, whose green verdure was delightful after the rocky districts we had lately been familiar with, we arrived at the Turkish burying-ground, consisting of a grove of beautiful cypress trees, under whose sombre shade were scattered numerous narrow tomb-stones, crowned with a small marble turban.

May 16th.—The wind is still unabated and contrary. We went ashore and took a long walk. With the exception of the small cultivated valley surrounding the town, the whole country appears deserted, mountainous, and unfit for cultivation, being rocky and without any depth of soil. The rocks are every where, however, covered with wild flowers, dwarf firs, Valonea oak, and shrubs, presenting a green and picturesque appearance.

From the summit of a mountain we had a fine view of the Gulph of Smyrna, its picturesque shores, and the mountains of Asia. The interior presented a succession of rocky mountains, without valleys, and without cultivation, a melancholy,

deserted, solitary region. The bold beautiful mountains, however, which every where hem in the gulph, the dark waters, and the varied colours upon the landscape, presented a grand and striking scene.

Sunday, May 17th.—We left the port of Foggia, and beat about the gulph for some time in a contrary wind. We passed numerous vessels, the greater part of which were English. The gulph is surrounded by the most beautiful mountains, and the scenery is very grand.

Four, P.M.—Passed the Castle of Smyrna, at the entrance of the inner gulph.

Five, P.M. — Clear weather, and very light breeze. Before us rise the minarets and mosques of Smyrna, interspersed with the gloomy cypresses of the burying grounds. Above, on a lofty hill, stands an old Genoese castle. The bay is filled with shipping, the rich shores are covered with woods and vineyards, and are bounded by lofty picturesque mountains. We passed close under the stern of the Tribune, a British corvette, and cast anchor.

Six, P.M.—Landed without annoyance; the doors of the houses in the Frank quarter were thronged with pretty girls, and we went to Madame Maraccine's boarding-house.

Monday, May 18th.—First visited the Turkish bazaars, under the guidance of our servant, passing through the narrow dirty streets of the Frank quarter, to the much dirtier streets of the Turkish town.

On entering the bazaar, our attention was so much distracted by the novel and extraordinary scene, that we were constantly running into the pools of filth that encumbered the road. Various kinds of merchandize in great abundance, and some of remarkable beauty, were displayed on either hand, in open shops. Pieces of timber, stretching across from roof to roof, covered with coarse matting, excluded the rays of the sun, forming a covered way. On each side, numerous reverend looking figures, in long beards and turbans, sitting cross-legged on their shop-boards, invited us to purchase, and beautiful amber-headed mouth-pieces for pipes, rich Turkey carpets, Cashmere shawls, and Brusa silks, were displayed to tempt us.

A fine looking Turk, with an immense key in his hand, motioned us to follow him, and introduced us through a small door into a large vaulted magazine, in which were piles of carpets; several of these he spread before us, of the richest colours, and most beautiful pattern. They were all small,

not more than double the size of a common hearth-rug.

These bazaars spread in different directions, and are devoted to different kinds of merchandize; —there is the shoe bazaar, the cloth bazaar, the bazaar of arms, which is filled with sabres, pistols, and daggers. Rich Turkish costumes, women's veils, adorned with gold and spangles, were also exposed for sale; and presiding over all, were bearded figures, puffing clouds of perfumed smoke through their mouths and nostrils. The appearance of the few Turkish women that we saw, was far from pleasing; they were so wrapped up, that it was impossible to tell whether they were young or old, straight or crooked. A sort of white linen mantle was folded over the head and shoulders, and a piece of black crape came over the eyes and face, and their feet were clothed in loose, slovenly looking, yellow slippers.

We were obliged to be constantly on our guard against huge pieces of timber, and immense packages, that were rapidly borne through the narrow streets. Here, an obstinate camel, with his enormous load, occupied almost the entire space between the houses, threatening to knock you into the mire; and there came a string of mules, with

a Tartar at their head, yelling to the passengers to move out of the way.

We went to the Armenian church, in which is a picture of immense size, representing the day of judgment. The painter's conception of the horrors attendant upon that awful scene, are very curious. There are three chapels running parallel with each other, having handsome altar-pieces, and numerous pictures of saints. The church-yard is planted with orange-trees and a few cypresses, and is almost entirely paved with square marble tombstones, with Greek inscriptions;—among them are two graves with epitaphs, covering the remains of two of our countrymen, one being to the memory of a gentleman of the county of Essex, twenty-eight years of age.

We were conducted to the school, rather a fine building, furnished with intelligent masters, and a library of books in Armenian, printed at Venice. We observed in the collection, Milton's Paradise Lost, Armenian and English, and Armenian and French dictionaries, &c., &c. Two hundred boys are here educated.

Tuesday, May 19th.—I was called at half-past six o'clock in the morning, to go and see a Greek fête outside the town. On arriving at a bridge,

called the Caravan Bridge, over the ancient Meles, close to the Turkish burying-ground, and in the midst of beautiful gardens, we found a motley collection of Franks, Turks, Armenians, and Jews. There were Armenian women in their white mantles, drawn partly over the face, and manœuvred by two or three who had some pretensions to beauty with all the art of experienced coquettes. Greek girls, in their scarlet caps and blue tassels, and Frank women, a mixed race of all nations, in the latest imported Parisian mode. There was the Armenian in his loose robe and extraordinary head-dress, called the calpack, like an immense pincushion; the Turk in his flowing turban and pelisse lined with sable; the Greek in his scarlet cap, and the mixed Frank population, cutting a poor figure in their long frock coats and black beaver hats.

In a fine, fresh, green looking garden, filled with lettuces and cucumbers, and in walks bordered by the orange, the pomegranate, and the fig-tree, were numerous parties eating their breakfasts of bread, meat, and little fish pickled in barrels;—at the bottom of the garden was an old woman with a knife cutting off orange blossoms, and distributing them among a crowd of girls. Seating

ourselves under a tree, we called for a pipe and coffee.

There were no Turkish ladies to be seen; they are not allowed to mix in such entertainments; and although the Turks seemed well enough pleased to contemplate the unveiled charms of the Greek and Frank women, yet they would on no account afford their own the same privilege of being looked at and admired. Many of the women are placed under the superintending care of an old hag, who is responsible for their actions, and under whose guidance they walk in the gardens and environs of the town. Then it is that some young Frank, who chances to pass the troop, when the old woman is at their head in front, may perhaps be gratified by seeing the veil for an instant removed, and a pretty laughing face exposed to view, with a pair of eyes which tell tales.

On the other side of the bridge, is a Turkish burying-ground, through which the road passes,—a forest of tall dark cypresses, under whose waving branches are scattered innumerable tombstones surmounted by sculptured marble turbans. The wind sounds mournfully through the trees, and the grounds present a deep and touching picture

of gloomy repose. This caravan bridge, being at the junction of all the great roads from the interior, is a most interesting spot. (When I say *roads*, I mean the *camel tracks* across the country, as there is no such thing as a *carriage road* in the Turkish empire.) Across this bridge are constantly passing the caravans, laden with all the principal exports of Asia Minor. The string of camels forming the caravan, is headed by a little donkey; the driver mounts him when tired, and the foremost camel is tied to him; the rest, equally tied, follow their magnanimous leader.

It is pleasant, at sunset, to cross this bridge and watch the long cavalcade advancing towards it. Onward come the camels with their tinkling bells; they stretch their long necks from side to side as they pass, and pluck up the little tufts of camel-thorn which grow at the road-side. Tall fierce-looking peasants of Anatolia, as noble a race of men as are to be found in any country, accompany the caravan; their huge belts are stuck full of daggers and pistols, and their short pipes emit clouds of smoke.

From the town, on the other hand, the merchants are issuing out, bound to their country houses. Each bestrides a jackass, and a boy behind, with a pointed instrument, "admonishes"

the sluggish animal. Next come a swarm of pale grey-bearded Jews, in speckled turbans and cloaks of scarlet, or a crowd of yellow-booted ladies, riding, in men's fashion, (a yellow boot on either side of the horse,) to the different villages on the outskirts of the town; a pale attenuated race, contrasting strangely with the swarthy, manly figures coming in from the surrounding country.

There are points of view around Smyrna presenting scenery not to be surpassed for beauty any where in the world, — a combination of mountains, wood, and water, covered with the most varied lovely tints at different periods of the day, such as can hardly be conceived by a person who has not been out of England. Crossing the Port through the shipping, and mounting to the Jewish burying-ground on the side of the castle hill, a magnificent view is afforded of the whole of Smyrna, the beautiful plain, the groves of cypresses, the old castle, and the rich Asiatic mountains; which view I have had faithfully and most accurately taken by a German artist, but it is impossible to give an idea in a print of the purple flush on the mountains, the deep blue of the gulph, and the rich varied colours spread over the whole landscape, which give it a magic beauty.

Hussein Bey is the governor of the town and province, and farmer of the revenue by purchase; his father held the same situation before him. The office is put up to auction by the government, and knocked down to the highest bidder, consequently the higher the price a man pays for his post, the more extortionate and exacting must he be. The present governor has the credit of being more active and intelligent than the generality; he has reformed the police and the executive administration, and has established a board of health, and a quarantine for those coming from Egypt. A curious story about him is at present current in the place.

The brokers in the bazaars are frequently very importunate to passers by, urging them to purchase. His highness, the governor, as is the custom in Turkey from the Sultan downwards, was walking about the town *incog.*, preceded at some distance by a few of his police, to see how things were going on, when one of these hawkers or merchants, taking him to be a stranger, called repeatedly to him, and holding up one article after another, urged him to purchase. The governor called to his lictors in front, and in an instant the poor broker found himself tripped up, and sprawling on the floor of his shop, with his feet in the

air, and before he had time to come to any conclusion upon the strange occurrence, a sharp bastinado was inflicted upon the bare soles of his feet,—which being finished, he was told, "For the future not to trouble himself to shout after people in the streets, for if they wanted to purchase his goods, they would enter his house of their own accord."

The bastinado is inflicted in various ways; the most common method is to fling the culprit on his back, holding his heels up in the air; another plan, is to throw him over a railing, bringing his feet to the top of it, and holding him by the great toe, which is pulled down in the direction of the ground with great force; he is easier managed in this position, and affords a steadier mark for the lash. I saw some poor fellows, labourers in a timber-yard, battered with a flat piece of deal on the soles of their feet until they appeared in convulsions, and their screams were terrific. No sooner, however, had the inhuman brute ceased his blows, than one poor sufferer began to swear and curse at him, when the wretch ordered him to be tripped up again, and recommenced.

The most dreadful species of execution, is the bastinado on the belly, which soon finishes the object of it, who is stripped and laid down upon his back, with his arms and legs tied.

May 20th.—Wandered through the Slave Bazaar, a most sickening scene of human depravity; about a dozen black women, and some fine children almost naked, were ranged round a court for sale. A large black woman, by her gestures, intimated a wish that we would purchase her. The market of slaves, however, in Smyrna, is not very brisk. Most of those who wish for slaves of any value, commission a friend, or go themselves to make a purchase at Constantinople; the steam communication now affording a quick and easy mode of transit.

In this slave market, after the massacre and devastation at Scio by the Turks, numbers of fine Greek girls, and the daughters even of some of the first merchants, were exposed for sale by their inhuman captors. Girls brought up with delicacy and tenderness, and accustomed to every luxury, were here sold with the common herd, the scum of Constantinople and Egypt. More than thirty thousand women and children were, I am assured, sold for slaves; and so glutted were the markets, both here and at Constantinople, that many were offered at a Spanish dollar a head (4*s.* 4*d.*). Many among these unfortunates were girls of liberal accomplishments, who spoke French and Italian with fluency, and were not unacquainted with

the modern literature of Europe. Subscriptions were set on foot by the consuls among the Franks, and numbers were bought and set free; but very many are to this day in captivity, the slaves and concubines of their oppressors.

It should seem, however, that they are not *all* miserable and unhappy. Just before my arrival in Smyrna, the mother of a young girl in the possession of a Turk at Scio, had collected together a sum sufficient to ransom her, on receipt of which the Turk agreed to send her to Smyrna; she arrived, but she had not been many days at home before she made her escape, and went back to rejoin the Turk at Scio, and there she remains at present.

There has just been a great crowd in the street —one old Greek has shot another through the belly; they have just taken him off to the Musselim, who has ordered him to be shot to-morrow morning at sunrise; and unless his friends can collect sufficient money to buy him off, the sentence will assuredly be carried into execution. This morning we went into the large Turkish mosque, first throwing off our shoes. We found a large hall, well matted and carpeted, filled with innumerable lamps suspended from the ceiling. The walls were plain, simple, and unadorned, free from

images and pictures. Several Moslems were actively engaged in prayer.

There are, I am told, in Smyrna, from eighteen to twenty mosques, three Greek churches, one Armenian, two Latin, an English Protestant chapel, and a Dutch Protestant chapel. The Frank population is very large, and enjoys great privileges and immunities. The different European merchants, under the protection of their respective consuls, claim an exemption from the house-tax and all direct taxes. They enjoy the most perfect liberty. Of late years, the bearing of Turks towards Christians has been much changed, from the shocks that their fanaticism and national pride have received in the late successes of the infidel dogs against them, from the sense of their decline of power, and from the innovations of the Sultan. The Franks have, in their turn, manifested an inclination to be arrogant and overbearing, setting up pretensions, and calling for the interference of consuls in cases hardly warrantable.

There are two casinos, the Frank and the Greek; the former possessing a magnificent suite of rooms, furnished with billiard tables, cards, and the principal European journals. It is supported by the European merchants, and all strangers are

made honorary members for three months. Balls are frequently given, and every evening there are cards, chess, billiards, and gambling.

The gardens about Smyrna present the most delightful lounges during the hot weather. The proprietors of these luxurious retreats spend the greater part of the night in them; they receive their friends by moonlight, and spend their time in smoking, talking and drinking iced lemonade. When in the hot weather every thing is burnt up, and not a trace of green is to be seen except upon the trees, these gardens are the more luxurious from the shade they afford, and the green plants and vegetables, that are nourished by plentiful irrigation.

Our mode of living, in the clean comfortable mansion of Madam Maraccini, is very delightful. We have a pleasant party of English, French, and German, enlivened by the occasional society of the officers of his Majesty's corvette the Tribune. We smoke after breakfast, then lounge into the bazaars, come home and read during the hottest part of the day, and in the evening explore the delightful environs of the town. We mount our donkeys and ride through fields, gardens, and vineyards, up the mountain sides; or we row about the gulph, admiring the tints of the setting

sun upon the lovely Asiatic mountains, the dark cypresses of the burying-ground, the houses bosomed in trees, the rich valley to the north of the town, the numerous ships riding in the harbour, and the ruined castle on the hill, which towers above all. The beauty of the heavens of an evening after a hot day—the brilliancy of the moon, and the softness of the air—are such as we never experience in England.

Towards sunset, when the heat of the day has subsided, and the after-dinner sleep of two hours (here regularly taken) is over, groups of remarkably pretty girls may be seen collected round the doors of the houses, or seated on benches within the cool porches, most of them of Greek extraction, and certainly the finest specimens of the females of that race I have ever seen. The Greek women of the Morea, as I have before observed, are far from handsome, being dirty and coarse from exposure to the sun and weather, and the men, on the contrary, very fine looking fellows; but here, at Smyrna, the women are in appearance much superior to the men; they have fine eyes, a lively, cheerful expression of countenance, and an engaging air. They talk much too loud, however, and some are not over delicate. Their language is beautiful; they indulge in all sorts of compli-

ments and bows, and use, on meeting, salutations and enquiries without end. By the English and European merchants, the Greek families have been, and *are still*, generally looked down upon, and not considered *in society*; but, of late years, so many have acquired wealth in their commercial pursuits, getting the protection of the Greek consul of the Morea against the exactions of the Turks, that they consider themselves on a level with the European merchants, give balls and entertainments, and live in style.

The oppressive heat of Smyrna is almost invariably tempered by a fine westerly breeze, called the Inbat, which commences near mid-day and blows with violence from the gulph until sunset. The houses exposed to this wind are, comparatively speaking, delightfully cool, and the windows are thrown open to welcome it; while, in other quarters, the blinds and shutters are close fastened to keep out the hot air.

The first view of a populous oriental town is singularly striking to the European. The streets, long, dirty, and dark, are thronged with men of all nations and creeds, clad in all sorts of gay colours, wearing beards, and flowing robes, and turbans black, white, and green. Here come strings of stately camels, marching slowly, as

befits their stature; and here come donkeys, prancing and kicking, threading their way through the strings of camels, spattering mud hither and thither, and bearing onwards their loads—fruit or vegetables—men or manure.

CHAPTER VI.

SMYRNA.—DEPARTURE.—TURKS IN A STEAMER.—TURKISH LADIES.—MITYLIN.—TROAD.—DARDANELLES.—GALLIPOLI.—TURKISH CONSCRIPTS.—SEA OF MARMORA.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;"

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MAY 25th.—Left Smyrna on board the Maria Dorotea, an Austrian steamer, loaded with seventy-five Turkish passengers.

When we had quitted the interesting mountainous shores of the lovely gulph, and were ploughing the waves of the open sea, I turned my eyes from the beauties of nature to examine the interesting groups around me.

Some negroes and Turks were squatted on deck, examining with wonder and astonishment the movements of the engine. The boards were covered with carpets, upon which sat groups of cross-legged Mussulmen, smoking their long pipes, and taking not the slightest notice of any thing around them. Others were preparing to dine, and

among them three big-wigs on the quarter deck. Numerous black slaves first appeared with ewers of water and towels, the hands of the eaters were washed and wiped, and the dinner was then placed on the carpet, around which they sat cross-legged, all helping themselves out of the same dish, with the fore-finger and thumb. The repast finished, a basin of water was brought and each person was occupied for about ten minutes in washing down his beard, mouth, and moustachios, then going to the side of the vessel, each threw off his slippers, one slave brought a machine very like a large coffee-pot, from which he spouted water over the gentleman's feet, another slave was ready with a towel, and another presented the slippers. The thram or small carpet was then arranged for prayer, and the three grave Turks, erect and turning towards the east, with folded hands, commenced their devotions. In a short time they knelt upon the carpet, and prostrated themselves three times, touching the deck with their foreheads; for minutes they muttered their prayers, utterly inattentive to the shifting of the sails and the noise of the sailors, and again and again bent their foreheads, lowly and reverently, to the planks. At last they rose, the slaves arranged the thrams or carpets, and the three were again

seen seated together; one set of slaves handed round coffee in small cups, placed in chased silver stands, others handed pipes; and enveloped in clouds of smoke, without addressing a single syllable to each other, they seemed lost to all around them.

The fondness of a Turk for his pipe is quite a passion; morning, noon, and night, he scarcely quits it; he sleeps often with it in his mouth, and on awakening, it occupies his first thoughts. During the fast of the Rhamadan, when for the livelong day he is forbidden by the precepts of his religion to eat, drink, or use any manner of enjoyment, hundreds may be seen just before sunset with their pipes filled, and a burning coal by their side, anxiously watching the disappearance of the sun, and that instant every coal drops on the tobacco, and a heavy, protracted draw through the tube proclaims the long expected and exquisite enjoyment: nor will the Turk break his fast till he has smoked his pipe out.

We had a very pretty Turkish girl on board, who was too young to be veiled, and a very handsome female slave, who was strictly confined to the ladies' cabin. A short time ago a Turk took the ladies' cabin for his harem, consisting of three wives, who were brought on board, in ap-

pearance like so many bundles of linen. During the night, which was very stormy, a vessel tacking across the narrow passage of the Dardanelles, struck the stern of the steamer, and carried away her tiller, bulwarks, &c. The captain rushed into the ladies' cabin, which was in the stern, (while every one else was rushing on deck,) to see if any of the planks were stove in. He had no sooner entered than the three ladies, wild with affright, and in all the loveliness of complete deshabille, threw their arms round his neck and conjured him to save them. He assures me he never saw three lovelier women, and the danger of the ship was for a moment forgotten in admiration of the long jet-black tresses and the expressive eyes of these Turkish ladies.

At sunset we coasted along the beautiful shores of the island of Mitylin. The still, calm waters of the straits presented the appearance of a majestic river, and the opposite bold mountainous coast of Asia glowed in the last rays of the sun. This island, the ancient Lesbos, is said at present to contain a population of about 40,000, and at the time of the Turkish massacre in 1825, 70,000. It is at present celebrated for its olive-trees and oysters. The three principal cities are Mitylene, Patras, and Caloni. We passed close to the town

of Mitylene, formerly the capital city of the island, named from Mitylene, a daughter of Macareus, a king of the country, celebrated anciently for the stateliness of its buildings, and the great men it produced, Pittacus, Sappho, Terpander, &c.;—it vied with Rhodes and Athens as a seat of learning.

Ten, P.M.—Wind blowing fresh, and a heavy sea breaking over the decks. The Turks, rolled up in carpets and still smoking, lay extended at full length, to the great inconvenience of the sailors.

Eleven, P.M.—Being wet through with the spray of the sea, I went below to bed, and found the next berth occupied by a Turk, who was arranging it with a superb scarlet cloak lined with fur, shawls, and silk handkerchiefs.

May 26th, eight, A.M.—Close off the Asiatic shore, a deserted uninhabited country. The land is covered, however, with green dwarf shrubs, and the hills behind have a picturesque appearance. We passed Cape Baba, ("the Lectum Promontorium," separating Troas from Æolia, and constituting the northern limit of Phrygia Minor under the Roman government,) and then had a view of the celebrated Plain of Troy, rising gradually from the sea. The hills were covered with brushwood,

and a few trees overshadowed the solitary country. On our left was the Island of Tenedos, the station of the Grecian fleet, and over the continent of Asia rose the snowy summits of Mount Ida—all the prominent features of Homer's picture were before us.

On the eminence beyond a small bay to our right, are the ruins of Alexandria Troas, consisting of baths and portions of an aqueduct, fragments of columns, and marble cornices, and remnants of an immense theatre. Near the shore rose a large tumulus, and a short distance further on we passed two others. We sailed close round the Sigean Promontory, now called Cape Janissary, and had a magnificent view of the entrance of the Dardanelles, and of the two Turkish castles on the European and Asiatic shores. A short distance beyond, we were shewn a lofty mound called the Tomb of Alexander, and being so near to the Sigean promontory, it is doubtless the tumulus mentioned both by Strabo and Pliny as the tomb of that hero: beyond this, close to the sea shore, are two other tumuli, supposed to be those of Patroclus and Antiochus, likewise mentioned by Strabo.

We passed within a stone's throw of the castle on the Asiatic side, possessing batteries furnished

with cannons of eleven inches' bore, and throwing marble shot of several hundred weight; they are fixed in the wall, and could only be fired once, as the explosion, there being no recoil, would tear them away from their fastenings. We passed the mouth of the Scamander, and skirted along a sandy shore, the ground rising gradually from the straits. In front rose another lofty tumulus, called the "Tomb of Ajax," the identity of which appears to rest upon good authority. At all events, leaving the minutiæ to the disputations of the learned, one's enthusiasm may be legitimately indulged in examining the general features of the landscape. Along those curving shores was the station of Agamemnon and the Grecian fleet, and yon plain extending on either side, has been traversed by the hostile armies of Greece and Troy.

The shores hereabouts are low and sandy, and the plain is covered with dwarf shrubs and plants, but appears solitary and uninhabited.

Some travellers have pretended to discover vestiges of the city of Priam—a needless task, as plainly appears from Strabo, for even in his time there were no remains of that celebrated place.

The vanity of the inhabitants of Ilium induced them, as early as the period of the expedition of

Xerxes into Greece, to point out their Acropolis to the Persian king as the city of Priam; (Herodotus, lib. vii. ch. 43;) and the Romans appear to have believed the statement, for we find that on various occasions they favoured the people of Ilium as *the descendants of the Trojans*, but Strabo, in his thirteenth book, clearly shews that the town of Ilium could not have been on the site of the city of *Troy;* and from other ancient writers we clearly ascertain the fact that its true site was utterly unknown in their time. How then, at the present day, can a traveller expect to discover vestiges which have entirely eluded the search and investigation of the antients, to say nothing of those who call in question the very existence of Troy, Priam, Hector, Achilles, and even Homer himself.

The Dardanelles present the appearance of a magnificent river; the shores are low and pretty, but possess none of the grand mountain scenery of the Gulphs of Smyrna and Lepanto. We shortly arrived at the ancient Sestos and Abydos, the scene of Leander's exploit, and late of Lord Byron's; here too, by some, Xerxes is supposed to have crossed into Europe. Being the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, it is defended by two castles, which command the entrance, and have a formidable appearance. Piles of marble cannon-

balls and some loose cannon were lying about them; most of the guns here too appear fixed, which must be excessively inconvenient. A British fleet has passed them, and would do so again, but some half-moon batteries beyond appear more formidable, and would be awkward customers if well managed.

Four, P. M.—Arrived at Gallipoli, landed some passengers, and stood on into the sea of Marmora. We had two fine young Turks on board, heavily ironed, pressed men for the army;—they had been seized and carried away from their homes and employments, and were treated like criminals to prevent their escape. In the previous voyage, one of these unfortunate pressed men jumped overboard: it is thought he expected to swim ashore, as during the day he changed all his silver into gold. It was night, and the vessel lay to and lowered a boat; he was seen by the light of the moon with his hands joined over his head, but before they could reach him, he sank;—another victim to the hateful despotism of Turkey. There was a sort of listless melancholy about these two youths, as they sauntered across the decks looking mournfully at the track of the vessel, as if they utterly despaired of again seeing their lost homes.

Ten, P. M.—Very stiff gale directly in our teeth;

heavy sea breaking over the deck; I am forced below to bed.

27th, Six, A. M.—In full speed returning to Gallipoli; the vessel was so much retarded by the weather in the night, that the captain considers the coal insufficient to reach Constantinople.

Eleven, A. M.—We arrived at Gallipoli, cast anchor, and went ashore to examine the town and country. The streets were narrow and filthy, but there were several pretty Turkish or Greek women at the windows; the houses are all constructed of wood, and most of them look like old barns; the town however is large, and possesses a population of perhaps 8,000 inhabitants.

The straits are here about five miles wide, gradually opening towards the sea of Marmora. Gallipoli possesses two harbours, north and south, filled with dirty, miserable, Turkish vessels. The most conspicuous object is a large ruined castle crowning the summit of a rocky hill; the walls are very massy and well built, and some circular-roofed apartments still remain. The castle appears ancient, and was no doubt constructed before the time of Bajazet, but a large square tower close to the sea, and a deep reservoir of water, very large and lined with stucco, appear to be

the work of that celebrated conqueror, erected in 1357.

This was the first European town that fell into the hands of the Ottomans, being taken by them near a century before the fall of Constantinople. The Emperor John Palæologus, on hearing of its capture, said, He had only lost a jar of wine, and a sty for hogs, alluding to the magazines and cellars built there by Justinian. We observed several small columns and fragments of marble. There is a pretty valley near the town, and a number of small tumuli, said to be the tombs of certain Thracian kings. Having taken in our supply of coals, we again stood on towards the island of Marmora, and late at night found ourselves again on the open sea, with the waves rolling in terrific masses, crested with foam, and sparkling with innumerable fiery coruscations.

May 28th, seven, A.M.—Standing close in to the European shore, to avoid the heavy swell. Land here and there a little cultivated. We passed a bridge of thirty arches, near to the town of Selivria, the ancient Selimbria, and several other bridges and small villages further on, and continued creeping close along shore to avoid the waves rolling in from the north, and the strong current

that sets down this sea. The air was so clear, that we could see the land almost entirely round this immense salt water lake. We doubled a projecting promontory about five, P.M., and Constantinople gradually opened upon us in the most beautiful manner. The tall slender minarets, the domes of the mosques, and house after house embowered in green trees, gradually appeared crowning a promontory jutting into the sea about six miles distant. The grave Turks even seemed excited, and withdrawing their pipes from their mouths, came to the side of the vessel, and gathered round us, appearing to regard our expressions of delight with great satisfaction, pointing with their fingers and saying, "Buono, buono." We continued close in shore, and passed a small palace of the Sultan; saw the celebrated Seven Towers over the trees, and stood on within a stone's throw of the gardens and houses of the metropolis. These last on a near approach appeared mean wooden edifices, but their shape is picturesque, and the green trees, the numerous domes, with their gilded crescents and the tall spiry minarets, present a scene of true oriental grandeur.

Straight before us on the opposite shore stood Scutari, presently the mouth of the Bosphorus, with the blue winding canal, its banks covered

with white edifices and green trees, appeared in sight; then Galata, Pera and Tophana, crowning the opposite points. We stood in close to the gardens and walls of the Seraglio, in very deep water. In front extended a long row of fir-trees, and crowning the summit of a slight rising ground, embowered in a forest of trees, rose the irregular buildings and the numerous domes of the Seraglio.

The tints of the foliage surpassed anything I ever saw, varying from the dark gloomy green of the tall tapering cypress, to the lightest shade of the mulberry and the willow. All was silent and solitary in those well guarded and secluded precincts, except the merry chirping of the birds, who, revelling in their wild liberty, seemed to mock the unfortunate prisoners languishing in the prime of youth and beauty, in cold neglect and unnatural deprivations. But it was on turning the Seraglio point that the "Queen of the East" burst upon us in all her imposing grandeur of situation. Before us appeared the long winding water, called "the Harbour of Perami," separating Galata from Constantinople, covered with superb vessels of war, merchant ships, and innumerable elegant caiques, darting about in different directions.

Then came the whole northern side of Constantinople with its marble mosques, vast domes and

clusters of white minarets standing out against the sky, and gilded crescents glittering high in the air. We passed the palace of the Sultan, and anchored in the harbour of Perami, in sixteen fathoms.

I am facing Constantinople;—before me, on the left, is the Seraglio point, with the palace and seraglio, crowning an eminence whose sides are shaded with majestic cypresses, and the luxuriant foliage of all sorts of trees; behind, rise the leaden domes of St. Sophia, with their shining crescents and four tall white marble minarets. Further to the right, is the superb marble mosque of Sultan Achmet with its six lofty minarets, each encircled with three galleries; then to the right, crowning the same ridge, comes the Solimanieh, or Mosque of Sultan Soliman, constructed entirely of white marble, and adorned with elegant minarets. The mosques of Sultan Mahomet and Sultan Selim, with various others, all on the rising ground which encircles me in front, and behind these in the distance the gilded crescents of Sultan Bajazet. The sloping shores of the harbour are covered with houses surrounded by green trees; on my right, extends the broad piece of water called the Harbour of Perami, the "Golden Horn," its greatest breadth is about a mile, and it extends

six or eight miles inland, curving slightly; on its banks are situated the dock-yard of the Grand Signior, and several majestic line of battle ships float upon its bosom, with hundreds of merchant vessels of all shapes and sizes, from the awkward high stern of the Turk to the most improved models of European naval architecture.

Turning my back on Constantinople, I face Galata, and the extensive dark cypress groves of the Turkish cemeteries rise gloomily behind the shipping, the minarets, and the towers. The numerous houses of Galata, Pera, and Tophana extend from the top of the hills down to the sea, and far away over the water is seen Scutari, with its mosques, cemeteries and barracks, and the banks of the Bosphorus, covered with houses, trees, gardens and vineyards. The sun is just sinking behind the western hills, the voice of the muezzin is heard from the minarets, calling the people to evening prayer, a long melodious chaunt; crowds of light, elegant caiques, filled with the gayest costumes, dart through the waters, and the whole scene possesses a novelty and striking beauty, quite equal to the most glowing description.

We descended into a light, clean, elegant wherry, rowed by a fine muscular fellow, in a

very picturesque dress, and soon found ourselves at the landing-place at Galata; here the magic of the scene was entirely dissipated, and we entered a dirty, dingy street, amid a crowd of people of all nations, over stones and holes, and filth, and through crowds of snarling, barking dogs. We were accompanied by a set of "hamals" or porters, and had a man with a stick to make way through Turks, Armenians, and Jews, all in their respective costumes, intermixed with the Frank population, composed of a dozen different nations. After trotting up the hill, we entered Pera and traversed the best street, in which were some tolerably decent houses, and here and there the pretty face of a Frank girl at a window. Turning to the left, we came to the top of a hill by an immense Turkish cemetery, and enjoyed a magnificent view of Constantinople, and the whole of the Golden Horn filled with shipping. By nightfall, we were comfortably located in the house of an Armenian, who gave us three excellent rooms, looking over the tall cypresses of the cemetery on one side, and into the garden of the British ambassador on the other.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—BOATS.—GRAND SIGNIOR.—STATE PROCESSION.—SOLDIERS.—DOGS.—BAZAARS.—WOMEN.—COOK-SHOP.—MADHOUSE.—MADMEN.—JANISSARY AGA'S TOWER.—SCENERY.—SLAVE MARKET.—GEORGIAN SLAVE.—TURKISH LADIES' CARRIAGE.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
With more than oriental scrupulosity;
He left to his vizier all state affairs,
And show'd but little royal curiosity.

BYRON.

May 29th.—Immediately after breakfast we hurried down to the waterside, and hired a kirlangishe or "swallow boat," with two rowers. These are the most beautiful boats I ever saw, sharp as a needle, bow and stern. They hold two persons, and are constructed of beautiful wood, something like lance wood, richly carved, ornamented and carpeted. Caution is requisite on entering them, as

they are very light and easily upset. The costume of the rowers, especially of those in the private boats, is most elegant; the head is shaved with the exception of a tall high tuft or plume of hair left to grow on the very top. They are habited in voluminous cotton trousers and a white silk shirt, with loose flowing sleeves reaching a little below the elbow, and hanging down for a foot or a foot and a half; in cool weather, they have a scarlet or green habit wound round the body, which, contrasted with the white silk sleeves, has a very gay appearance. Many of them are very fine fellows, with tall, dark, sun-burnt foreheads, but it is impossible to give you an idea of the extraordinary style and character that the tuft gives them.

Having placed ourselves in the boat with the dragoman squatted below, we darted off into the waters, telling them to row quickly to the valley of the Sweet Waters, as the Grand Signior was going in state to the mosque. Cautiously our rowers turned their heads from side to side, shouting to the numerous kirlangishes which swept rapidly by, and warning them of our approach. It is, indeed, necessary to be cautious, as the sharp points projecting from the bow would pierce through any boat with which they came in contact.

We were advancing up the harbour of Perami, or Golden Horn; on our left rose Constantinople, with its mosques, minarets, and towers; on our right a vast cemetery, shaded with innumerable cypress trees, extended from the suburbs of Galata, to the navy yard, in front of which floated several superb vessels of war, with the golden crescent glittering proudly on a red flag at the stern.

We passed the palace of the Capitana Bey, or second admiral of the Turkish navy, a small palace of the Sultan, and the artillery barracks, a large good looking building, with an extensive terrace in front, covered with several field-pieces. Morad Bey, one of the admirals of the Turkish navy, swept rapidly past us in a beautiful boat, with ten rowers; and several great Turks in blue frock coats, and scarlet caps, the new regulation dress of the Sultan, every now and then glided along; gradually the boats became thinner, the houses became more scattered, and after rowing about five miles, we were leaving Constantinople behind us. Houses and green trees studded the left shore, and behind rose a lofty hill, covered with a Turkish cemetery, and tall cypresses. On our left were some gardens, and at the gates were several boats filled with officers in uniform. In a short time we arrived at a small palace, the re-

sidence of the Sultan's sister, landed on a small quay, and presented ourselves to a group of officers, dressed in blue frock coats, scarlet caps, and blue tassels; by them we were very politely ushered into a large open space bordered by trees, with the palace on one side of it; here the troops were drawn up in line, with two bands of music. Arabian horses decked in superb trappings were in attendance. The bridles were covered with jewels set in gold, and the scarlet saddle-cloths were embroidered with flowers worked with pearls. In the centre of each flower glittered a diamond, and the massy Turkish stirrups, either gilded or of solid gold, were most superb in appearance. Groups of officers were standing about in different directions.

A flourish of trumpets drew all eyes to the door of the palace, where stood the descendant of the prophet, habited in a blue cloak cut in the European fashion, with an upright collar embroidered with gold and jewels; a tall scarlet cap, with a blue tassel, occupied the place of the handsome turban. All the officers seemed in a fright; they ran here and there, in a great hurry,—one rushed up to us, first told us to stand in one place, then to get behind a screen of boards,—and then scampered away as if he had been crazy.

The bands struck up a lively air, the Sultan mounted, and rode on preceded by several officers, neither looking to the right or left, very grave and very dignified, apparently not condescending to notice any thing, but in fact sufficiently observant. A long, handsome, jet black beard fell upon his breast; he had rather a good face, and was much younger looking than I expected. The moment that he passed, there was a great mounting and plunging of horses, and clouds of dust; some companies of infantry filed off after him, and we were about hastening to the boat to go down to the mosque, when an officer came up in great haste to our dragoman, and demanded who we were,—"Travellers." "Of what nation?"—"English," and immediately hurried off again. We were afterwards told, that the most trifling thing failed not to attract the observation of the Sultan, and that if anything excited his curiosity he satisfied it immediately.

We walked onwards a few hundred yards, to the base of the hill; the whole road by which the Sultan was to pass was lined with infantry two deep; on the right of the road, extended a cemetery, and under the shade of the cypress trees were crowds of Turkish women. The Turks saluted him by touching their foreheads and breasts, and

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Madden lith. 2 Wellington St Strand

TURKISH LADY

the band of each regiment struck up as he passed. But it was altogether a sorry royal procession; the military, of which there were not less than 10 or 15,000, had a miserable appearance; the officers were quite a caricature upon the name. What a contrast is there between a Turk in his proper dress, and a Turk in Frank costume. Among the whole line of soldiers, I did not see a single well made man; they were dressed in close loose jackets and trousers, hanging about their persons like sacks in the most ridiculous way, with red caps and tassels on their heads.

On arriving at the mosque, his highness dismounted. The muezzin came to the balcony at the top of the minaret, and with a long, mournful, melodious howl, called the people to prayers. We were not allowed to enter, but in the court we were much amused with the crowd of Turks preparing to say their prayers, under the shade of the trees; gathering round the marble fountains they washed their feet and their arms; then as the mosque was full, they arranged their little carpets upon the pavement, took off their slippers, and bowing three times towards Mecca, commenced their devotions. There was quite a mob of Turkish women outside, all exceedingly plain, (they were partly unveiled,) and very repulsive in

their manners. We attempted to take up a good position to see the Sultan come out, but as the women arrived one after the other, they seized us by the coat tails, took our places, and we were at last driven fairly into the rear. I was pushed close to the Grand Signior's horse, and had an opportunity of observing the bridle, which was certainly very splendid, covered with gold, pearls, and diamonds, as well as the blue saddle-cloth; at last the Sultan appeared, and a tall figure, with a great long stick, immediately thwacked the heads of the crowd, causing them to make way for the horses. Fortunately I was squeezed up among the women, but notwithstanding, very nearly got my brains kicked out by an unruly Arabian. The Sultan mounted in the court of the mosque, and rode away grave, and apparently unobservant as before. The members of the household, and the great officers of state, jumped on their horses, and the whole cavalcade departed amid clouds of dust.

We returned to our boat, passed the Mahmoud Bey of 130 brass guns, and rowed round one or two other Turkish men-of-war; the numerous mosques, domes, and minarets, rising one above the other on each side of the water, the houses interspersed with green trees, the numerous kir-

langishes, with their different gay costumes, and the warning shouts of the boatmen as we swept rapidly along, presented a grand, animated, and most striking scene.

We landed at Galata, and ascended the hill to a circular tower of great height, formerly the citadel of Galata, and called the Tower of Anastasius; at the top a man is stationed to beat an alarum-drum when a fire breaks out. We ascended by one hundred and fifty steps to a small room furnished all round with windows, from whence we enjoyed a superb view of nearly the whole of Constantinople, the waters of the Bosphorus, and the harbour, curving like the horns of an ox; also of Galata, Pera, Tophana, Scutari; and, intermixed with the houses, mosques, and trees, vast fields of cemeteries, and woods of the tall and majestic cypress. Towards the south-east extended the blue expanse of the sea of Marmora, the purple shadowy outline of the Prince's islands, and beyond them the snowy summits of Mount Olympus.

We then walked through the great cemetery, which occupies acres of ground between Galata, Cassun Pasha, and the harbour, covered thick with graves, and almost bursting with its festering contents; a damp chilly air sighed through

the branches of the cypresses, and many a shaggy mangy dog was seen stealing near the newly closed graves. Here and there deep holes were scratched, as if the canine monsters had been endeavouring to tear the mouldering dead from the earth; a little further we passed two holes scratched under some large stones, filled with two litters of young pups, with two savage bitches guarding them. Thus these pests of society increase and multiply in the numerous grave-yards, from which I am told, during the plague season, they not unfrequently scratch the human bodies from the graves, and gorge upon the putrid carcases. Their howlings of a night disturb the rest of those unaccustomed to live in the neighbourhood of a cemetery; and when any strange dog gets in, encounters of a fierce and bloody description take place. They hover round the butchers' shops, and the doors of the houses at dinner-time, and it is necessary to take a stick for defence, as they attack strangers; but a stone is the best thing to disperse them. The punishment for killing a dog, is to walk round the town with the beast tied round your neck, and to pay a fine to the cadi of as much corn as will bury him.

It is to be hoped that the Sultan will one day destroy the dogs as effectually as he has done the

Janissaries, which are as great a nuisance to the Franks as the latter were to him. People sometimes buy bread and cakes to pacify them, and an officer is employed, at the public expense, to feed them with a certain portion of flesh, and superstitious Turks make provision for them in their wills. One of the Sultans made a magnanimous determination of destroying them all, and sent officers to seize them and carry them over to Scutari; but the Mufti interfered with the Grand Signior, and declared the projected massacre contrary to religion, as every dog had a soul!

May 30th.—This morning, at an early hour, we started, for the first time, to visit Constantinople and the Turkish bazaars. We crossed the water from Galata, through crowds of kirlangishes, landed upon a wooden platform, from under which filth of all kinds splashed up, and passed through some narrow streets, filled with porters bearing immense loads of timber on their backs, pale, tallow-faced Jews, in speckled turbans, eyeing us to see if we had got an interpreter, and some rascally looking Franks, in pea-green jackets. We entered a narrow fruit bazaar filled with figs, strawberries, lemons, nuts, spices, &c., &c., mounted up a steep hill, and encountered a showy Turkish

horseman, attended by a slave, and then entered the bazaars.

These bazaars are long vaulted passages, with holes at intervals in the top to admit light. On the white walls are Arabesque paintings, which give them a lively appearance; they are much the cleanest parts of Constantinople, and form a complete labyrinth, cutting one another at right angles so often, and winding in so many different directions, that it is impossible to find one's way without a guide. On each side are open chambers, which are closed up after four o'clock in the afternoon with shutters, or sliding pannels, fastened by locks and bars of iron. The floors of these chambers are raised considerably above the pavement, and covered with a thick matting, upon which three or four Turks are seated cross-legged, with their pipes and coffee, waiting the arrival of purchasers, or working themselves at some fancy article, while around the walls the goods are arranged to the best advantage.

The bazaars are allotted to particular trades and merchandize. We first entered the shoe bazaar, which had a beautiful appearance. Costly ladies' slippers, of red, white, and blue velvet, adorned with gold and beads, others of plain red and

yellow morocco; superb circular looking-glasses, fixed in a sort of round saucer of chased silver, others with velvet backs, figured over with flowers, worked with gold and silver thread; little boxes of wood and silver, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and various choice articles, disposed with the greatest taste, presented a gay and brilliant scene. The whole length of these vaulted passages, numerous Turkish women, muffled up in red cloth and linen, were sauntering about making purchases, presenting nothing very attractive in their shuffling walk and graceless carriage. Their dress renders it impossible to judge of their persons, and their slouching yellow boots effectually conceal their feet and ancles; but if one may judge from the elegant little slippers in the bazaars, the generality of them must have good feet.

On arriving at the end of the shoe bazaar, we entered what appeared to be the principal bazaar, of immense length, and filled with a crowd of Armenian and Turkish women. Buying and selling appeared to be going on actively. On each side were disposed cottons, shawls of Cashmere and Angola, ladies' gauze veils for the house, covered with spangles and flowers worked in gold and crimson silk, rich satins and velvets, Persian stuffs, Anatolia lace, and a numerous assortment of

rich articles for ladies' dresses. Piloting our way onwards, we successively threaded bazaars filled with elegant China cups, and chased silver coffee-cup stands; bazaars of jewellery, filled with bracelets, rich pearl and diamond necklaces, which were being made to order, and were displayed by the workmen in the most fascinating manner as we went by. On and on we went, through alleys fringed with muslins and silks, long passages hung with clothes, pelisses, and robes lined with sable, ermine, and different furs, embroidered jackets, gay sashes, flowing trousers, and piles of shawls for turbans, late, perhaps, the property of some unfortunate fellow who died of the plague.

Pushing after our dragoman, among a motley crowd of Jews and Armenians, we entered a bezezteen, a large hall, filled with merchandize, Brusa silks, and rich carpets. Here sales by auction were briskly going on, and we were importuned by a sharp-faced cunning looking Israelite to bid. After looking at different stalls, in which goods were piled one above another on shelves, we made our retreat and entered a tchartchee, or market of arms, full of sabres, pistols, yataghans, Turkish rifles, and guns richly inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, dirks, daggers, and knives. Hence we again threaded our weary way through

long alleys filled with curriers and leather workers, blacksmiths hammering out horse-shoes; coppersmiths, workers in tin, nail makers, &c., &c., amid a hammering, filing, and sawing quite distracting; then through paper bazaars, coffee bazaars, drug bazaars, through an overpowering smell of physic; then again, interminably onward, through bazaars of cutlery, pipes, carpets, fruit, aromatic drugs, &c., &c., &c., till at last, exhausted and bewildered, we were obliged to take refuge in a Turkish cook-shop.

Having ravenous appetites, we ordered dinner in the Turkish style, and were ushered into a back room, where we squatted upon mats, with our legs under us, very awkwardly. Pipes and coffee were brought. In a short time a servant appeared with water and towels, when we washed our hands, face, and mouth. A large dish of kabobs was then brought in, together with a salad, and was set down in the midst of us. We ordered the dragoman to draw into the circle, and shew us how to proceed. A dish of kabobs is made in this way: a nice piece of mutton, *tender* and *fat*, is cut up into small bits, each of these bits is put upon a wooden skewer, the skewers are fastened together in bundles, and put into a sort of circular oven, at the bottom of which is a charcoal fire;

and when half done, are taken out and suspended in the shop. When any one comes in to eat, they are again put to the fire, and being already half cooked, take so much less time to be ready for eating. With the dish of kabobs thus brought in smoking hot, we very much burnt our fingers in pulling out the pieces of mutton, which were delicious. Towels and water again making their appearance, we had another good wash, rendered highly necessary by our greasy fingers and mouths. Pipes and coffee finished the affair, for which we paid the *enormous sum* of seven piastres, about 1*s.* $3\frac{3}{4}d.$

Our lounges and purchases in the bazaars had exhausted the best part of the day, and finding evening drawing on, we proceeded to our boat, and amid crowding, crushing, scrambling, and crying, we pushed off from the shore. What a lovely scene it is from every part of the blue waters that encircle Constantinople! As we skimmed along in our swift kirlangishe, we gazed with increased admiration upon the gardens of the Seraglio, the lovely tints of the foliage, the tall tapering cypresses, and the domes beyond. Far away over the blue sparkling waters of the Bosphorus was seen Scutari, and on either side, crowds of shipping and tiers of houses, and mosques, embowered in trees. After taking a

delightful row down the harbour to the Bosphorus, we threaded our way home through hot, dusty, filthy streets.

May 31st.—We again crossed the Golden Horn, landed in Constantinople, passed through part of the bazaars, admired the long beards and grave countenances of the Turks, and then wandered up and down hill through the miserable dirty streets. The appearance of the houses is most wretched; they are either constructed of wood or sun-burnt bricks, plastered over and painted on the outside with bunches of flowers, roses, imitations of columns, &c., &c.; some present a dead wall to the street, and they have thick lattice work across the windows, to prevent people from seeing their women. The first story projects like some of the old English houses, rendering the streets dark and gloomy. Although the exterior of the houses is universally shabby and miserable, the internal decorations are often widely different. As it is dangerous to be under the imputation of being rich, the wealth of a Turk must not be sought for in the exterior of his house, but in the sumptuous apparel of his women, and in the rich carpets, divans, and internal decorations of his rooms.

We passed the palace of the Seraskier Pasha, and a range of new buildings and shops erected

since the great fire, and were then taken to see the Turkish Bedlam.

One of the Sultans bequeathed a considerable sum to be appropriated to the establishment of an asylum for mad people, and about a tenth of it was expended in the erection of the present hospital. We first entered a gloomy court shaded by mulberry and cypress trees; in the centre was a pagoda and fountain, and all around a square of low buildings, in which were a number of cells, with an iron grating to each. In each of these cells were from one to two and three unfortunate madmen, chained together like wild beasts; a thick leathern collar was fastened round their necks, to which was attached a chain made fast to a ring in the wall. Their daily fare is bread, rice, and water, and when outrageous, they are *bastinadoed* till they are quiet.

The first cell we entered was occupied by two Turks, the one, a reverend old man with a long white beard, sitting upon a miserable bed smoking a pipe, and looking very tranquil, the other, a tall fierce-looking young man, outrageously mad. He stood erect, at the full length of his chain, like a wild beast, sometimes with clenched fists, and glaring eyeballs, shouting at the full pitch of his voice, then catching up a carpet, he whirled it in

the air, first spreading it one way then taking it up and spreading it another, then stamping on it, continually repeating some Turkish words, which our dragoman interpreted, "*They have betrayed me,*" which he shouts night and morning, and although they have tried the usual effect of the *bastinado,* they cannot keep him quiet.

On enquiry, we were told he was a very respectable person, and had been in this state but a short time. He had fallen in love with a young girl and demanded her as his wife, but as he could not produce money to satisfy the father, the girl was married to a richer man, whom she had never seen, and from that time he lost his reason. Two or three inhuman wretches were trying to take his carpet from him, and were amusing themselves with his furious rage.

In the next cell sat two melancholy, broken-hearted looking individuals, who, the dragoman told me in an under tone, were perfectly sane, but had formerly belonged to the Janissaries, and since the suppression of that body, having spoken more freely than was prudent, were clapped in here to be kept out of mischief.

I dwell only upon two others of these melancholy sufferers; one a barbarian of gigantic stature, with long hair hanging down his shoulders, an

immense pair of black moustachios, and immense tusks rather than teeth, with which he was grinding a piece of bread, sawing his head about like a Poland bear, and rattling his chain. The other, a calm silent man, beside whom sat his mother and a young female who had come to pay him a visit, and brought him a water-melon to eat. The poor woman would smooth his moustachios, stroke his beard, then pat his face and put her hand on his forehead, talking to him in the most affectionate manner, which the unfortunate man would notice by every now and then looking up in her face and laughing. I have heard much of the strong affection of Turkish mothers for their children, and I am told the poor woman pays him a long visit regularly every morning, bringing him some little delicacy like this water-melon.

I think that the population of Constantinople must be greatly exaggerated, for the greater portion of the streets, with the exception of the bazaars, appear almost deserted; one encounters not the busy crowds that are almost universally met with in a large city; the noise and bustle, and the roll of carriages, are not heard; but an extraordinary stillness prevails everywhere. The walking up hill and down, over stones and holes,

is very fatiguing, and at the corner of every street, you are worried by a pack of dogs.

We ascended a very lofty tower, built on the highest ground in Constantinople, and called the Janissary Aga's Tower. A person is stationed on the top, which commands a view of the whole of Constantinople, to keep a bright look out, and to give the well-known alarm of *Yang en var*, "There is a fire," by sounding the great alarum drum. It has a noble appearance from its great height. We ascended by numerous steps to a circular room, having windows all round, presenting one of the finest panoramic views in the world. From hence, the shape of Constantinople, its extent, and that of the different suburbs, may be taken in at a bird's eye view; every mosque and minaret may be counted, and every house, if one had patience. The size of the city has assuredly been greatly exaggerated: even with its suburbs of Pera, Galata, and Scutari, which are rather distinct cities on the other side of the water, it cannot I think be compared to London or Paris. The town and suburbs cover certainly an immense extent of ground, a great part of which is however occupied by gardens and cemeteries.

The view from this tower, on a fine day, of the

tall spiry minarets, the gilded crescents, the numerous domes, the groves of cypresses, the winding blue waters covered with vessels and ships of war, the green trees and houses, the suburbs like so many distinct cities, occupying the shores of the Bosphorus and the harbour; the mountainous continent of Asia, the snowy range of Mount Olympus, and the calm blue expanse of the sea of Marmora, bounded by the faint shadowy outline of far distant mountains, surpasses perhaps in beauty and interest any other in the world.

From admiring the fair joyous face of nature, and this glorious world, created for our universal enjoyment, what a revulsion of feelings did we experience on being conducted to the slave market, to see those unhappy objects of tyranny and oppression torn from their distant homes and families to minister to the pleasures and passions of their unfeeling tyrants! We entered a large square court, surrounded by covered galleries, in which numbers of Turks were smoking and making bargains. We ascended these galleries by a few steps, and found that they opened upon a succession of rooms, filled with female negresses and mulattoes, some of whom made signs to us as we passed, apparently wishing us to buy them. They were respectably dressed, in the same style as Turkish

women out of doors, their black faces being covered up to the tip of the nose in white napkins. Further on we saw several white fair women, past the prime of life.

As my companions were descending the gallery, I caught sight of a youthful looking figure in an inner room. I made a halt at the door, the girl turned, her veil was hanging back upon her shoulders, and one of the loveliest faces I ever saw was suddenly presented to my view. She appeared about eighteen, was tall and slight, had a fair complexion, and melting black eyes, which looked out from under her white veil in a most melancholy manner. I was rooted to the spot; she made no attempt to move, or cover her face, till an old Turk suddenly appeared from the inside, and seeing me at the door, let out a volley of unintelligible words. Our dragoman came up and hurried me away, telling me that I ought never to quit the party, or get out of his sight. He said the girl was a Georgian, and that her master would not sell her at any price to an Infidel. The girl, from what I could see, appeared very handsomely dressed, and quite above the common herd. The dragoman said it was unusual to see so choice a one at the market, and thought she must have been brought out by express appointment with

a purchaser, as the handsomest are kept at home, and sold there.

The Jews are the chief dealers in slaves, and teach them to dance, sing, play on instruments, and every thing that can create admiration or inspire passion. It is said that the Russians deal a good deal in this horrible slave traffick in the Black Sea, from the countries bordering on which the choicest women are brought. The Georgian princes seize them, and sell them to the slave merchants who frequent Trebizond and the ports of Mingrelia. Two or three Russian travellers with whom I met had slaves with them; one was a Russian colonel, in whose company I travelled for three days. He had two Abyssinians, bought in Egypt, a black boy, and a black girl about thirteen years old, the latter of whom was rather pretty. What should we think of an Englishman travelling in this way? A sale by auction of a negress had just been concluded as we left the market, and with a white bundle under her arm, she was walked off by her new purchaser, apparently grieved at leaving her companions in misfortune. Between twelve and one, the different slaves were taken home by their proprietors, and the market left empty.

We descended the narrow dingy streets of Con-

stantinople to the pipe bazaar, of considerable length, and containing superb specimens of the goods from which its name is derived. There were straight cherry-sticks of four, five, six, and seven feet long, some made to serve as walking-sticks, others covered with green silk (wetted in hot weather to keep the smoke cool); superb amber mouth-pieces of immense price, and tubes of jasmin and mahogany. We were much pleased with a small bazaar occupied by workmen manufacturing beautiful silver baskets, and silver stands for flowers.

June 1st.—With our Armenian host we proceeded to look at the Frank quarter and the promenade. Pera, he says, is the best and most esteemed quarter, and certainly the principal street is far superior to any in Constantinople. The houses, although of wood, are well built, plastered, and painted. Many of them possess very good rooms, and are generally tolerably clean and comfortable. Following the long street through Pera, we came into the open country, passing the great barracks erected by the Sultan for his soldiers since the destruction of the Janissaries,—the finest edifice we had seen. In fact the barracks, of which several have lately been built by the Sul-

tan, are the most imposing edifices after the mosques in Constantinople. Further on is a large cemetery, a favourite promenade both for Greeks and Turks, who may be seen smoking under the trees. The country is here broken into undulating hills.

From and along an eminence in a westerly direction, is a superb view of Constantinople, the blue waters of the Golden Horn, and the mosques and minarets overtopping the cypresses of the great Turkish cemetery. In the miserable quarter immediately below, reside women of bad character, who are vigilantly watched by the Turkish police. On the right of the road is a row of green trees and a fountain, the resort of Turkish women and windmill-sellers; of the former, several groups wrapped up in white veils were seated upon the banks; they do not seem much confined to the houses, as numbers of them are to be met with everywhere. Whilst we were rambling about, a party of six drove up in their carriage, called Arabat, a "turn out" that would indeed astonish the good folks in England. It was drawn by two *sleek, fat, cream-coloured oxen*, adorned with silk tassels, red leather, and beads; the carriage was without springs, and in shape somewhat re-

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

ARABAT, OR TURKISH LADIES CARRIAGE.

sembling a *taxed cart*, but of course gilded and painted, and hung out with yellow tassels and curtains. From each side of the vehicle protruded pipes, about five feet long, threatening the eyes of the passers-by, and throwing out white clouds of perfumed smoke.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARBERS' SHOPS.—ANTIENT AQUEDUCT.—JANISSARY BARRACKS. — ANTIQUITIES. — HIPPODROME. — MONUMENTAL COLUMNS. — ANTIENT CISTERNS. — PEREOTES. — GREEK LADIES. — TURKISH LADIES. — JUGGLER. — MOSQUES. — MUEZZINS.

"Glory and empire! once upon these towers
With freedom . . . . . sate."

BYRON.

JUNE 2d.—We passed through the great cemetery, and having met with our cicerone, we crossed the water to view the antiquities of Constantinople, and traversing the streets rather early in the morning, we were much amused with the barbers' shops: in some were ten or twelve individuals seated on benches, enveloped in cloths, and covered with soap-suds; some were having their heads shaved, some their beards and moustachios trimmed, and some the hair tweaked out of their noses with a pair of tweezers. The barber and his assistants with their ewers and towels, the washing, the scrubbing, the ceremony and air of importance, presented quite a comedy.

We first proceeded to the aqueduct of Valens, the arches of which, rising high above the tops of the houses, always form one of the principal features in the view of Constantinople. This aqueduct connects two of the seven hills together, by bringing the water from one to the other, over the tops of the houses. The water is brought into the city from near Belgrade, and pipes proceed at intervals from the watercourse above, conveying it to different parts of the town. Were it not for this water, it would be impossible to live in Constantinople, as the great Greek Cisterns do not afford water enough for the supply of the inhabitants. This aqueduct, at the highest part, is supported upon double arches, and extends through Constantinople for nearly three miles. It is a massive pile of masonry; the arches are very lofty, and the numerous shrubs that grow out of the masonry, and the rich grass and weeds luxuriating along the watercourse, have a very picturesque appearance.

We then visited the ruins of the barracks set on fire by order of the Sultan, in which ten thousand Janissaries perished,—a frightful scene of ruins blackened with fire. The present Sultan having ascended the throne amid confusion, blood, and slaughter, caused by a revolt of the Janissaries,

saw the necessity of controlling or destroying the factious body; the measures which were taken to disband them, and to organize a military force, led to discontent, which at last broke out into open revolt. Plots were fomented by the Janissaries, and fires broke out in several parts of the metropolis. Five ortas, or regiments, of their body having revolted, traversed, in large parties, the streets of Constantinople, pillaged the houses of Greeks and Franks, and committed hideous excesses. In the quarter of the Jews, they broke open baths, violated females, and dragged Greek women to the slave bazaars. Ibrahim Pasha, being then with his Egyptian troops at Boyookdere, was called in, and quelled the revolters with great slaughter.

At the close of the Greek war, the Janissaries, jealous at the progress made by the Sultan in the establishment of a regular army, broke out in open revolt. They attacked and pillaged the palace of the Sublime Porte. They assembled in the Atmeidan, took their camp-kettles, called together the different ortas by proclamation, and proceeded to their barracks. The Sultan immediately assembled the Mufti, his ministers, and the principal Ulema at Kali Kiosk, and the newly raised regiments under Hussein Pasha were ordered

into Constantinople. Mohammed Pasha came over from Scutari with a body of Asiatic troops, the standard of the prophet was unfurled in the Atmeidan, and all true Mussulmen called on to rally around the Sultan.

The Janissaries were three times summoned to surrender, but refused till their demands were complied with. They were then surrounded in their barracks by the troops, and the cannoniers and bombardiers kept up an incessant fire on the building until the flames burst out on all sides, and several thousands were slaughtered, burned, or suffocated: they were pursued in all directions, and slaughterings and executions deluged the streets of Constantinople with blood.

On the 16th June a proclamation was issued, abolishing the factious body altogether; all their barracks were utterly demolished; their camp-kettles, the signal of revolt, were destroyed; and the formation of a disciplined army was ordered, under the name of Askeri Mohammedji.

All those connected with or dependent upon them were watched with stern vigilance; and the executions that took place in the Atmeidan struck terror into the Janissaries of the provinces. They were fearful times at Constantinople, —fires broke out, and plots were discovered. Daily,

men beheaded were to be seen lying in the streets, with their heads under their arms; women were slaughtered and thrown into the Bosphorus, and numbers of both sexes were taken off secretly during the night. The captain of an Austrian merchantman informed me, that at that time his ship was lying at anchor off Constantinople, and that, during all hours of the day, bodies might be seen floating down the stream.

We shuddered as we looked at the blackened ruins of the barracks, and we were assured by our Armenian landlord, that the effluvia arising from the burnt bodies at the time the buildings were set on fire, was fearfully horrid throughout the whole of Constantinople.

We were next taken to an antient column of oriental granite standing in the garden of a private house, supporting a large block of white marble, upon which four eagles were sculptured. tried by peeping through a high fence to look at the base and read the inscription, given by Wheler, but I was ordered away, as the apartments in the vicinity were occupied by a harem. It is the most perfect column in Constantinople, and it is said that there is an inscription on the pedestal, intimating that it was erected by Tatianus to the Emperor Marcian, and that the statue of Marcian

was placed on the top. This has been supposed to be the same Tatianus who assured the Emperor, when he was only a private soldier, that he would one day sit on the throne, having, with his brother Julio, seen an eagle sitting over him and shadowing him from the sun with his wings, when, wearied with hunting, he had fallen asleep; for which, so soon as the event verified the good omen, he made Tatianus governor of the city, and Julio of Illyria.

Passing from hence in an easterly direction, towards the Seraglio, through a variety of streets resembling each other, sometimes between ruined houses and sometimes where there were no houses at all, we turned to the left into a little miserable court-yard, passed on to a large raised hill or mound, where was an orifice in the ground, down which we descended by a long ladder, and found ourselves in one of the ancient Cisterns of Constantinople, said to have been founded by Philoxinus, a vast hall supported by an immense number of columns—we counted more than four hundred; the roof is beautifully arched with tiles, but the columns lose much of their imposing effect from the accumulation of dirt and rubbish, which has raised the floor ten or twelve feet, so that there is now no water; but the place is exceedingly damp

and cold, and is occupied by silk-weavers. In the centre is a well, which has been sunk through the rubbish to the water beneath, and is much esteemed by the Greeks, who come and drink at it.

We next visited the celebrated Burnt Column erected by Constantine, an unsightly structure, ninety feet high and thirty-three feet in circumference, blackened and cracked by the frequent fires from which it has derived its very appropriate name; the immense blocks of stones composing it are riveted together with hoops of iron, many of which have been driven from their places, and the whole mass looks in a very tottering condition. It is now seen unobstructedly, as the houses round it were all burnt down in a great fire in 1828; it must have been a very handsome column when entire; the stones are of porphyry, and rest upon an elevated pedestal. It is said to have been originally 120 feet high, of the Doric order of architecture, and crowned with a colossal statue of Apollo, of bronze, transported hither from Athens or a town of Phrygia, and supposed to be the work of Phydias. The artist had represented the god of day, afterwards changed into the Emperor Constantine, with a sceptre in his right hand, the globe of the world in his left, and a crown of rays glittering on his head.

Having accidentally heard of a stupendous Cisterna to be seen under a private house, we proceeded with our dragoman to the door, and requested permission to enter. A black slave made his appearance and ushered us into a sort of small garden; and after descending a steep bank, we arrived at a magnificent Cistern, filled with pure, limpid water. I suspect this must be the celebrated one thousand and one columns, the Yerebatan Serai, or subterranean palace, as it was called by our guide, as it far, very far, surpasses the other cistern in extent and excellence of preservation. It runs a great distance under Constantinople, the houses being built over it, and some of them have wells through the floors, for the purpose of drawing up the water.

On descending to the water's edge, and placing an eye on a level with the surface, we could see an immence distance on each side between the innumerable columns that supported a tiled roof; some had capitals of the Corinthian order, and others were carved in a fantastic manner. The silence of this vast subterranean water palace, the monotonous sound of dripping water from the roof, and the long lines of columns, lost in the distant gloom, had a fine effect. The water was remarkably clear, and judging by its height on the columns,

it could not be less than twenty feet deep. We were told that the proprietors of the house had formerly a small boat, with which they had explored a great distance, that more than 800 columns had been counted, but that they had never reached the end. A little boy tumbled overboard and was drowned, after which the boat was ordered to be burnt. The little garden or court, to which we reascended, is over the ruins of part of the cistern, which appears here to have tumbled in; the ground sounds hollow under the feet, and one or two of the columns may be seen protruding above the surface through the pomegranate and orange trees.

There are ruins of other cisterns in different parts of Constantinople, one of which, consisting of about seventy subterranean columns, is said to be the cistern of Asparis, the founder of which was drowned in it by order of Leo. The apathy and negligence of the Turks have suffered all these ancient Greek cisterns to go to ruin, and in the next siege, the city will be easily taken, from the want of water.

From hence we passed on to the Atmeidan, the ancient Hippodrome; having the same signification in Turkish as formerly in Greek. *At*, a horse, and *meidan*, a place. It is, however, no longer a

circus, but a long open space, bordered on one side by the beautiful mosque of Sultan Achmet, with its marble courts and green trees; and on the other by a wall and some mean buildings, among which are pointed out the ruins of the Palace of Belisarius. The principal remnants of bygone times on this celebrated spot, formerly adorned by so many noble monuments, are a tall ruinous pillar, a beautiful Egyptian obelisk covered over with hieroglyphics, and the celebrated Delphic column.

The first ragged ruined pillar was formerly an obelisk, cased with brazen plates, and the peg-holes by which they were fastened still remain. These brazen plates were adorned with bas-reliefs, and an inscription at the bottom of the pillar is said to have spoken of it as an extraordinary work, erected by Constantine Porphyrogenitus. Tournefort gives it, "The Emperor Constantine now reigneth, Father of Romanus, the glory of the empire, who has made much more wonderful than it was before, this admirable square obelisk, which time had destroyed, and which was crowded with sublime things, for the incomparable Colossus was at Rhodes, and this surprising work is here."

The celebrated obelisk of Egyptian granite, or

Thebaic stone, consists of one solid mass, covered over with hieroglyphics, as fresh as though inscribed but yesterday. It is about fifty feet in height, standing upon a white marble base, on one side of which are inscriptions in Latin and Greek, to the effect that the Emperor Theodosius caused it to be set up again after it had lain for some time on the ground. The machines that were made use of in rearing it, are represented in bas-relief, and also a view, said to be that of the Hippodrome as it was in ancient days. Nicetas, in his life of St. Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople, says that this obelisk had a brazen pine-apple on its top, which was thrown down by an earthquake.

Between these two, stands the celebrated twisted bronze column brought from Delphi, where it supported the famous golden tripod which the Greeks, after the battle of Platæa, found in the camp of Mardonius; but the three serpents' heads no longer remain, nought but a small twisted bronze column, filled up with stones on the top. Gibbon says, that Mahomet the Second, on the taking of Constantinople, was attracted by this twisted column of three serpents as he passed through the Hippodrome, and as a trial of his strength, shattered with his iron mace, the under jaw of one of

the monsters; the other two heads are said to have been taken away after the peace of Carlowitz, in 1700. According to Tournefort, it has been removed from its original site, and it is not now agreed, whether the top or bottom of the pillar is inserted in the ground.

This is one of the most curious relics of Grecian antiquity, and the proofs of its interesting history are so strong, that "the guardians of the most holy relics, (according to Gibbon,) would rejoice if they could produce such a chain of evidence as may be alleged in support of its history." Its consecration at Delphi is mentioned by Herodotus and Pausanias, and its removal to Constantinople by Socrates, Ecclesiasticus, Eusebius, and others.

At some distance to the west of the Atmeidan, is the mutilated base of the "Historic Column," which is mentioned by Lady Mary Wortley Montague to have tumbled down about two years before she arrived at Constantinople. It was formerly of plain marble, 147 feet in height, and covered with bas-reliefs representing the victories of Arcadius. The conquered towns appeared under the shape of women, whose heads were crowned with towers, and the emperor was represented sitting in an elbow chair, with the labarum or imperial standard over his head, held by

two angels, with the device of the Christian emperors, "*Jesus Christ is Conqueror.*"

From a point near the Seraglio, may be obtained a view of the Corinthian column of white marble standing in the sacred precincts of the Seraglio gardens, that mysterious spot where man dare not enter, and within which probably are other remnants of the proud capital of the Eastern empire. This pillar is about fifty feet high, surmounted by a handsome capital of verde antique, and is said to have this inscription, "Fortunæ reduci ob devictos Gothos." We heard various rumours of antiquities concealed in the gardens and houses of the Turks; reports very probable, as no male strangers ever dare set foot in the gardens appropriated to the harem.

We were told of a Frank gentleman who had been taken by a Turk into a vault under his house, where several antique statues were lying on the ground, and upon his expressing surprise and admiration, was ordered up stairs, and the door locked; but no dependence can of course be placed upon these different tales.

Besides the ancient cisterns already described, Le Chevalier mentions one called Tchukour Bostan, now a herb garden, near the mosque of Laleli, supposed to be the one constructed by Bonus, a

patrician, in the time of the emperor Heraclius, at the back of the Hebdomon, and which had lost its columns and chambers, and was a garden when seen by Gyllius; there is another containing cultivated ground near the mosque of Sultan Selim, and a subterranean corridor of twenty-four columns near the Seven Towers, supposed to have been a cistern.

June 7th.—Being Sunday, we sauntered round the Roman Catholic chapels in Pera, as the clergyman, paid by the British government, was living seven or eight miles off, at Therapiah, with the ambassador. Here I again thought myself in Italy, the women were dressed like the Genoese in long white veils, the internal decorations, the priests, the chaunting, and the fine swelling tones of the organ, brought me back to old times. There was a good sprinkling of beauty among the women.

All religions seem tolerated by the Turks in Pera, which is inhabited by a mongrel race of people, a mixed breed of all nations, and a strange mixture in individuals of the peculiarities of each: the French grimace, the Italian shrug, the German strut, &c. It is, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague observes, a tower of Babel, a perfect confusion of languages; the little children not six

years old will jabber Greek, Turkish, French, and Italian, and almost every other language upon the earth is spoken besides.

From Pera we walked into Galata, which is the name given to all that part of the suburb that extends down to the harbour opposite Constantinople, bounded on the west by the great cemetery, and on the east by Topana. The Dominicans have there a church, of which they have been in possession three hundred years; there are three Greek churches, one Armenian, one French Capuchin church called St. George, and one Latin church of St. Benedict. There is here an Arabian mosque, formerly a Dominican church, as antient as the time of St. Hyacinth, and a fine fish-market.

Topana extends along the side of the hill, facing the Bosphorus, and derives its name from the cannon-foundry, called Topana in Turkish, a building covered with low domes. Taking a boat, and rowing up the Bosphorus, the view of the amphitheatre of houses formed by Pera, Galata, and Topana, running from the top of the hill to the waterside, the cypress grove beyond, and the winding Bosphorus inclosed by green hills and cheerful houses, has a lovely appearance.

We walked to the east of Pera, along the shores of the Bosphorus, crossing some undulating hills

commanding lovely views, and then finding ourselves involved in the dirty streets and mean dwellings that extend for more than a mile along the shores of the Straits, we branched off to the left into the open country, where we soon found ourselves among some delightful gardens and rustic country lanes overshadowed with trees. Here crowds of Greeks of both sexes were strolling about, and we walked on to a green spot, where numbers of Greek and Armenian women were sitting in rows, talking and chatting to themselves, while the men also sat at a respectable distance, smoking.

The dress of the Greek women is not pretty; it consists of an immense coiffure, or head dress, tight embroidered jacket, and lapping sleeves. In Constantinople they dress more after the Turkish fashion. The Armenian women of Constantinople dress exactly like the Turkish, with the exception of their red slippers, which distinguish them from the Turkish females, who always wear yellow, and they, moreover, bring the band of their veils so tight across the face as to flatten the nose.

Understanding that there was a Turkish fête about a mile off, we proceeded to the spot, encountering on the way several Turkish carriages decked out with silk curtains and embroidered finery, and drawn by oxen. Long pipes were

sticking out of the windows, at which the ladies inside were puffing away vigorously. On arriving at a steep bank, covered with trees overshadowing a reservoir of water, we found collected two or three hundred Turkish women sitting in rows on carpets, closely veiled, some smoking, and all contemplating with great satisfaction the feats of a juggler, who, on the brink of the reservoir, at the bottom of a steep wall immediately below them, was showing off a number of curious tricks; near at hand was a guard of infantry, and on each side of the women, along the outskirts of the grove, stood a grim Turk with a scimitar to keep away the men. We walked up the hill along the sacred precincts, and saw numerous groups scattered throughout the grove, sitting on carpets. We passed very near to a party of young girls, apart from the rest, on the opposite side to where the guards were; they were sitting cross-legged, with their yellow slippers taken off and placed upon the carpet, and for the purpose of smoking, had let fall the white band which covers the lower part of the face, so that we had a good view of their features. Two of them were fine laughing girls, very pretty, very fair, and very fat, apparently about sixteen; but it was rather disgusting to see them puffing

out clouds of smoke from their pipes, and putting their hands into their embroidered tobacco bags. We saw several very pretty children playing about, with beautiful long hair, braided and hanging down their backs.

The Turkish women, out of doors, are wrapped up in a sort of loose cloak, called feridjee, completely concealing their dress, which in the house is very handsome, and their faces are covered almost as far as the eyes with a white veil. It is impossible for any man, not a Turk, to see a lady in her turban and full dress.

June 6th.—Not being able to procure a royal Firman for visiting the mosque of St. Sophia, without which you are not allowed to enter, we proceeded with Mustapha, the dragoman of the English minister, to visit the royal mosques. We descended through the great cemetery to the suburb of Cassun Pasha, and taking boat at the dock-yard, crossed the harbour amid crowds of kirlangishes,—among which was a Great Turk, in a beautiful boat rowed by ten men,—and landed in Constantinople.

Stopping to buy some attar of rose, I was amused with a Turk, who halted at the perfumer's shop to have his moustachios arranged; various little ingredients from different pots were mixed

together, coloured and perfumed, and then offered him on the point of a knife, with which he anointed his moustachios, smoothing and curling them for about ten minutes with all the gravity in the world; a little mirror was then handed to him, and the whiskers being arranged to his satisfaction, he walked off in great state.

We first visited the *Soolimanee*, or mosque of Sultan Soliman the Magnificent. It was erected by that monarch, and is the handsomest of all the mosques in Constantinople, excepting the dome, which does not equal that of St. Sophia. The stones with which it is built were taken from the ruins of the church of St. Euphemia at Chalcedon, in 1556. We passed alongside a marble wall furnished with watercocks, at which a crowd of Mussulmen were washing their arms, faces, and feet, in obedience to the commands of the Koran, "cleansing their bodies from all stain" before entering to perform their devotions. On arriving at the west end, we entered a large court paved with marble, and surrounded by a cloister of twenty-four antient columns of porphyry, each of one single mass.

Preceded by the dragoman, we pulled off our shoes, taking them in our hands, and ascended a flight of marble steps to a doorway in the Gothic

style of architecture, all of white marble, and then entered the mosque, which has at first a grand effect, from the vastness of the interior and the innumerable lamps hanging not more than a foot above the head. The marble pavement was covered with carpets, kneeling on which were numerous Turks, with their faces towards Mecca, and their hands folded upon their breasts, diligently saying their prayers. I was disappointed with the dome, which is low and far from striking; none of them are worth looking at after St. Paul's. But there are four very fine antient columns of Egyptian granite supporting the interior, thirty feet high, each of a single stone, brought from Ephesus.

The eastern windows are of beautiful painted glass brought from Persia, and there is a marble pulpit, and a gallery for the Sultan adorned with gilded lattice work. Texts from the Koran are written up in golden characters in different parts, and on one side is a range of gilded lattices, inclosing a collection of books. This mosque is nearly a square, two hundred and sixteen feet long and two hundred and ten broad. There is one large dome, surrounded by some small ones, and it is ornamented with four marble minarets.

We went into an inclosed garden at the back of the mosque, shaded with trees, to visit the

tomb of Sultan Soliman and his wife. It is an octagonal building, covered with a dome; in the middle is the marble coffin of the Sultan, two of his favourite women lie by his side, one on his right hand the other on his left; and, besides these, are the marble sarcophagi of his wife, brothers, and sons, railed round and surrounded by immense wax candles. Soliman's coffin is covered with a piece of embroidery from Mecca, and at the head is placed a turban, ornamented with herons' feathers and jewels, the others are covered with rich shawls. Ostrich eggs are suspended from the roof, intermixed with lamps; and at one end of the room is shewn the sofa which was used by Soliman. The roof is adorned with the most costly jewels, and several immense diamonds sparkle brilliantly, intermixed with emeralds and rubies. On my expressing doubts as to their genuineness, I was told that the Turks had such a religious horror of despoiling a tomb, that it was improbable any of them had been abstracted and their places supplied with false stones. Soliman erected and embellished this place during his life for himself, his wives, concubines, and children. For seeing the mosque and tomb we paid two dollars, 8*s.* 8*d.*

We then passed on to the Atmeidan, to see the

mosque of Sultan Achmet, the most imposing in external appearance of any; it is built of white marble, has *six lofty minarets*, having each three galleries. We entered a large court planted with sycamores; there is a row of fountains around, and the trees are filled with doves. Passing through a cloister covered with little domes supported by small pillars, we arrived at the door of the mosque. The interior of them all is much alike. That of Sultan Achmet is paved with marble; in the centre is a fountain covered with domes formed of grates of gilded iron; among the numerous lamps are suspended crystal balls and ostrich eggs, and there is a celebrated globe of glass, representing in bas-relief the plan of the mosque.

On retiring through the court, we saw some hundreds of beautiful doves being fed on the pavement; they were like a swarm of bees. Behind is the tomb of Sultan Achmet. Besides these there are several other royal mosques, *i. e.* built by sultans,—the mosques of Sultans Soliman, Mohammed, Selim, Bajazet, the Validea, &c., fourteen in number. It is said that there are altogether more than two hundred mosques in Constantinople, built generally on the same plan, and possessing the same character, and all copied after St. Sophia! The Validea, built

by Valide, the wife of Ibrahim and mother of Mahomet the Fourth, near the Seraglio, is covered inside with fine Dutch ware, and possesses a marble colonnade, the columns of which are said to have been brought from the ruins of Troy; it has two minarets of three galleries each.

The Osmanie, too, is much admired for its light and lofty cupola, and a range of antient columns of Egyptian granite, twenty-two feet in height. In the court is a sarcophagus of porphyry, nine feet long, seven wide, and five deep, now serving as a cistern for rain water. Near to the mosque of Seirek is another sarcophagus, supposed to be the tomb of Constantine.

We saw the mausoleums of Sultan Morad and his brothers, in which are a number of figures, said to amount to 120, with cravats round their necks—the monuments of that monarch's children, who were all strangled in a day by his successor's order. We saw also the mausoleum of the late Sultan, his wives, and women, and two little tombs, handsomely ornamented, erected to the memory of two of the present Sultan's children.

The celebrated mosque of St. Sophia possesses no great external beauty. It is a heavy building;

the dome is supported by immense buttresses, and Tournefort's statement that "it is the finest structure next to St. Peter's at Rome," is quite ridiculous; it will bear no comparison with St. Paul's; in fact there is no striking beauty whatever in the exterior of a place which was the wonder of past ages and the boast of Justinian, who, when he had finished it, is reported to have said, "I have outdone thee, O Solomon." The numerous buttresses and props totally ruin the effect which the height and expanse of its dome might otherwise produce.

We walked round the court, which is surrounded by a portico, and feeling an earnest desire to get one peep into the interior, I advanced up a vestibule leading into the mosque, and seeing only a few Turks very intent upon their prayers, I made two or three very hasty strides and looked inside, which I had scarcely done, before up rushed some Mussulmen foaming at the mouth and distorting their countenances with shouts and imprecations of Yaoor. I quickly retreated and joined the party outside, receiving a strong admonition from the dragoman for my imprudence. I saw nothing but a large hall with a low dome of great circumference. There are a great many

antient columns in this mosque, some of jasper, brought by the founder of the church from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and others of porphyry, said to have been taken out of a temple of the Sun built by Valerian, and sent by Marsia, a Roman widow, to the Emperor Justinian. The Mosaic of the dome is mostly gone, and the "heaven suspended vault," of 115 feet in diameter, 15 feet more than St. Paul's, is only 18 in depth, and 180 from the pavement.

In the fifth year of Justinian this edifice was commenced, and to defray the expense, the Emperor melted down the silver statue of Theodosius, and covered the dome with the leaden waterpipes of the city.

When Constantinople was taken by the Turks, Mahomet the Second, having caused himself to be shaved, went and said his prayers in St. Sophia, and then fastened to one of the pillars, near the Patriarch's throne, a piece of the screen from the Mosque of Mecca with Arabic characters on it, and from that time the Christian Church has been changed into a mosque, and "the Muezzin has summoned the faithful to daily prayers, and the Imaun has preached." It was shattered by an earthquake in the time of the Empress Ann and John Palæo-

logus her son, now completely repaired by Mahomet the Second, and has been since preserved with great care by the Turks.

A young English lady of my acquaintance, the daughter of a Levant merchant, passing St. Sophia with a party of friends, had the temerity to enter the door of the mosque, and being at first unperceived, was quietly commencing a survey of the building, when some Turks espying her, immediately caught up their slippers and threw them with loud curses and imprecations at her head, when she ran away, fortunate not to have suffered much grosser insult for her imprudent curiosity.

The hour of prayer is announced by the muezzins or criers from the different minarets, who put their fingers in their ears, pull out their mouths with their thumbs, and pitching their voices in a high key, chaunt in a loud clear melodious tone "God is great, there is no God but God, come to prayer—I summon you with a loud voice." On the celebrated nocturnal journey, Mahomet was commanded by the Deity, say the Moslems, to impose fifty prayers daily; but with the advice of Moses, afterwards negotiated for five. First at noon, second at sunset, third when it is so dark

that a white thread cannot be distinguished from a black one, fourth at bedtime, and fifth early in the morning. But these five are pretty generally reduced to *three*, which are strictly attended to in all circumstances and situations; and no business can excuse their omission.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSTANTINOPLE. — ANTIENT WALLS. — WINE SHOPS. — PEREOTE FEMALES. — TRAGIC STORY. — SUBLIME PORTE. — ARMENIAN PATRIARCH. — DIVAN. — SULTAN'S KIOSK. — PALACE OF SWEET WATERS.

. . . " muros Babylonios aut Memnonios non vidi, neque quenquam audivi qui ipsos vidisset. Muri Byzantii et Rhodi existimantur munitissimi."

LATIN VERSION OF PAUSANIAS.

JUNE 7th.—We visited the ancient walls of Constantinople, and rowed up the harbour amid crowds of boats filled with gay costumes of brilliant colours. We passed the Capudan Pasha, seated cross-legged on crimson cushions, in the stern of a large boat, rowed by sixteen oars; and shortly afterwards, Achmet Pasha, in a smaller one, which swept swiftly past us. The base of the triangular ground on which Constantinople stands, is occupied on the land side by a triple range of lofty

ruined walls and towers, and a broad moat, now turned into a garden.

The first wall beyond the moat is much ruined; on the inside of it runs a succession of arches, opening on loop-holes, and supporting above them remnants of a paved causeway, which runs close behind the battlements and passes through each tower. The second wall is very lofty and of great thickness; many of the towers are perfect on the outside.

In various parts may be observed remnants of the antient watercourses which conducted water into the city under the foundations of this immense mass of masonry, and which now, from the decay of the watercourses, breaking forth in several places, serves to fertilize the little gardens that are formed in the rich mould at the bottom of the moat. On the walls and from out the towers, grow large trees and shrubs, whose leafy branches are tenanted by numerous birds that enliven the neighbourhood with their sweet songs, and afford an agreeable contrast to the gloom and solitude of the sombre Turkish burying grounds that cover the country on the opposite side.

Alongside the moat runs an old paved road, and as we ascended a slight eminence, the old walls, towers, and extensive battlements, covered

with ivy and the green branches of innumerable trees, presented a grand and most picturesque scene of ruins.

The antient gateways leading into the town have been built up and rendered much smaller by the Turks. Most of them have inscriptions in Greek, and some in Latin, but so high up and so illegible from dirt, that we did not take the trouble to copy them, thinking it had doubtless been already done: over one gate, however, cut in a block of marble, was a Latin inscription in which the name of Theodosius occurred, and the following line very plainly written:

"Constantinus ovans hæc mœnia firma locavit."

Inside this gateway the Turks have constructed a smaller one, formed of marble columns laid horizontally, and resting on two perpendicular columns on either side, filled in with masonry. The columns are small, and covered with a beautiful red paint. A little way beyond, we crossed the moat by a bridge to another gateway, formed of two large blocks of white marble resting upon two side architraves of the same material, covered with the same red paint. Passing through we found ourselves in the town. A paved road ran close along the walls, and on each side of the gate were two

immense archways. Retracing our steps and passing along the external walls, we observed on the tower on the left hand side three Greek inscriptions in very large characters. I am not aware if these different inscriptions have been copied, but I should think they must have been long ago. We observed the names of several of the emperors among them:

ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ ΤΩΝ ΠΟΡΦΥΡΟΓΕΝΗΤΩΝ.
BASIL. ROMANUS.

On the inside of the next gateway facing the town, is a block of white marble let into the wall, upon which is sculptured an eagle with outspread wings. Beyond this we reached the gate of Selyviria, and branched off the road to a small cemetery where are five Turkish tombstones in a row, the monuments of Ali Pasha of Joanina, his three sons, and grandson; and in Turkish is the following inscription:

"Here lies the head of Ali, of Tepelini, Governor of the Sanjak of Joanina, who for fifty years pretended to independence in Roumelia, and those of Monctar Pasha, Veli Pasha, Saelik Pasha, Mehemed Pasha."

The five heads were purchased at a great price, and interred here by the Turk who had always

transacted Ali Pasha's confidential business at Constantinople, an interesting mark of attachment and respect.

We now approached the Seven Towers. In front of the moat are some battlements, and behind rise the two square marble towers called the Prison of the Ambassadors, from these high dignitaries having been at different times confined within them by the Porte. Between the towers is an archway now filled up, and in part of a modern Turkish wall may be seen three marble pilasters with capitals of the Ionic order supporting a cornice.

Over a gate called the "Golden Gate" is the following inscription:

HÆC LOCA THEUDOSIUS DECORAT
POST FATA TYRANNI.
AUREA SÆCLA GERIT QUI PORTAM
CONSTRUIT AURO.

Among the many tragic occurrences that have taken place within these state prisons, the most affecting is that connected with Brancovani, Waivode of Wallachia, who was dragged to them by command of Achmet the Third, and eventually condemned to die with his wife and four sons. The Mufti came and made them a proffer of pardon on their abjuration of the Christian faith,

which Brancovani and his consort rejecting, their children were beheaded one by one before their eyes. The fourth and youngest son, frightened at the horror of the scene, exclaimed that he would accept the proffered terms, and the execution was stayed for the Sultan's pleasure to be known. The Sultan, disdaining a conversion that the fear of death only had produced, ordered the young prince to be executed; then perished Brancovani, bewailing to the last the weakness of his youngest child; and, lastly, the Wallachian princess herself, having witnessed the murder of all her children and her husband, completed the horrid tragedy, and was strangled, on her knees, with a piece of catgut.

Just beyond, near the gate of St. Romanus, may be seen the shattered towers and walls of the breach which Mahomet II., on the 29th of May 1453, stormed with his victorious Janissaries.

The walls, towers, and the whole fortifications remain just as they were immediately after the siege,—a strange infatuation on the part of the Turks. From a clump of cypresses in an adjoining burying ground, we may contemplate these picturesque and interesting ruins, presenting the same appearance that they did when the Janissaries clambered over them to the assault, when John

Justiniani, wounded, retired from their defence, and the brave Emperor Palæologus, arresting him in his flight, exclaimed, "Your wound is slight, the danger is pressing, your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?"—"I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened for the Turks."

The heaps of stones and fallen rubbish, on that fatal morning stained with the gore of the noblest Greeks, and with the blood of the last Constantine, the best and bravest of the Byzantine Cæsars, are now covered with the hardy moss and the mantling ivy. Whilst seated here indulging in the rush of recollections naturally excited by the spot, I thought of the beautiful lines in the play of Constantine Palæologus, by Joanna Baillie.

"Mahomet. What sounds are these?

"Osmin. Hast thou forgot we are so near the city?
It is the murmuring night sounds of her streets
Which the soft breeze wafts to mine ear.

"Mahomet (*eagerly*). And let me listen too! I love the sound;
Like the last whispers of a dying enemy,
It comes to my pleased ear! (*Listening.*)
Spent art thou, proud Imperial Queen of Nations,
And thy last accents are upon the wind.
Thou hast but one voice more to utter; one
Loud, frantic, terrible, and then art thou
Amongst the nations heard no more."

The top kapoussi, or cannon-gate, is still pointed out as the one which Mahomet passed through in triumph on his way to the august but desolate mansion of the great Constantine, when, according to Gibbon, a melancholy reflection forced itself on his mind, and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry: "The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace; and the owl hath sung her watch song on the towers of Afrasiab."

On the towers near the sea of Marmora are the following inscriptions:

"This tower, which the beating of the sea and the violence of its waves has thrown down, has been rebuilt from its foundations by the pious Emperor Basil."

"Tower of Basil and Constantine, faithful emperors in Jesus Christ."

"Tower of Theophilus and Michael."

"Tower of Manuel, servant in Jesus Christ, rebuilt," &c.

"Romanus, illustrious emperor of all the east, has rebuilt from its foundations this new and grand tower," &c., &c.

Galata abounds in wine-shops and cafés, generally kept by Greeks, large rooms floored with Dutch tiles, surrounded by a sort of wooden gallery, upon which mats are placed, where the

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY — LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

DANCER AT THE CAFÉS.

guests, seated cross-legged, smoke, drink coffee, and if not strict Moslems, rakee and wine. But the greatest amusement of these places, is the dancing, performed by men and boys, who dance to the sound of the castanets, or men dressed up as women, who perform movements which are neither pleasing nor decent, to the sound of a species of hurdy-gurdy, or twanging guitar, played with a quill.

Affairs of gallantry with Turkish women are rare, and extremely dangerous; and travellers' tales upon this subject are either mere fables, arising from vanity, or are the result of a deception frequently practised at Pera, by a race of men well known to those who have resided any time in the Frank quarter.

The Armenian Christian women are to be distinguished from the Mahometan females, abroad, only by the colour of their slippers, which are red, and a slight difference in the cut of their feridjees or loose walking cloaks; their in-door dress also closely resembles that of Turkish females, and likewise their habits, manners, and customs, so that to a stranger they would always pass off as Turkish or Moslem women. Of these there is no lack, and in a certain quarter of Pera there are a great many ladies of cracked reputation, who are by

no means unwilling to form an acquaintance with a stranger, particularly an Englishman with his pockets well lined with golden zecchinis. The emissaries and employés of these fair creatures, have abundance of romantic stories to give the traveller high notions of his conquest, and solemnly recommend care and secresy. Nor are these precautions altogether unnecessary, as if the police detect the parties in equivocal situations, or at improper places, gladly will they avail themselves of the opportunity of exacting a fine from the infidel dogs, or glut their hatred with a severe bastinado. The offenders being, however, both *Christians*, the offence is merely *contra bonos mores:* far different would be the complexion of the case, if a *Moslem woman*, or a *true believer*, of whatever character, had been discovered to have compromised herself with an infidel dog, disregarding the holy precepts of her religion.

Some time back two Austrian Jews were caught in an intrigue with two frail Turkish females; and our host told me, both the Austrians were clapped into prison, and the women tied up in sacks, and thrown into the Bosphorus. The Austrian ambassador, however, interfered, and succeeded in getting his two fellow subjects out of the clutches of the Turkish authorities only on their paying a

very heavy fine for their crime against the laws of the empire. Our Armenian host, who kindly accompanies us in our walks, relates a most tragical story which he avers took place about thirteen years ago.

A young Greek merchant with whom he was acquainted formed an intimacy with the wife of a Turk of some consequence, who had been in the habit of buying goods of him, and the lady was imprudent enough to admit her lover into the house when her husband was absent from Constantinople on some errand in the provinces.

The Greek paid his *visit* or *visits* in the loose feridjee or cloak, veil, and common out-of-doors attire of a Turkish lady. Suspicion, however, appears to have been excited, for the Turk returned suddenly, and went straight to his harem without first sending to give notice, as is the custom. The Greek in making his escape stabbed the husband, but not mortally, and the latter sent instant information to Achmet Pasha. The Greek was seized in attempting to leave Constantinople, and the unfortunate lady was immediately taken from her home and family by the Pasha's slaves. The Sultan was informed of the circumstance, and ordered the instant execution of both parties.

Mine host asserts, that when he heard of the seizure of his friend the Greek, urged by his own feelings and the prayers of the young man's family, he hastened to see if the offer of a heavy ransom, which could be collected among the culprit's friends, would procure a mitigation of the capital punishment. He was desired to wait and carry back the answer to the "vile sons of unbelieving mothers" who had sent him. After waiting some time, he was ordered to follow a black slave, and passed through several courts, and up a wooden staircase, to a low door, where after some little demur they were admitted into a small room, where, on a divan in one corner, sat the unfortunate lady sobbing and crying, and two black slaves, called mutes, arranging a piece of catgut.

My informant says, that he was thrust, aghast with horror, into one corner of the room, and that the unhappy woman was immediately ordered to seat herself in the middle of the floor; not complying, however, with the order, and resisting those who came up to pull her by force, she was beaten upon the neck and face, dragged into the middle of the room, and held down in a sitting position, with her legs under her. A black slave or mute then endeavoured to throw a piece of cat-

gut fastened to a stick over her head, but the girl (for she was not twenty, said mine host) laid fast hold of her long hair, to prevent the passage of the fatal noose, and with such desperate firmness that they were obliged to cut the hair away from her grasp with a knife. Having at last adjusted the catgut, the slave gave the stick three or four turns; there was a great noise in her throat, her eye-balls darted from their sockets, and she fell dead on the floor*. "Oh!" said the Armenian, "she was bella bellissima!" The body, he went on to say, was put into a sack, and carried privately through some gardens to a boat on the sea of Marmora. He was ordered to go along with it, and with the greatest horror he observed, on reaching the boat, the young Greek, for whose deliverance he had come to negotiate, quietly seated with his hands tied behind his back. Without a word being spoken, the whole extraordinary party were rowed beyond the walls to a small rising ground, upon which were a few trees. They disembarked, the sack was placed on the ground, the mouth of it was untied, and the Greek, after being indulged with a view of his

* This is a verbatim account of the story, as the man told it in Italian.

mistress, was hung up by the neck to the opposite tree, and the whole was concluded, by both bodies being pitched into the sea of Marmora, and the frighted Armenian ordered to go back to them that sent him, and take care of *himself*.

June 12th.—We went with our dragoman to the palace of the Sublime Porte, in which the whole business of government is carried on. We remarked the Bab Humayoon, or Sublime Gate, on each side of which is a niche, where the heads of state criminals are put; and entering by another gateway into a large court, we passed the Grand Vizier's palace, and turning up some steps through a doorway, entered a handsome hall, in which the Cadi Asker and Mudarres, the chief magistrate and principal law officers, were assembled administering justice. Here we found a great bustle, and a crowd of Armenians waiting to see their new patriarch. The old patriarch had died a short time previous, and the Grand Vizier, in the council chamber, was then about to instal another. We saw him ushered in; a man dressed as a common Armenian priest, in his square hat and black veil, accompanied by several other priests and attendants.

The crowd which pressed round the folding doors as he passed through were battered over their heads by a fierce character with a long white

wand. The simple priest shortly returned metamorphosed into a patriarch, and paced the hall with stately mien, enveloped in splendid robes, with a glittering golden ornament on his chest. He mounted on horseback, and with a long procession traversed the narrow streets, amid crowds of Armenians collected from all quarters.

The most interesting room in this palace is a handsome apartment in which the Divan holds its sittings, and where is to be seen the little lattice, or grated window, constructed by Soliman the First, for the purpose of seeing, and listening unseen, to the proceedings of that body. From thence the Sultans have been known to interfere by their authority in the deliberations of the assembly. One instance is mentioned of a Tunis pirate having offered to destroy the Venetian fleet, and the members of the Divan hesitating, the Sultan, Mustapha the Second, opened the lattice and commanded the offer to be accepted. In this room the foreign ambassadors formerly had their audience of the Sultan, who from his lattice could see but not be seen.

The Seraglio, of which this forms a portion, has nine gates, two of which are handsome.

We rowed in a boat past the Kiosks of the Sultan in the Seraglio gardens, close to the edge

of the water, called the Pearl and Marble pavilions. A little below there is a landing place, and a gateway leading into the Seraglio, over which are suspended some large bones in chains, said by the Turks to be those of a giant. Near to this is the Sultan's favourite Kiosk, where he sometimes gives audiences in state to his ministers, and in front of it games and fireworks are occasionally exhibited.

Sunday, 14th.—Took a boat to row to the valley of the Sweet Waters, a favourite resort of Franks, Greeks, and Turks on this day. As we rowed up the "Golden Horn," the crowds of elegant boats, the vast variety of costume, and the brilliancy of colours were far superior to any thing we had yet seen. The large caps, turbans, or long white veils, scarlet and dark green cloaks of the women, the red caps and blue tassels, embroidered jackets, and flowing robes of the men, all in swift motion, now commingled and now separated; the shouts and cries of the boatmen, the brilliancy of the weather, and the crowds of shipping, presented a novel, most stirring, and lively scene. We proceeded to the top of the harbour, and disembarked on some meadows on the banks of the Lycus. After walking a little distance along the valley, we came to the palace

and pleasure grounds of the Sultan, planted with avenues of trees, through which runs a canal.

Here the scene was very animated—some were eating under the trees, some amusing themselves with dancers and guitar players, while the walks were promenaded by strings of females, Turks, Greeks, and Franks, presenting the greatest variety of costume. This is a very favourite resort of the Franks and Greeks, who have pic-nic parties and various entertainments in fine weather.

CHAPTER X.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—SULTAN AND HAREM.—LADIES OF THE HAREM.—SCUTARI.—HOWLING DERVISHES.—NEW PALACE.—LIBRARIES.—SULTAN'S POWER.

. . . . . " numberless
Barks, manned with revellers in their best garbs,
Shot along the glancing tide : there were
The long array, the clashing music,
And the thundering of far artillery."

WERNER.

JUNE 15th.—We were fortunate enough to be on the Bosphorus at the very moment when the Sultan was passing unexpectedly with his court and seraglio from the winter to the summer palace above Scutari. A salute from the batteries, and the manning the yards of all the men of war, announced his approach. First came in a line seven beautiful boats, of ten oars each, containing the favourite ladies, with their female slaves. They had white veils thrown over their heads, and parasols held above them. Our boatmen, who had rowed as near as possible to the pro-

cession, were frightened and wanted to move farther off; at this instant a small boat dashed down towards us, and a Turk, in a voice of thunder, ordered us to retire. The principal wife was coming along in the last boat; a white veil fell over her head and shoulders, and a red parasol, held by four female slaves facing her, defended her from the sun,—two boats, filled with female slaves and attendants, closed the feminine part of the procession. About a minute afterwards two light boats, cleaving swiftly through the water, ordered the different caiques to clear away, and now appeared another boat, in which sat the Selictar Aga, or royal sword-bearer, followed by an elegant barge burnished with gold, and pulled by *twenty-six rowers*, under a canopy at the stern of which sat the Sultan, surrounded by some officers of his court, and the helm was held by the Bostangee Bashee.

The style of pulling of the rowers was curious; they all got up simultaneously on a bar running behind each seat, and then fell back on their seats, dragging the oar through the water with the whole weight of their bodies. It has an awkward appearance, but seems to propel the boat with great velocity. Most of the large boats we saw appeared to be rowed in this man-

ner. We had no opportunity of judging of the features of the ladies during this procession, as we were too far distant from them; but their veils would not have afforded much obstruction to the sight, they were very different from those worn by the Turkish women, appearing like the thin muslin veils of Europe; they were thrown over both head and shoulders.

It is said that the Sultan has 200 concubines; the favourite is reported to be an exceedingly beautiful Greek girl, bought when a child, and educated in the harem. The ladies of the harem wait upon one another in rotation; they sleep in separate apartments, and women slaves are appointed to watch their conduct.

The Sultanas are the sisters and daughters of the Sultán, neither his wives nor concubines are ever allowed to assume that title, it being appropriated exclusively to the imperial blood.

We rowed across the water to Scutari, about four miles from Constantinople, for the purpose of seeing the famous howling dervishes. We passed through a court into the college, and after waiting some time for the hour of the performance, were ushered into a hall, where were a considerable crowd of persons, and some odd dirty figures seated on the floor, continually shouting, "*Yallah*

illah!" "*Yallah illah!*" jumping and foaming at the mouth. A person who appeared the superior of the party, every now and then recited prayers, after which, the most horrible howlings and grimaces recommenced, so as to frighten some women who were behind a lattice-work into hysterics. Then all sorts of conjuring tricks were performed, running of needles through their cheeks, throat, and different parts of their bodies, drawing them out again, the licking of pieces of red-hot iron, and putting them between their teeth, the swallowing of burning charcoal, &c., and the drawing of swords across their stomachs, which appear to bury themselves in the flesh,—all this accompanied with terrific shouts, yells, and grimaces,—it was a perfect bedlam.

There is at Scutari an immense cemetery, the favourite burying-ground of the Turks, who cause their bodies to be transported from Constantinople hither. It is said, from a prophecy or impression among them, that the Christians will drive them out of Europe, but probably from a feeling that Europe is a Christian country, and Asia purely Mahometan. From a hill above these waving forests of gloomy cypresses, is a magnificent view of Constantinople. The harbour, Pera, and Ga-

lata, rising beyond the waters of the Bosphorus. The great and increasing size of these cemeteries is owing to the natural and very proper repugnance of the Turks to disturb the soil where a person has been once buried. They always seek for a new and virgin spot, and would be horrified at the sight of the bones and skulls dug up in our churchyards by the grave-diggers to make room for fresh corpses. At Scutari, a dome, supported by eight pillars, is pointed out as the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud's horse!

Scutari is of itself a large town, and in the environs, and along the banks of the Bosphorus, are numerous country houses, delightful in the hot weather.

Close to the edge of the Bosphorus is the new and magnificent palace of the Sultan, which has a most imposing appearance, from the vast extent of its front, and the great number of its windows. On a near approach, however, it is found to be built of wood, and consequently loses vastly in our estimation. It is, however, very striking; the situation is fine, and bold eminences covered with trees, rise immediately behind it. The banks of the Bosphorus are beautiful, being lined with a continued range of picturesque buildings.

The most prominent and imposing building at Scutari, is the barrack erected by the present Sultan.

The current setting out of the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, was so strong on our return, that we had the greatest difficulty to prevent ourselves from being carried down into the sea of Marmora. How grand is this expanse of water! surrounded by the three cities, with their domes, cypresses, and tall marble minarets rising on all sides.

There are several libraries founded by Sultans, Pashas, Effendis, and Mollahs in Constantinople. The one founded by Raghib Pasha, Vizier of Mustapha the Third, has the following inscription over the entrance: "Honour and glory to God, submission to the will of God, and in hope of pleasing him, Mehemet, Grand Vizier, surnamed Raghib, or the studious, has founded this establishment, in the year of the Hegira 1170."

The blind obedience and submission to the will of the Sultan, is founded in fanaticism. The successor of Mahomet, the apostle of God, receives his authority, in the estimation of the Turks, by divine right; resistance is impiety, and ties of kindred, friendship, and gratitude, must give way before it,—one thing excepted; the Sultan cannot

compel them to act contrary to the express command of the Koran. "

The European despotic monarchs, so styled, are restrained in the exercise of their power to a great extent by public opinion, and the detestation which gross acts of oppression and injustice would excite in other freer neighbouring states; their subjects are more educated, and might combine with effect. There is a class of nobility, persons of some influence, and commoners of large property; but here, all are upon the same common level, all slaves together.

Doubly true, in the East, is the remark that a courtier's bed is a bed of thorns; his position must indeed be a constant source of uneasiness; he approaches his master with the cringing submission of a slave, and trembles at the slightest expression of ill-humour; the superior success of some rival, or the dislike of some favourite woman, may produce his instant destruction. Men rise to-day, and fall to-morrow.

The present Capudan Pasha, or High Admiral, was, I am told, a cook in the Sultan's kitchen, and one of the common watermen of the harbour was raised, a short time back, to a very important post under the government.

June 16th.—We left Constantinople an hour

before sun-rise, on horseback, to visit Belgrade and the shores of the Black Sea.

We met crowds of donkeys and mules coming in from the country with greens and fruit, and were some time ere we escaped from the narrow streets of Pera into the open country beyond. We were not sorry to leave the town, as some cases of plague had been reported the day before.

As we reached the summit of the hills behind Pera, the sun rose above the blue peaks of the Asiatic mountains, and lit up one of the most gorgeous landscapes in nature. In the distance below, were seen the cypress groves, domes, and marble minarets of Constantinople, the gilded crescents glittering in the sun-beams; the broad expanse of the sea of Marmora, studded here and there with a milk-white cotton sail, taking advantage of the first sluggish breeze; the bold sweeping coast of Asia; Scutari, with its groves and minarets; and away over the waters, the waving blue outlines of the Prince's islands, and behind them in the distance, but appearing wonderfully near from the clearness of the atmosphere, the snowy range of mount Olympus.

We crossed a succession of steep hills and downs uninclosed and uncultivated, whose solitude and desertedness are strange in the immediate neighbour-

hood of so large a capital, traversed a beautiful and fertile valley bordered by lofty hills covered with grass and brushwood, and rested the horses at a fountain. We then rode amid beautiful wood scenery to the aqueduct, said to have been built by Theodosius or Valens, a stupendous structure, 440 feet long and 117 feet high, which carries the water across a valley; amid the woods are large reservoirs, forming beautiful little lakes overshadowed by trees, and constructed to afford a constant supply of water to the aqueduct.

The little miserable village of Belgrade is embowered in woods; and after returning there, we rode to the aqueducts constructed by one of the Sultans. There are three artificial lakes which supply water. The waving woods, the solitude of the situation, the shade of the trees, and the singing of the birds, present many charms to the lover of nature. The water is carried by a subterranean drain, lined with cement, along the sides of the hills, and over the valleys by arches, twelve miles to Pera.

We rode to Boyookdere, and from the arches of the aqueduct crossing the valley, enjoyed a most lovely view of the deep blue waters of the Bosphorus, and of the Asiatic mountains. Steep hills rose behind Boyookdere, covered with waving

groves and dark cypresses. The village, however, lost much in our estimation on entering it, and after escaping from a pack of dogs, who pursued us with loud barking, we took a boat and sailed up the Bosphorus, with a fine breeze, that carried us merrily against the strong current. What lovely scenery, and what rich varied shores! The houses, although of wood, being painted and ornamented, have a picturesque appearance, and the gardens attached to them are beautiful. The hills rise immediately behind, covered with trees, and the orange and the citron display their golden fruit amid the branches of the plane, the lime, the pomegranate, and the walnut. The shores sweeping round form a majestic lake, and are covered with buildings and gardens.

The villages of Boyookdere and Therapiah are the favoured resort of the ministers and inhabitants of the Frank quarter, who escape hither in the summer from the hot and confined air of the town, to enjoy the cold north breezes that constantly blow down the straits from the Black Sea. Boating excursions are made upon the water, and pic-nic parties on summer evenings and moonlight nights on the wooded shores. The Turkish ministers and Effendis possess country

houses, and a continued range of buildings extends along the Bosphorus perhaps for two miles.

As we advanced, the lofty hills covered with trees, the white houses, and forts lining the shore, the light caiques and numerous vessels in full sail, presented a lively and lovely scene. We shortly came in sight of the vast expanse of the Black Sea, and the shores on either hand became more rugged and precipitous, ending in abrupt cliffs and rocky headlands. The view of the Black Sea on arriving at the entrance of the straits, is very striking; the shores, instead of gradually receding, sweep off at once on either hand at right angles, and present you with a vast and sudden expanse of dark waters that have a very grand appearance.

We landed, and ascended some of the highest points on the neighbouring shores, and enjoyed striking views of the mountainous coasts of Europe and Asia,—the winding blue waters of the Bosphorus, like a majestic river, dividing the one from the other,—and the far distant peaks of the mountains of Anatolia.

On arriving again at Constantinople, we heard that there had been some cases of plague, which determined us to hasten our departure. We paid a visit to the turning or dancing dervishes in Galata, who on certain occasions assem-

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
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Hadsley lith. 3 Wellington St Strand

DANCING DERVISH.

ble together, and twist round to the sound of a musical instrument; with their arms extended, and their long petticoats loaded with weights whirling in the air, they follow one another round the room in a circle, and turn with such rapidity that their features are undistinguishable.

Some more cases of plague have been reported; the disease is said to be always lurking about in some of the low quarters of the town, and when the warm weather sets in, creeping out it manifests itself in other parts, according to the season, with more or less severity. No notice is taken of it, and little precaution is used by the Franks, until several cases occur daily, or human bodies are seen floating down the harbour, when they immediately shut themselves up in their houses, or go out with a long stick to keep people from touching them.

The weather has now set in fine, the sky is without a cloud, but the temperature, except during the middle of the day, is not disagreeable. Constantinople is generally kept cool by the north breezes that flow down from the Black Sea.

The rides of an evening over the hills to the north, present lovely views of the city and suburbs. Long shall I remember the sunsets from those heights; the quiet of the scene, the calm blue waters, the gorgeous city, with its swelling domes

and glittering crescents, and the soft stillness and solitude so near a vast capital. No bustling carriages or dusty roads are seen; here and there only a solitary camel with his load, or a few jackasses toiling along the rugged path. Nor is the scene much less lovely, whilst cleaving the swift waters of the Bosphorus, inhaling the light breeze that trembles upon the surface of the water, and passing rapidly the picturesque buildings, gardens, houses, and groves that line its banks.

Every one in the streets, after nine o'clock at night, is obliged to carry about a light; the richer people have servants before them, with a large lantern, and the others have small paper lanterns, to prevent their being taken up by the police.

We visited the Mahmoud Bey, the flag-ship in the port, mounting 130 brass guns, a fine ship to look at outside, but her internal appearance was very unfavourable when compared with our own men-of-war. There are a number of Greeks on board, who are in general the only persons able to manage the ship, and but a very small portion of the crew know how to steer by the compass;—how they can navigate at all is astonishing. They never however go out of the Mediterranean, and are seldom long out of sight of land, and can therefore never get very far wrong, but their

roundabout voyages take double and treble the time a vessel properly managed would require. On arriving on board we asked of some common looking Turks for one of the officers, the reply was, We are all officers! They looked more like tailors and shoemakers. Most of the admirals and captains have been pipe-fillers, coffee-bearers, scullions, or pages of the Sultan, and have never been on board ship until advanced to their rank by his caprice.

A new frigate has just been launched, built by an American, a very fine vessel. There was a grand ceremony on the occasion, and the Sultan was present.

The discontinuance of the turban and the fine flowing Turkish dress among the attachés of the court, and those immediately employed by the Sultan, in compliance with his order, is much to be lamented. The present dress of a scarlet cap, jacket, and full loose trousers, is very ugly. It was necessary perhaps to adopt a more convenient clothing for the soldiers, but something national and picturesque surely might have been hit upon. The turban, at all events, so handsome and so much venerated by the Turks, should have been preserved. The much vaunted reforms and regulations of the Sultan since the destruction of the

Janissaries have been mere alterations in childish and trifling particulars, and conducted contrary to every sound maxim of policy and discretion. He has wounded the prejudices and fanaticism of the Turks, and done much to destroy their haughty pride and nationality, by introducing Frank dresses and Frank customs, so hated by the Moslems; whilst the bad administration of justice, the exactions of governors, and the insecurity of property, continue the same as ever. The Sultan is diminishing his influence over the minds of his subjects, who think him half a Frank. He has lost their confidence, and it would be difficult for him to rouse their old enthusiasm, and induce them to rally round the standard of Mahomet as of old.

If he had abolished the numerous monopolies on the sale of articles of export, the vicious system of farming the revenue, stopped the extortions of the pashas, reduced the expenditure of the government, introduced a fixed system of taxation, and given incitements to industry by teaching the people to feel that they were secure of reaping the enjoyment of the hard-earned reward of their labours, it would have tended far more to the increase of his power and the consolidation of his authority, than changing scarlet cloaks into blue jackets, and turbans into caps.

The bomb founderies, cannon founderies, and arsenals constructed along the quays of Constantinople, and the numerous large barracks erected in different parts by the Sultan, may impose upon and astonish the eye of the stranger who knows not their interior management and condition, and may appear evidences of increasing prosperity; but these metropolitan displays are poorly set off against impoverished provinces, deteriorated property, diminished population, and increased inability on the part of the people to collect the sums of money which are yearly wrung from them to support these very establishments, and the increased military and naval expenses of the country.

Where the government is purely despotic, and the monarch can at will dip his hands in the pockets of his subjects, a temporary increase or diminution of revenue is no criterion of prosperity; and if with that increase of revenue the people in the provinces become poorer, if property is deteriorated in value, if population decreases, and land is thrown out of cultivation, it is a sure sign, that the monarch like a spendthrift is going beyond his income, is eating up his principal, wasting the capital of his subjects, which would otherwise be employed to produce more, and is gradually re-

ducing them and the whole country to a state of bankruptcy and beggary;—such is the state of Turkey. Spots here and there, commercial ports, and enterprising places where the hand of oppression and exaction may lie less heavily for the moment, may contradict this opinion; but the state of the provinces, the condition of the people in the aggregate as we get farther through the country, will, I think, support the truth of the picture. . . . . .

June 18th.—We took a boat early in the morning, and again sailed over the dark blue waters of the Bosphorus towards the Euxine. The sun rose with great splendour behind the Asiatic mountains, and some vessels in full sail, propelled by a powerful westerly breeze, breasted the swift current between the shores of Europe and Asia. "The winding channel through which the waters of the Euxine flow with a rapid and incessant course towards the Mediterranean, received the appellation of Bosphorus, a name not less celebrated in the history than in the fable of antiquity. A crowd of temples and votive altars profusely scattered along its steep and wooded banks, attested the unskilfulness, the terrors, and the devotion of the Greek navigators, who, after the example of the Argonauts, explored the dangers of the inhospitable

Euxine. On these banks tradition long preserved the memory of the palace of Phineus infested by the obscene harpies, and of the sylvan reign of Amycus, who defied the son of Leda to the combat of the Centaurs." *

The Cyanean rocks, which, according to the description of the poets, once floated on the waters, now rear their craggy masses at the end of the straits, affording an immoveable barrier against the surging waves of the Black Sea; and the castles of Europe and Asia, whose batteries overlook the water from either continent, are said to occupy the sites of the ancient temples of Jupiter and of Serapis.

How delightful in the warm fine weather are the different excursions by water that can be made from Constantinople,—along the harbour of the Golden Horn to the mouth of the Lycus,—along the shores of the Propontis,—or over the swift current of the Bosphorus between the winding and varied coasts of Europe and Asia. Just above Scutari are still to be seen the old Greek castles which once defended the narrowest part of the straits; they have been repaired and partly reconstructed by some of the Ottoman monarchs, and still overlook the narrow passage where Xerxes is

* Gibbon.

supposed to have transported his army across his bridge of boats into Europe.

What a noble situation is that of Constantinople for the capital of a great empire, and how misplaced are all its advantages in the hands of the besotted Turks! "Constantinople," says the Greek orator Manuel Chrysoloras, in a letter to the Emperor John Palæologus, "is situated on a commanding point between Europe and Asia, between the Archipelago and the Euxine. By her interposition, the two seas and the two continents are united for the common benefit of nations; and the gates of commerce may be shut or opened at her command. The harbour, encompassed on all sides by the sea and the continent, is the most secure and capacious in the world." *

Constantinople in the hands of the Turks has never possessed the riches, the wealth, and the magnificence that it boasted under the Byzantine Cæsars. The pestilential breath of the Turkish government, everywhere by degrees has dried up the stream of commerce, and has everywhere gra-

* ΤΟΥ ΛΟΓΙΩΤΑΤΟΥ ΜΑΝΟΥΗΛ ΧΡΥΣΟΛΩΡΟΥ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗ ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟΝ ΙΩΑΝΝΗΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ ΕΝ Η ΣΥΓΚΡΙΣΙΣ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΛΑΙΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΝΕΑΣ ΡΩΜΗΣ.

Paris, 1655.

dually sapped and undermined the sources of industry. Effeminate, spiritless, and luxurious as were the corrupt subjects of the Eastern empire at the period of its downfall, yet there was even at that time more generally diffused prosperity, greater population, more wealth, and more capital in the country than there ever has been under Turkish misrule. "Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scythia, as far as the sources of the Tanais and the Borysthenes, whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia, the corn of Egypt, and the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which for many ages attracted the commerce of the world."*

Benjamin of Tudela, who visited Constantinople two centuries and a half before its capture by the Turks, expatiates with rapture on its lofty towers and precious magazines of silk, purple, and gold; "twenty thousand pieces of gold," says he, "the product of the tax on shops, markets, and taverns, on the merchants of Persia, Egypt, Russia, of Hungary, of Italy, and of Spain, are each day paid into the imperial coffers."†

* Gibbon.

† Voyage de Benjamin de Tudele.—Baratier.—Paris.

The emperor Basil possessed a hoarded treasure of two hundred thousand talents of gold in the subterranean vaults of his palace*. "The coasts and islands of Asia and Europe were covered with the magnificent villas of the princes of Constantinople; but instead of the modest art which secretly strives to hide itself, and to decorate the scenery of nature, the marble structures of their gardens, served only to expose the riches of their lord and the labours of the architect."†

The imperial palace of the Byzantine Cæsars, which occupied the site of the present Seraglio, enlarged and enriched by the toil and treasure of ages, excited the lavish admiration of Eastern writers, and was thought even more wonderful than the Pyramids of Egypt‡, and in the tenth century, is celebrated by Latin writers for its beauty and its streng t§.

The rich Greek nobles, says Benjamin of Tudela, when they passed through the streets clothed in silks and gems, were taken by the children for

* Zonaras, tom. ii. lib. 16. p. 225.

† Gibbon.

‡ Anthолog. Græc. lib. iv. p. 488.

§ Constantinopolitanum Palatium non pulchritudine solum, verum etiam fortitudine omnibus quas unquam videram munitionibus præstat.—Liutbrand, Hist. lib. v. c. 9.

kings*, and all the different Greek and Latin writers of the period speak in terms of admiration of the wealth and luxury of the great metropolis.

The historian Nicetas, of Conæ in Phrygia, who beheld the capture and pillage of Constantinople by the Latins in 1261, gives an elaborate description of the wealth and splendour of the city at that period, and a long enumeration of various celebrated statues which adorned the capital and were mutilated and destroyed by the conquerors. The amount of wealth and booty which is described to have fallen into their hands by the writers of the period, shews that the wealth of Constantinople must have been immense. According to Villehardouin, it was so enormous, that the Venetians offered to purchase the whole booty of the Latin conquerors at the price of four hundred marks to each knight, two hundred to each priest and horseman, and one hundred to each foot soldier! and remarks, that since the creation "*ne fut tant gaaignie dans un ville.*" In the account of the exploits of Baldwin, the amount is stated to be so great that it was thought the Latins

* In equis vecti regum filiis videntur persimiles.—Latin translation.

would not be able to possess themselves of the whole*. We have an account of silks, velvets, furs, gems, spices, and precious moveables, collected together into one common stock, and deposited in three churches, in order that an equable distribution might be made to the different plunderers according to their rank and merit. Three fires annihilated a vast portion of the buildings and riches of the city; treasure was wasted in gaming, debauchery, and riot. The Grecian nobles were robbed of their plate and jewels, the churches were despoiled, and the precious stones, the gold fringe, and ornaments of the altars were bartered away for a vile price and momentary gratification.

Two hundred and forty-nine years after this sad event the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and just previous to that melancholy period we have a curious and interesting account of buildings, palaces, churches, baths, cisterns, crosses, statues, relics, &c., &c., that Constantinople even then contained, notwithstanding all its calamities, written by Geo. Codinus, the steward of the imperial household, who was cotemporary with the last of

* "Ut tantum tota non videatur possidere Latinitas."

the Greek emperors, and witnessed the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Among his long list are to be distinguished the churches of St. Anastasius, St. Irene, St. Procopius, St. Damanus, St. John, St. Lazarus, St. Theodore, St. George, St. Helena, St. Hecla, St. Michael Archangel, St. Anne, St. Paul, St. Artemius, St. Elias, St. Julian, St. Esaias, St. Euphrosyne, St. Gregory, St. Trypho, St. Diomed, St. Æmilian, St. Panteleemon, St. Carpos, St. Acacius, St. Romanus, St. Isidore, St. Tryphon, the great church of Blachernæ, the beautiful church of the Resurrection built by Marcian, the church of the Holy Apostles, covered with a wooden roof, built by Constantine and Helena, the church of the Resurrection, the church of Pelamidas, in which was a beautiful marble statue, placed there by the emperor Leo the philosopher, the churches of St. Thomas, St. Tarasius, St. Babyla, St. Andromachus, St. Paulinus, St. Deiporos, called Carabitzis, and a hundred and fifty others besides; the monasteries of Martinax, Studius, &c., &c.; the hospital of Sampson, the hospital of Phocas for orphans and mutilated old men, &c., &c.; the palaces of Boukaleon, of the Hippodrome, of Bryas, of Tiberius, Mauricius, Damatius, Eleutherianus, &c., &c.; the houses of

Florentius, Callistratus, &c., &c.; cisterns, baths, &c., &c.; statues, crosses, basilica*, &c., &c.

At the period of the downfall of the Greek empire there must have been a large, industrious, and productive class, to have produced the riches we see enumerated, and to have ministered to the wealth and luxury of the Byzantine nobles and wealthy senators. The military ardour of the people had melted away. They were rendered effeminate by luxury and enjoyment, and no longer possessed the courage and energy requisite to defend themselves from the various warlike hordes that surrounded their frontier, and regarded the advantages they possessed, and the riches they enjoyed with covetous and envious eyes; a lazy and insolent populace was supported by the corn imported from Egypt, and the expenditure of the rich and luxurious classes nourished only an effeminate and degenerate population in ministering to their pampered luxury; but during all this period up to the last moment of the reign of the

* ΓΕΟΡΓΙΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΚΟΔΙΝΟΥ ΠΑΡΕΚΒΟΛΑΙ ΕΚ ΤΗΣ ΒΙΒΛΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΧΡΟΝΙΚΟΥ ΠΕΡΙ ΤΩΝ ΠΑΤΡΙΩΝ ΤΗΣ ΚΟΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΥΠΟΛΕΩΣ.

Paris, 1655.

emperors over the different portions and provinces of the empire, the population appears to have been more numerous, the country more prosperous, and there was a greater quantity of capital and wealth in the provinces than ever has existed under Turkish rule.

The emperors lamented the decay of archery as the cause of the public misfortunes; they deplored the cowardice of the Greeks and the decline of military ardour as they successively felt the sharpness of the Scythian and Arabian arrows. "The Greeks were sunk in their own esteem and that of their neighbours. A cold hand and a loquacious tongue was the vulgar description of the nation."*

The terrible downfall of these people will serve to warn nations and governments that there is always great danger of the decay of martial spirit and military strength keeping pace with the increase of wealth and the inroads of luxury. As a nation becomes rich and prosperous, so ought its military strength to be wisely cared for and more vigilantly attended to as the only means of protecting itself from the robbery and spoliation of poorer and more warlike tribes, who are ready

* Gibbon.

and eager to seize the prey which invites their possession.

Sadly indeed were the Greeks sunk in cowardice, effeminacy, and meanness previous to the last siege of Constantinople, and little did they deserve to retain the luxuries they possessed, and the wealth they had acquired. "A plebeian crowd and some Byzantine nobles basely withdrew from the danger of their country; and the avarice of the rich denied the Emperor, and reserved for the Turks the secret treasures which might have raised in their defence whole armies of mercenaries. . . . . The riches of the Greeks were displayed in the idle ostentation of palaces and wardrobes, or deeply buried in treasures of ingots and gold coin, lest it should be demanded at their hands for the defence of their country."* After the fall of Constantinople, and the death of the last Constantine, Lucas Notaras, great duke and first minister of the empire, the most important prisoner, offered his person and his treasures at the foot of the throne. "And why," said the indignant Sultan,—"why did you not employ these treasures in the defence of your prince and country?" "They were yours," answered the

* Gibbon.

slave; "God had reserved them for your hands." "If then he reserved them for me," replied the despot, "how have you presumed to withhold them so long by a fruitless and fatal resistance?"* The Turks were a band of military plunderers, bold, warlike, and active; they seized the fair provinces of the Byzantine empire, and maintained them by the power of the sword; they desecrated the altars of Christianity, destroyed the churches, or appropriated them to their own worship. They mixed not with the inhabitants of the conquered provinces, but oppressed them in a most rigorous and tyrannical manner. They may be considered in the light of military colonists, garrisoning the different fortresses, and living upon the industry of the people. They preyed upon the wealth of the country, gradually exhausted its capital, undermined all industry, and destroyed every motive to improvement by rigorous exactions of money. Ignorant, besotted, and wrapped up in their own self-sufficiency, the Turks have thought only of their present gratification, and the future has by them always been left to fate. While all Europe around them has been advancing in civilization, and emerging from a state of bar-

* Gibbon.

barism, they alone have not only remained stationary, but have been going constantly backward at a sure and steady space; year after year, like wasteful spendthrifts, they have been wasting away the capital that existed in the country when they came into possession of it; year after year they have caused population to diminish; and year after year have destroyed habits of industry, and every motive to exertion, by their unprincipled and oppressive measures towards the productive classes. The history of their rule in Europe and in Asia, presents a melancholy catalogue of robbery and plunder, confiscation and oppression; and they have at last reduced some of the fairest provinces of the world to a more depopulated and impoverished state than we have any record of since their existence in the page of history.

"Constantinople could not be despoiled of the incomparable situation which marks her for the metropolis of a great empire, and the genius of the place will ever triumph over the accidents of time and fortune."

The marble mosques of Stamboul, erected by money wrung from impoverished provinces, may strike the eye in their noble and commanding situations, and the picturesque houses rising tier above tier, may excite our admiration in the

distant prospect; but when we approach the reality and survey the interior of the town; when we mark the large spaces inclosed within the ruined walls now converted into gardens; when we observe the mean, although picturesque construction of the buildings, and the few evidences of wealth, industry, activity, and the few monuments of human intellect and perseverance around, compared with those exhibited in the interior of any of the second rate European towns,—we cannot but indulge in melancholy reflections on the present comparison of Constantinople with the great capitals of Europe, and that which was made rather less than two centuries and a half before its sad capture by the barbarous Turks.

Notwithstanding the constant manifest downward tendency of the Turkish empire ever since its first establishment, there are individuals who, observing the late changes of the Sultan, in the assimilating his own dress and that of his troops and household to the ugly dress of the Franks, and in his causing a newspaper to be edited, and operas and a ballet to be performed before the ladies of his seraglio, have boldly characterised these and other like childish measures, reforms; have praised the liberal spirit of the Sultan, and prophesied the regeneration of Turkey. But those

who have watched the career of the Turks since they first broke in upon some of the finest provinces of the world, and by their warlike spirit and dauntless courage raised themselves from a mere band of robbers to a temporary but proud pitch of pre-eminence in Europe, through the succeeding decline and impoverishment of their empire, cannot but see that the evil is too deep-seated to admit of a cure, and that the Turkish empire is now in its last mortal agony. The time is not far distant when Constantinople will be sold to the Russians, and the Ottoman monarchs will retire for ever from Europe, to their old capital of Brusa, in Bithynia, unless the European nations interfere in time to prevent it, and take measures to re-establish the old Greek empire of Constantinople.

The Greeks and Christians in European Turkey are much the most numerous part of the population, far outnumbering their military oppressors, the Turkish Moslems; they form almost the only productive class, and whatever commerce Turkey possesses is chiefly in their hands. The blood of the Greek emperors still flows in the family of the Courtenays, and the Earl of Devon is the fairest claimant now in existence to the throne of the Byzantine Cæsars. Let that family, or the young

King Otho be advanced to the throne of Constantinople; let the Turks be driven out of Europe, and let the natural energies, and the quiet habits of industry that distinguish the present Greek subjects of the Porte be again brought into play, and be no longer pressed down by the arbitrary spirit of an eastern despotism. The nations of Europe are becoming too enlightened, and the principles of government are becoming too well understood longer to permit these fair provinces of Europe to languish under Turkish misrule. They have a right to interfere between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the strong man armed and his defenceless victim.

But the European nations are too jealous of each other to interfere with effect; mutual ambitious designs would be suspected, and the measures of one power would be thwarted by another; and the infallible result is, that Constantinople will fall into the hands of Russia. The only possible way to prevent it, will be to drive out the Turks, and re-establish a Greek government. The population of Turkey has been constantly diminishing, and from the want of a census, it is difficult to form an accurate computation of its amount. According to Mr. Hassel in 1823, there were in European

Turkey 3,091,000 Greeks, 2,342,000 Turks, other nations 3,936,400. "

Classing the numbers according to the religious division, there were of Mussulmen 2,889,000, of Greek Christians 5,880,000, Armenian Catholics 310,000, Armenians 85,000, Jews 312,000. So that little better than two millions of Turks are allowed to tyrannize over the rest of the population, and to destroy the resources of the country.

June 19th.—In the afternoon we entered one of our favourite little swift boats and rowed along the maritime walls of Constantinople, bordering the Propontis. We marked several of the ruined towers which were constructed by the Greek emperors, and as we came towards the triple row of walls which protected the ancient capital of the Cæsars on the land side, we observed large loose masses of stone lying in the sea, which are doubtless those alluded to by Codinus in the following passage. "Concerning those immense stones which are situate without the maritime wall. When Constantine built the city, as almost the whole site was rocky, they were obliged in places to plane off the summits of the rocks to allow of the construction of the buildings, and these being rolled down into the sea and cast about on all

sides, fortified the whole shore against the attacks of the waves, and these large stones were so taken advantage of in the construction of the maritime walls, that the boisterous waves were made to break against them, and thus flow on tranquilly to the walls." *

Halting at the last tower, we took a farewell of the triple line of walls on the land side, which so long protected the capital of the east from the warlike hordes of the Scythians, the Saracens, the Persians, the Avars, the Tartars, the Russians, the Latins, and the Turks, now crumbling to pieces, covered with green trees, and tenanted by storks and owls. "The walls and gates of Constantinople," says Chrysoloras in his letter, "may be compared with those of Babylon. The towers are many; each tower is a solid and lofty structure: and the second wall, the outer fortification, would be sufficient for the defence and dignity of an ordinary capital. A broad and rapid stream may be introduced into the ditches, and the artificial island may be encompassed like Athens, by land or water." Upper portions of the maritime wall are modern, of Turkish construction. Rowing towards a small door, we landed on some wooden planks and entered the town. At a short

* Codinus de Antiq. p. 63.

distance from the walls I observed a space of many acres converted into a garden, and entering a doorway, I was surprised with a vast quantity of ruins extending for near a quarter of a mile, consisting of massive stone walls and arches curving round in a circle; there were arches formed too in the maritime walls which bordered the garden, and two square towers with arches one over the other. I could obtain no information whatever concerning these ruins, but supposed them to be remnants of a circus. We crossed right through Constantinople, by numerous winding disgusting streets, bordered by the meanest houses and tottering decayed wooden habitations, to the shores of the harbour. Our cicerone meeting with a friend, went to have a puff at his pipe as we passed along, and I flung a stick at a dog who rushed at me from a butcher's shop, and knocked him head over heels, to the great indignation of the Turks. We took boat at the Golden Horn and crossed over to Galata.

The shipping that one sees in the harbour is at first sight calculated to give one a favourable idea of the commerce of Constantinople, but these ships have no connection with the prosperity of the place. The commodities that are exchanged come from distant countries, and do not awaken the industry of the native cultivators; the productions of

Poland, the Ukraine, Russia, and Siberia are here exchanged for the cutlery, cloth, tin, watches, and glass-ware from England, the silks of France, and the linen of Germany; the commerce is sustained by foreigners, and the Turks derive little advantage from their enterprise and industry.

The rambler in the streets and lanes of Galata and Constantinople near the waterside must keep, according to the proverb, "all his eyes about him," or he runs a shrewd chance of losing one or both of them. Porters with long strips of wood and quivering bars of iron pass and repass through the dark thoroughfares, looking neither to the right nor left—they come on at a sort of run, and if, as is often the case, any accident occur, there is neither redress nor pity. Nearly the whole breadth of the narrow lane is sometimes occupied with crowds of these men, bearing along large wooden packages, or immense casks of merchandize slung on elastic poles, and carried on the shoulders of twelve or sixteen at a time. Let the passer by, then, keep his wits about him, or he will find himself knocked into the mire or trodden under foot. "It is fate—it is the will of God," cry the porters, and trot on with their load.

"Fatis agimur: cedite fatis;
Non sollicitæ possunt curæ
Mutare rati stamina fusi.

Quidquid patimur mortale genus,
Quidquid facimus, venit ex alto,
Omnia certo tramite vadunt,
Primusque dies dedit extremum."

SENECA.

It is all fate with the Turk; and his present condition and prospects,—his character reckless, ignorant, and besotted; his kingdom impoverished, decayed, and dismembered; shew to what a point of ruin this fatal doctrine is leading him; it promotes but one virtue, and that of a very questionable quality,—it gives courage in the field of battle, but it is the brute courage of indifference—it leads him not to face danger, but to forget it, like opium before amputation. He carries into private life the same absurd creed, and fate renders him indifferent to every thing—to education and to improvement. He spends his lazy days on a divan—silent, and thoughtless, and puffing smoke. He has no energy, and indeed no impulses to action; he dares not aspire to distinction, for there is danger in it; his head and his property are the Sultan's and not his own; the laws by which he is governed are made or changed by the same master. If he has property, he conceals it for fear of robbery; for the Sultan and all his officers are robbers of different grades—from the the great Vizier to the petty village Aga.

But the Sultan, say his admirers, has effected a multiplicity of reforms, and bettered the character and condition of the people. His highness has indeed set up a "Moniteur Ottoman," lying in Greek, Turkish, and French; he has built barracks which catch strangers' eyes, and changed for jackets and caps the turbans and caftans of his troops. "The Sultan has civilized these Turks," said a European to me; "*they are beginning to drink wine.*" I cannot test the character of these reforms, which seem to bring the evils of European life without its good, the dross without the ore, better than by my honest friend's criterion of civilization.

CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE.— PRINCE'S ISLANDS.— MONDANIA. — PRUSA.— MOUNT OLYMPUS. — NICE. — MONHALLICK. — SOUSGOURLE. — BALIKESER — KELEMBEH. — THYATIRA. — LYDIA. — SARDIS.—PHILADELPHIA.—MAGNESIA.

"Jamque dies auræque vocant: rursusque capessunt
Æquora, qua rigidos eructat Bosphorus amnes."
VAL. FLAC. ARGEN. L. 4.

JUNE 20th.—The bright sun shone in a clear unclouded sky when we embarked in a small boat on the Bosphorus, with a fine fresh favourable breeze for the Prince's Isles and the coast of Bithynia.

Some of the happiest hours of my life have been passed at Constantinople in the contemplation of its lovely scenery, and in making the delightful excursions that its environs afford.

They pointed out to us Cadykeui, the site of antient Chalcedon, "the city of the blind," and the

scene of the great Ecclesiastical Council, on a rising ground to the left; but our attention was solely occupied by the fast fading minarets, domes, and crescents, and with the indulgence of those feelings which the last view of a spot where you have spent many a happy day, and which you are never likely to see again, is always calculated to awaken. In four hours we were off the Prince's Islands, the largest of which is called Boyook Addah, or Great Island, by the Turks; four of them only are inhabited, Prinkipos, Chalke, Antigone, and Protos, the others are mere rocks. The inhabitants are nearly all Greeks; and one or two Greek monasteries, in commanding situations, have a picturesque appearance.

From the Prince's Islands to Kiose the port of Mondania, six hours are generally occupied with a fair wind. The shore is picturesque, ending in abrupt capes and wooded slopes.

From Kiose to Brusa, the antient Prusa, founded, according to Pliny, by Hannibal, and, according to Strabo by Prusias, who was contemporary with Crœsus, is a ride of about five hours; the charge for horses and mules is 15 piastres, or 3*s*. 6*d*. apiece. The scenery was rendered grand and striking by the lofty range of Mount Olympus

rearing its rugged peaks, still covered with a slight coating of snow on the very top.

One hour from Kiose we arrived at Mondania, a considerable town, containing several mosques, and a population of some thousands. Beyond Mondania the scenery is most beautiful. From an eminence a fine view is obtained of the sea of Marmora, the island of Kalolinino, and the Gulph, running up to Khenleh. Approaching Prusa, the valley is thickly clothed with mulberry trees, over the green foliage of which are seen the distant minarets of the town, and behind them towers the loftiest summit of Mount Olympus. It is a delightful spot in summer, and much resorted to for its warm baths. The numerous trees and fountains produce a refreshing coolness during the great heat.

The valley is from ten to twelve miles long by one broad, presenting a forest of mulberry trees, which nourish the silk-worms, for which Prusa is so celebrated all over the East. On a rocky and picturesque eminence above the town stands the castle near which is an old church, adorned with marble and paved with Mosaic work; here Orcan, the son of Othman, the conqueror of Prusa, is said to be buried. To him Gibbon thus alludes: "From

the conquest of Prusa we may date the true era of the Ottoman empire: the city by the labours of Orchan assumed the aspect of a Mahommedan capital; Prusa was decorated with a mosque, a college, and a hospital of royal foundation; the Seljukian coin was changed for the name and impression of the new dynasty, and the most skilful possessors of human and divine knowledge, attracted the Persian and Arabian students, from the antient schools of oriental learning."

From that time, until the conquest of Adrianople, it remained the capital of the Ottoman empire, and the residence of the Sultans. Here is the tomb of Amurath, covered with his soldier's cloak, three lances, and three horses' tails, the tombs of his children, and a tomb, said to be that of Osman. It is said to boast of near 100 mosques, four Greek churches, and a Greek bishop; numerous spacious natural warm baths invite invalids from all quarters, and in one of these baths is a great prodigy, a natural spring of hot and of cold water in the same room. The waters being sulphureous, are drunk as well as bathed in. Near our sleeping place was one of these luxurious baths of warm water, into which we could plunge of a morning before dressing.

To the summit of mount Olympus, is ten hours.

On it is a monastery dedicated to the seven sleepers, who have been located here as well as in fifty other places. The first part of the ascent is covered with chestnut and dwarf oak, then succeed various kinds of fir, dwarf shrubs, and juniper trees; and lastly, bare granite rocks. The view is described as very sublime and very extensive; the eye ranging over the sea of Marmora to Constantinople, and embracing numerous lakes, and the vast mountain ranges of Anatolia.

From Prusa to Nicæa, or Nice, the birth-place of Hipparchus, and the antient capital of Bithynia, built by Antigonus, is twelve hours; the antient walls, towers, and gates still remain in a remarkable state of preservation, formed of alternate courses of stones and Roman tiles, and a few ruined buildings and mosques, constructed of marble fragments of the antient city, on the borders of the lake Ascanius, present a melancholy scene of solitude and decay. Four hours from the lake, is an obelisk described by Pococke. Nice was conquered by Sultan Soliman, became the seat of the Seljukian dynasty, and "the divinity of Christ, was derided and denied in the same temple in which it had been pronounced by the first general synod of the Catholics."* It was retaken by the

*. Gibbon.

tumultuous crowds of the first crusaders, who captured but generously restored the Sultana and principal servants of Soliman, but it soon reverted to the Turks, and has since been called Ismid.

June 23rd.—From Brusa to Monhallick, seven hours. We emerged from the wooded valley of Prusa, retraced our steps through Mondania, and turning to the westward, entered an uncultivated and solitary country. The road was mountainous and difficult, and the rocky hills were covered with dwarf shrubs and plants, and sweetly smelling wild thyme. There was a wildness about the country, and an air among the few people we met with, more savage and uncivilized than any thing I had hitherto seen. A few armed horsemen, and a string of mules or donkeys loaded with packages, were the only living objects we encountered during the ride. We passed through a miserable village of mud huts, then through a solitary plain, and late in the evening, came in sight of Monhallick, a large town in a commanding situation on a hill. There are several mosques, and the scenery is striking. We crossed the antient Rhyndicus, and were conducted to a mud house for the night, where our mattresses were spread on a mat on the floor, amid the barking of dogs and crowing of

cocks, one of which was duly killed and served up for supper.

June 24th.—From Monhallick to Balikeser, nine hours. In the plain below was the lake Aboullona, the antient Palus Apolloniatis, a solitary spot surrounded by low barren hills. Near it, are the ruins of a castle built by Comnenus in the twelfth century. Mount Olympus, still towering above the eminences to the east, and enlivened by the rays of the rising sun, gives a striking character to the landscape.

Passing over a mountainous ridge, we traversed a vast plain watered by a river, the antient Mœstus, whose course might be traced by the green vegetation along its banks. A few trees were scattered here and there, but the country was desolate and uncultivated; the only habited spot being the village of Sousgourlé, on the banks of the river, surrounded by a few trees, and in a pleasant situation. Here we rested an hour and a half, to bait the horses.

We crossed over a range of hills from Sousgourlé, and in three hours and a half arrived for the night at Balikeser, a pretty spot, surrounded by mulberry trees, above which rose a few minarets. There is a large population, and a khan for

the accommodation of travellers, to which our horses were taken.

The interior of the town is dirty, and presents no object of interest. The petty Turkish towns and villages, I cannot better describe, than as a row of wood or mud houses bordering a filthy festering ditch.

June 25th.—From Balikeser to Kelembeh, twelve hours. The weather is clear and brilliant, but is becoming too warm for travelling in the middle of the day. We are obliged to start very early in the morning, and as we leave Balikeser the freshness is delightful. The whole east is tinged with a rosy hue, and the light green of the mulberry groves is grateful to the eye after the arid country devoid of vegetation. These mulberry trees are planted close together, and are cut down every year, as the young sprouts that spring up produce more juicy and vigorous leaves for the nourishment of the silk-worms than the old branches. After we had left the environs of the town, the country presented again a wild solitude, unenlivened by the presence of man or the cheerful results of human industry.

The ride is very monotonous, and time hangs heavy when topics of conversation are exhausted, there being nothing to call away the attention or

divert the regards from the same constant scene in the plains. But in the more mountainous parts sudden views of striking beauty frequently appear, and the very loveliness and solitude then diffuse a peculiar and agreeable charm.

We ascended a lofty ridge of mountains running east and west, and from the summit enjoyed a very grand and extensive view. Wild and lonely plains and valleys, here and there shaded with a few clumps of trees and small spots of vegetation, or diversified with a few straggling goats, were seen extended below, while numerous ranges of bold mountains, stretching out in different directions, with their waving outlines shaded with the most beautiful blue trembling haze, gradually melting away in the distance, and mingling with the blue sky beyond, presented a bewitching prospect. Over the tract we had left, and high above all, were seen the lofty summits of Mount Olympus, still slightly tipped with snow. There is a great deal of fine mountain scenery on this road, extensive plains, and here and there a picturesquely situated Turkish town or village, surrounded by gardens and rich green foliage.

Descending from the mountains we traversed an extensive plain, and baited the horses at a small café under the shade of some trees, where

several Turks were seated smoking, together with a dashing horseman on his way to Constantinople. In saluting each other they merely touch the hands instead of shaking them as we do, and one of the greatest compliments they can pay you is to present you with their pipe to take a whiff. They pass the hand over the mouth-piece before presenting it, and if you presume to wipe it before putting it to your own mouth it is considered a great breach of good manners, but in a Frank is passed over as arising from ignorance. We crossed the antient Caicus by a stone bridge, at a place called Couljak, traversed some low hills, and came in sight of Kelembeh, in a pleasant situation in the plain below, and surrounded by cypresses, above which were seen a few minarets. Passing through a dirty lane bordered by mud huts, across which planks and pieces of timber were laid, covered with matting and rags to keep out the sun, we at last secured quarters for the night, amid the barking of dogs, the screaming of children, and the crowing of cocks.

June 26th.—"I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, what thou seest write in a book and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia, unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Perga-

mos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea.

"And unto the angel of the church of Thyatira write these things, saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flaming fire, and his feet are like fine brass," &c.—Revelations.

From Kelembeh to Thyatira, now called Akhissar, or "the White Town," five hours. Leaving Kelembeh we crossed the loftiest ridge of mountains on this route, presenting very grand scenery. The road is carried to such an elevation that, according to the soodjee, about a fortnight ago there were patches of snow still remaining upon it. The horses tumble and trip excessively over these mountain paths, and the footing is sometimes dangerous from the slipping away of the bank under the horses' feet.

Emerging from the hills, we came in sight of the minarets and cypress groves of Thyatira, situated in a fine fertile plain, surrounded by groves of trees and delicious gardens, watered by numerous streams, so rare and so valuable in these regions. We rode through gardens filled with the pomegranate, the fig, and the walnut; and the green foliage of the mulberry trees between the houses had a lively, refreshing appearance.

This sense of beauty vanishes, as usual, on entering the town, where we were saluted with the barking of dogs and with unsavoury odours. We stopped only to refresh the horses, as there is little to see. The cemetery is the only spot where any vestiges are to be found of the antient city, and these consist merely of some fragments of columns, used as tombstones, and scathed pieces of marble. The identification of this spot as the site of antient Thyatira, has been established by some inscriptions found here by Sir Paul Rycaut and others—

Ἡ. ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΗ ΘΥΑΤΕΙΡΗΝΩΝ ΒΟΥΛΗ, &c.

"The most powerful Senate of Thyatira honours," &c., &c.

"The Senate and people of Thyatira honour Vulpia Marcella, Priestess of Diana," &c., &c.

"To the Master of the Earth and Sea, the Emperor Cæsar Marcus Aurelius Severus Antoninus Caracalla, Father of his Country, Benefactor to the Town of Thyatira," &c., &c.

And an epitaph to a husband and wife, in which the name Thyatira occurs twice.

There is at present a very considerable Christian population, consisting of Greeks and Armenians. There are a good many shops, and some appear-

ance of business; a great deal of the inferior cotton, grown in the fields, is exported to England by way of Smyrna for lamp wicks. There is a large khan for the accommodation of travellers, generally filled with camels and horses, the roof of which is supported by some antient marble columns. Shortly after leaving Thyatira, we observed several tumuli on the hills, and rode through a large cemetery full of marble tombs and monuments. Late in the evening we arrived and stopped for the night at Mermere.

June 27th.—"And unto the angel of the Church in Sardis write. . . . . Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die, for I have not found thy works perfect before God. . . . . If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come upon thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know at what hour I will come upon thee."

From Mermere to Sardis, five hours. Left Mermere very early in the morning, in order to push on through Sardis to Philadelphia if possible, to sleep. The small village of Mermere stands in a fine situation, on the side of a precipitous mountain overlooking the Gygean lake alluded to by Homer—

. . . . . " γενεὴ δέ τοι ἐστ' ἐπὶ λίμνῃ
Γυγαίῃ, ILIAD, Υ. 390.

Several patches of cultivated land, bordered by hedges, enlivened the scenery, and the road shortly skirted along the borders of the lake, through a wild marshy district. An immense mound on an eminence we supposed to be the tumulus of Halyattes, the father of Crœsus, the mound alluded to by Herodotus in Clio 94, as one of the largest works in the world after the Egyptian and Babylonian. He says, " There is there the tomb of Halyattes, the father of Crœsus, the foundation of which is of large stones, and the rest of the tomb a mound of earth. Civilians, operatives, and courtezans constructed it; and upon the top of the tomb, down to my time, there were five ledges, upon which were inscribed how much of the work each had done; and it appeared that the work of the courtezans being measured was the largest; for all the daughters of the common people of the Lydians prostitute themselves, and they collect for themselves dowries; having done which they marry, and the circuit of this tomb is six stadia and two plethra, and its width is thirteen plethra, and on its borders it has a *large lake*, which the Lydians call the Gygean."

Around this in various directions, bordering the

lake, are numerous other tumuli of much smaller dimensions, the tombs probably of the great men of the Lydian empire. It is very affecting thus to approach the antient capital of Lydia, through a solitary deserted country, amid the innumerable tumuli scattered over the hills, some large and some small, solitary monuments of the dead, who once peopled these regions so deserted now.

In the distance, a rocky eminence, rising above the unpeopled country, was pointed out to us as Sart, the modern name of Sardis. It was the Acropolis of Sardis, the capital of Lydia, the city of Crœsus.

It is difficult now to reconcile the authentic accounts of the antient power and wealth of Sardis with the unpeopled desert that extends on every side. One or two ruined huts on the banks of the Pactolus are the miserable representatives of the antient city, and the only habitations of man for many miles,

"Quid Crœsi regia Sardis?"

But as we draw nearer, two majestic marble columns of the Ionic order of architecture, supporting an immense fragment of an architrave, present an interesting memorial of the antient magnificence of the Lydian capital. These are supposed to be a portion of the antient temple of

Cybele, and are considered the finest specimen of the pure and simple Ionic in existence. The immense stones of the architrave, and the peculiar features of this interesting ruin, have led antiquaries to place its construction antecedent to the taking of Sardis by Cyrus the Great. Half of the shafts of the columns are now buried under the accumulated mass of soil and rubbish, the débris of decayed buildings; around them are scattered the broken shafts of other columns, and fragments of marble. Below runs the Pactolus*, no longer famous for its golden sands, turning in its course an old water mill. The mud huts appear fast dropping to pieces, and very probably, ere long, not one human being will be left upon the spot.

Here and there are scattered some fragments of walls, and remnants of arches; there is a ruined building dubbed by antiquity hunters a remnant of the palace of Crœsus, the walls of brick, and of great thickness; and close to the Acropolis, the scarcely distinguishable remnant of a stadium, and a theatre, hollowed out of the sides of the hill.

Two ruins of a much more modern date are

* "Et qua trahens opulenta Pactolus vada
Inundat auro rura."

SENECA, Phœn. 604.

here regarded with considerable interest, as the reputed remnants of two Christian churches. A few brick arches are said to be remains of the church of St. John, and some ruined walls constructed of portions of columns and fragments of antient marble edifices, are pointed out as remnants of the Panagia, or church sacred to the Virgin.

But leaving alone fragments of buildings and ruined walls, which only disturb me with doubts as to their age or identity, I prefer rather to climb the rugged precipitous sides of the Acropolis, whose craggy rocks are at all events coeval with Crœsus, and have opposed a temporary barrier to Cyrus and his Persian troops. There from the summit we may gaze upon the great plain of the Hermus, the scene of the great battle between the Lydians and Persians, when the Lydian cavalry, frightened by the camels of Cyrus, retreated upon the infantry and lost the day. We may recall to mind the amusing history of Herodotus, and search for the most likely spot at which, according to the legend, the Lydian soldier dropped his helmet, and descending to recover it pointed out a route to the watchful enemy, who ascended and took the citadel. We may think of Solon's awful warning to the purse-proud king, "of the instability of human gran-

deur," no less brought home to us by the present desertion of Sardis, than it was to Crœsus by his sudden transition from a throne to a funeral pile.

To this spot ascended Alexander the Great, after the battle of the Granicus; and here, it is said, he erected an altar, and built a temple to Jupiter Olympus.

Sardis has successively been despoiled and desolated by sieges and earthquakes. Its destruction is at last complete, and the wealth of its monarchs, its military strength, and great population, as related by antient historians, appear scarcely reconcileable with the solitary wilderness that now meets the search of the traveller in every direction.

The swans alluded to by Dionysius Periegetes and Callimachus, no longer frequent the banks of the Pactolus; nor do the graceful dances of the Lydian women, so enthusiastically alluded to by the former, any longer claim our admiration*.

Here it was that Xerxes wintered previous to his expedition into Greece. Here was the chief residence of the younger Cyrus, adorned by the beautiful gardens which excited the admiration of Lysander; and here he collected his Grecian auxi-

* Οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ γυναῖκας ὀνόσσεαι αἳ περὶ κεῖνο
Θεῖον ἔδος, χρυσοῖο κατ' ἰξύος ἅμα βαλοῦσαι
Ὀρχεῦνται θηητὸν ἑλισσόμεναι περὶ κύκλου· v. 839.

liaries previous to his unhappy and fatal expedition against his brother*.

Among the inscriptions found at Sardis, the following has been published by Dr. Spon. "The Senate and people of Sardis honour, as hero and benefactor, the emperor Cæsar, Titus, Ælius, Hadrianus, Antoninus Pius, and Augustus, son of the divine Hadrian, and grandson of the divine Trajan, enjoying the power of tribune for the second time, consul for the third, and father of his country."

"And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia, write; . . . . . .

"I know thy works; behold, I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength and hast kept my word and hast not denied my name.

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth."—Revelations.

One, P.M.—Having rested the horses, we pushed on for Philadelphia, seven hours distant. The country was everywhere solitary and void of inhabitants.

The principal population of Philadelphia is to

* Xenophon. Œcon. p. 830. C. Cic. de Senect. c. 17.

this day Christian, and it has received from the Turks the name of Allah Shehr, or the "city of God," and whilst the Moslèm population has been and is at present decreasing, the Christians appear on the increase. There are said to be more than a dozen Christian churches, which I think, must be an exaggeration of the Greek who was communicating this piece of information. He states, however, that in five or six only, is service regularly performed, the others being used only on particular fêtes.

In the early part of the morning, we strolled round the environs, and through the gardens of the town, which from the beauty of its situation, has been called, "the fair city." Those who have spent all their lives in the north, can have but a faint idea of the delicious freshness and tranquil beauty of an eastern morning, of the rich crimson flush along the eastern horizon, which precedes the sun, while some planet or star of the first magnitude is still seen faintly twinkling in the west; of the deep blue of the sky, as the light of the day increases, and of the balmy softness of the air, scented with the blossoms in the gardens.

The beauty of the foliage too in these gardens surpasses any I have seen in Europe; and the brilliant scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, inter-

mixed with the orange, the citron, the apricot, and the fig, present at this season of the year the prettiest prospect imaginable. There are two eminences overlooking the town, from one of which, the antient Acropolis, we enjoyed a beautiful view of the large plain, in many places tolerably cultivated, and interspersed with gardens and vineyards. There is a bazaar, filled with fruits and merchandize, and a khan for the accommodation of travellers. Philadelphia owes its foundation to Attalus Philadelphus, and is mentioned by Tacitus in his annals to have suffered greatly from earthquakes, to have been once utterly destroyed, and again restored by the emperor Tiberius*.

Gibbon, in alluding to Philadelphia, says, "At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended their religion and their freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect;—a column in a scene of ruins." Numerous coins have been found on this spot with the superscription, ΦΙΛΑΔΕΛΦΕΩΝ.

June 28th.—From Allah Shehr to Uranlui,

* Steph. Byzant. v. Φιλαδελφεια.

nine hours, through solitary wide plains and undulating hilly districts; here and there a few inhabitants may be met with, and a flock of sheep or goats browsing the flowers and scanty pasturage, or a large vulture watching for his prey.

Uranlui, is a small miserable village.

June 29th.—From Uranlui to Cassouba, five hours across a vast lonely plain. Cassouba is surrounded by a large cultivated district, and from hence come the celebrated melons so much esteemed at Smyrna, growing from one to two feet in length, and of delicious flavour.

From Cassouba to Magnesia ad Sipylum is a six hours' journey, through a wide plain bordered by mountains. The first view of the magnificent plain of Magnesia, one of the largest and finest in Asia Minor, is very striking, the houses, minarets, and cypress groves of the town are spread around a lofty hill, and are backed by a bold range of mountains.

Wide plains, inclosed by lofty ranges of mountains, give the general character to Asiatic scenery; some of the hills are covered with almost eternal snow. The country through which we pass is rocky, barren, and lonely, and from the different elevations we may in sorrow observe how small a proportion the cultivated soil bears to the waste

uninhabited tracts. There is not here the same information and advantage derivable from travelling as in civilized Europe,—there are no large towns and political institutions—no varied architecture, and fewer national peculiarities to arrest the attention; for miles and miles you may wander on, along rugged bridle tracts, over stones, through bushes, and across swamps, or over an extensive plain, with a few Turkish villages scattered here and there, surrounded by patches of cultivated grounds and gardens, where the poor inhabitants, inclosed within mud walls, and ignorant of the world beyond the range of their limited horizon, live in a most primitive state of existence. The chief occupation of the men is in tillage, or in manufacturing a few simple articles of clothing.

The plain of Magnesia is richly and extensively cultivated, and of immense extent; the approach to the town, which is seen rising over the level flat a length of time before the slow-paced horses arrive, is very fine. The numerous minarets, as in all oriental towns, give a striking and picturesque character to the scenery.

In this plain, 187 years B. C., was fought the battle between Antiochus, king of Syria, and the Romans under Lucius Scipio, assisted by the

counsels of his brother Africanus; in which battle, according to Livy, the Syrians lost 50,000 foot and 4000 horse, and the Romans only 300 foot and 25 horse! Antiochus was driven over Mount Taurus, and the whole province came into the hands of the Romans*.

Magnesia is the third town in Asiatic Turkey; its population is said to be more than 100,000, and it is considered to be larger than Smyrna. We rode through some tolerable streets bordered by shops, and stopped at a large khan, consisting of an immense court, with stables below and ranges of small rooms above, the only furniture in each being a mat filled with bugs. There are here thirty-three mosques, one Greek church, two Armenian, and two synagogues. The Acropolis, a rugged precipitous hill, is remarkable from containing a quantity of magnetic rock which affects the compass. The mosques are large and handsome. There are two which were constructed by Sultan Amurath the Second and his sultana, of white marble, hung with innumerable lamps, and ornamented with painting and gilding. Here, too, are the ruins of the palace of Amurath the Second, in which he lived during his

* Livy, lib. 37. Appian, Syria, ch. 35.

retirement, and the tombs of his wives and children, twenty-two in number, of different sizes, under a cupola of white marble.

This town is celebrated as having been the refuge of Themistocles, who died here in exile from his country, dependent upon the magnanimity and bounty of the Persian king, and also as the retirement of Amurath the Second, who twice abdicated the throne, and "resigning the sceptre to his son, retired to the pleasant residence of Magnesia. . . . . The lord of nations submitted to fast and pray, and turn round in endless rotation with the fanatics, who mistook the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the Spirit."*

He was first called from this retirement by the Turkish nation and by his son Mahomet the Second on the Hungarian invasion, which was conducted by Uladislaus, king of Hungary, and Julian, the Pope's legate, in disgraceful breach of a solemn treaty, sworn to by the Christian plenipotentiaries on the Gospels, and by the Turks on the Koran. Signally were the Christians punished for their perjury. Amurath, in a bloody battle, slew the King of Hungary and the Pope's legate, who had absolved them from their oaths. It is

* Gibbon.

said that Amurath, on seeing the crucifix displayed on the standards of the Christians, called aloud on the name of Christ, and prayed that if he were a God he would avenge the indignity put upon his name, and punish his perjured people.

When he had shielded the empire from the attack of her foes, "Amurath withdrew from the field of Warna again to pray, to fast, and to turn round with his Magnesian brethren."

A rebellion of the Janissaries against the government of his son, who was too young to reign, again called him forth from his retirement. He quelled the revolt, and ordered his son, the Sultan Mahomet, to Magnesia until age should have taught him to command. Amurath then fought, in 1448, the great battle of Cassora, in which the flower of the Hungarian nobility and 17,000 Christians fell. He fought two successful battles against the Greeks, and so frightened John Palæologus, that that emperor sent to ask Amurath's permission before he ventured to ascend the Byzantine throne.

At last, four years after his second retirement to Magnesia, he died. "Age or disease, misfortune or caprice, have tempted several princes to descend from the throne, and they have had leisure to repent of their irretrievable step. But

Amurath alone, in the full liberty of choice, after the trial of empire and solitude, has repeated his preference of a private life."*

June 30th.—From Magnesia to Smyrna, nine hours.

We ascended the lofty chain of Mount Sipylus, over rocky slaty districts, winding between lofty rocks, and by the edge of deep precipices. Mount Sipylus is celebrated in antient mythology as the residence of Tantalus and Niobe, and as the cradle of Pelops. Homer alludes to it as the scene of Niobe's Metamorphosis; and the tears of Niobe were supposed by the antient poets to trickle down from the rocks.

> Flet tamen, et validi circumdata turbine venti
> In patriam rapta est. Ibi fixa cacumina montis
> Liquitur, et lacrymis etiamnum Marmora manant.
>
> OVID'S METAM.

Pausanias, when at Magnesia, visited the neighbouring eminence, a part of Mount Sipylus, in search of the reported phenomenon. He wisely remarks, that when he viewed the rocks close, he saw only stone and precipices, nothing whatever which resembled a woman weeping, or in any other posture! but, says he, if you stood at a

* Gibbon.

distance, you would fancy you beheld a female in an attitude of grief.

Near the mountain track is the lake of Tantalus, called by some antient writers the Sale or Saloe Palus, supposed to have been produced by a volcanic eruption or an earthquake. The ruins of a town are said, by antient writers, to have been seen at the bottom when the water has been very clear. The descent on the opposite side of the range, to the village of Hadjilar, displays a lovely view of the rich plain and of the Gulph of Smyrna. We halted for some hours at a small village, and arrived at our old quarters in Smyrna early on the morning of the 1st of July.

CHAPTER XII.

SMYRNA.—PLAGUE.—CASTLE HILL.—SCENERY.—ANTIENT SMYRNA.—BOURNABAT.—BOUJAH.—SOCIETY.—GREEK COSTUME.—GREAT PARADISE.—LITTLE PARADISE.—TURKISH CHARACTER.—TURKISH WATCHMAN.—VILLAGE AGA.—DANCE AT THE AGA'S HOUSE.

"Σμυρνα πρώτη τῆς Ἀσίας κάλλει καὶ μεγέθει καὶ λαμπροτάτη καὶ μητρόπολις τῆς Ἀσίας."

MARMOR. OXON.

JULY 2d.—All the town of Smyrna is this morning in a fright, in consequence of the plague having been declared. The Egyptian plague is very much dreaded here, and it is said to have broken out among the women who sell wild herbs in the town, and who have been gathering their herbs, through the negligence of the guard, within the precincts of the quarantine ground appropriated for ships and merchandize coming from Egypt. Another report is, that a Jew, who has had the plague once, and therefore is not likely to catch it again, being employed in fumigating and

purifying the merchandize, stole some cotton, and for the sake of putting a few paras into his pocket, has thus hazarded the lives of thousands. However this may be, four persons were suddenly taken ill in a house near the caravan bridge, two very soon died, and nine cases more have been taken to the Plague Hospital. We rode out this evening, with long sticks to keep people from touching us, and passed the ill-fated house in which the disease has manifested itself; the windows were all shut, and guards were stationed to prevent all approach.

July 3d.—In consequence of the vague reports that were spread this morning of the increase of the plague, all the Franks have put themselves into quarantine, and their houses into a state of defence. A long wicker gateway was placed in front of our door, and within the passage on one side, was a tub of water, and on the other a pitcher of vinegar; the meat and eatables brought to this barrier were thrown into the former, and the money into the latter, where they respectively remained a certain time to be disinfected. Before being allowed to go out of the house, I was furnished with a long stick, and was earnestly requested not only on my own account, but as I valued the safety of all the inmates of the man-

sion, not to allow a human being to touch me, and was made to promise that I would declare any contact that might by chance occur, before communicating with the family.

There was a striking change in the appearance of the streets; the doors of the houses were all shut, and no pretty Greek girls were to be seen, as before, listlessly lounging at the portals. All persons whom I met seemed to be as anxious to keep clear of me, as I of them. I returned at last quite dispirited with the gloomy, melancholy appearance of the streets. No one thinks of venturing into the Turkish quarter and bazaars, as there no precautions are taken. The Turks hear of the plague, *Allah-kierim!* (God is great); if a man is to die of it, he will, precaution or no precaution; and it is said, they take delight in frightening any unfortunate Frank they may see taking precautions himself, by running up and endeavouring to touch him. Commerce is at a stand still, people are out of employ, and the merchants all look very blank.

This evening, being anxious to escape the heated confined air of the town, I took a boat and rowed past the barracks to the Castle Hill, the antient Mount Pagus, taking care not to touch the boatmen. The vast Gulph was smooth as a

looking-glass; the bold mountains were tinged with the most beautiful purple colouring, and the sun was fast approaching the horizon. I landed, and walked through the Jewish burying-ground, over white marble slabs covered with Hebrew characters, extending along the whole side of the hill; among these, might be observed, fragments of fluted columns, portions of capitals, and pedestals of white marble negligently built into a slight wall skirting the road-side. Climbing through a dark and gloomy forest of cypresses, I arrived on the open downs, from whence one of the loveliest views in nature suddenly bursts upon the eye. From an elevation of 1000 feet, you look down on the innumerable houses, minarets, groves, and burying-grounds of the town, on the rich luxuriant plain covered with trees, vineyards, corn-fields, and gardens, bounded by the bold and lofty chain of Mount Sipylus, on the wide expanse of the Gulph, surrounded by picturesque mountains and covered with shipping, and on the distant Ægean sea. A few steps further on, on the very brow of the eminence, is the picturesque old ruined Genoese castle, called Sanjak Bournou by the Turks. Shortly before arriving at which, I observed a portion of a massy wall, of much earlier date than the castle, and of more regular con-

struction; the stones are very large, and beautifully fitted together, and doubtless of Greek origin. The castle is quite a ruin, and uninhabited. Towards the sea, are the ruins of the Stadium, a mere hollow, with some vaulted substructions of brick, and on the descent, towards the Turkish town, are some remains of an ancient theatre, in the court of a house.

Returning to the boat, I passed rapidly through the ships to the quay; it was night, and the moon was high in the heavens. On my arriving at the house, came strict interrogations as to where I had been, and where I came from. On mentioning the boat, there was slight uneasiness, but when I got to the Jews' and Turkish cemetery, through which I had passed, horror sat upon every countenance; the very spot, said they all, to which some people who have died of the plague to-day have been taken and buried. "You can't come into the house, you must get a lodging outside, and we will give you your things."

I represented that I had followed the path, and had gone near no graves. The very path along which the bodies have been taken was the reply, and along which the infected garments covering the dead, have perhaps trailed. I began to feel uneasy, but recollecting there were two

paths, a large and a small one, I represented that I took the latter, that I did not go inside the cemetery; till at last they had compassion on me, and on my promising to stay at home for the future, I was admitted on condition of being well fumigated. Consequently I was ordered into the kitchen, was made to stretch my legs wide apart, and the servant girl to my great terror, began to kindle a fire of damp straw under my legs. I was about to push her away, when she screamed out in the greatest affright, and I was told, that unless I submitted to be smoked, or if I presumed to touch any body or any thing before the operation was performed, I should go out of the house not to come in again; so I was obliged to submit, and was almost suffocated with the dense cloud from the tobacco and pungent spices they burnt under me, not to mention my great uneasiness, lest they should set fire to my clothes.

I was at last released with the tears streaming down my cheeks, smelling like a singed rat, to the great amusement of the maids and the whole household, who, I could not help thinking, had maliciously punished me more than was necessary.

July 4th.—The principal mosque of Smyrna was, I am told, antiently a Christian church, and

converted into a mosque on the taking of the town by the Moslems. Smyrna has always been a place of considerable importance, so lovely and worthy to be contended for, says Strabo, "that the Ionians and Æolians, the two most renowned nations of Asia, fought for her, as for a virgin of exquisite beauty." It was called "*the lovely*," "*the crown of Ionia*," "*the ornament of Asia*." She is said by Philostratus, to have been wonderful for her buildings, baths, drains, &c.; for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and for the politeness of her inhabitants. Under the Roman emperors, she was the most beautiful of the Ionian cities, and in the reign of Hadrian, crowds of young men flocked there for education. The coins struck at Smyrna in the reign of Caracalla have the following inscription on the reverse,—
CMTPNAIΩN ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ACIAC KAΛΛEI KAI MEΓEΘEI.

"*Smyrna, first of Asia, the largest and most beautiful.*"

A city was first founded near this spot 1139 years B.C., called Tantalus; but the present town is supposed to be on the site of the city founded by Alexander the Great, or his successors Antigonus and Lysimachus, about three quarters of a mile from the site of the old city of Tantalus.

The town of Smyrna, 177 years after Christ, was destroyed by a dreadful earthquake, and restored by Marcus Aurelius. Under the Christian emperors it ranked next to Constantinople, and enjoyed spiritual supremacy over six dioceses, among which was included Petra, the antient capital of Idumea. It was ravaged by Tamerlane, and fell under the dominion of the Moslems, after an obstinate defence by the knights of Rhodes. "The place was taken by storm; all that breathed were put to the sword, and the heads of the Christian heroes were launched from the engines, on board of two carracks, or great ships of Europe, that rode at anchor in the harbour."*

July 5th.—In the evening we took a boat and sailed to the low spit of land about two miles below the town, where we found donkeys ready bridled and saddled, and mounting them we proceeded along a pleasant lane bordered with hedges and trees, through corn-fields, rich vineyards, and groves of olives, to the village of Bournabat, the favourite country residence of the rich Smyrna merchants. We passed through a dirty dark bazaar, crossed the promenade of the village, where several pretty Greek girls were walking, and took

* Gibbon.

up our abode at a small country house to which we had been invited.

In the environs of the village are several very fine houses fitted up with European luxuries, and surrounded by beautiful gardens, the residence of the English or French merchants, consuls, &c. The finest house and garden belongs to an English merchant, who has spent several thousand pounds upon it, and has furnished it in the most elegant manner. The views from some of these houses, and especially from the mountain sides, are lovely. The valley, richly clothed with olive trees, is hemmed in by lofty mountains, and bounded by the gulph, which presents the appearance of a large blue lake. The walks early in the morning over the mountains are most delightful and refreshing, and the scenery is very lovely. The gardens are brilliant with the beautiful red blossoms of the pomegranate, and perfumed with those of the orange and the citron, and the parterres of flowers are most gorgeously arrayed with superb scarlet carnations and roses. Balls and fêtes frequently take place, and time is passed in the search of amusement.

Bevies of young girls may be seen of an evening perambulating the walks, and on Sunday I have seen fine figures kneeling in the single Catholic

chapel, and dark eyes that must sadly disturb the devotional feelings of the young men. But the oppressive heat of the day and the musquittoes at night have effectually deprived me of all enjoyment.

July 9th.—Being invited to spend some time at Boujah, the rival village to Bournabat, called the English village, from the number of English merchants residing there, I mounted a donkey and rode through the rich plain. I traversed a beautiful lane bordered on each side with hedges of luxuriant myrtle, and passed a Turkish burying ground, near to which, built into the wall bordering the road, were fragments of marble columns. Not far from this spot are some hot springs, supposed to be the antient baths of Diana.

The sun was sinking into the Ægean Sea as I ascended the mountain path from the rich valley, the waters of the gulph were of the deepest blue, and the soft and varied tints spread over the distant mountains added greatly to the beauty of the landscape. Crowds of pale-faced merchants, sallow Jews, and numerous women in wide voluminous habits, mounted on donkeys and mules, were jostling each other along the narrow track, on their way from the hot town to the pure and cooler air of the open valley.

The situation of Boujah is not so fine nor so picturesque as that of Bournebat, but being higher and there being less water, it is free from musquittoes, a sad torment at the latter place, and the nights are cooler. In the delightful villa of an English merchant, I am surrounded by English luxuries and conveniences, and enjoy the advantages of pleasant and agreeable society.

July 11th.—In Smyrna the plague still continues, but is not violent; and here, at a distance from it, social familiarities are not discontinued; large walking parties are formed in the cool of the evening, and réunions of the different families take place in the gardens, or on the long stone benches in front of the mansions.

The society is enlivened by the presence of the officers of the British ships of war on this station, who give occasional balls and pic-nics. There are a great many pretty Greek girls, the daughters of the richest of the Greek merchants, numerous Levantine ladies, a very mixed race, and several highly accomplished English girls, just returned to their families at Smyrna after receiving their education in England. A German baroness too has lately arrived, a talented and inquisitive lady, a most exquisite singer, and a great addition to the

agreeable concerts got up by the ladies nearly every evening.

Were it not for the fine fresh breezes from the gulph of Smyrna the heat would now be intense, and is notwithstanding, in the middle of the day, unpleasant. The thermometer in a cool room with the shutters closed varies from 78° to 83°, and in the shade out of doors from 84° to 94°. We all undress and go to bed at three P.M. and sleep till six.

The moonlight nights are delightful: no dew falls as yet, and no one thinks of going to bed until after midnight. We have a delightful house, a fine vineyard bordered with fig trees, and the fruit is fast ripening. In a pleasant kiosk, shaded by mulberry trees and exposed to the sea breeze, we spend our mornings in reading or in smoking long Turkish pipes filled with the delicious Latakia tobacco.

July 15th.—The first view of the gulph from the hill on the road between Boujah and Smyrna is most lovely. Immediately below is a small luxuriant valley shaded with rich green foliage, encircling light elegant Turkish houses, and spanned at the upper end by the lofty arches of a venerable aqueduct. In front is the bold eminence of Mount Pagus, with the lofty ruined castle on its

summit, and beyond, the rich plain, the stately cypresses of the burying ground, and the blue expanse of the gulph surrounded by waving shadowy mountains. The little secluded valley is called by the Franks the valley of St. Anne, and the spot where the aqueduct crosses it at the upper end is called the *Little Paradise.* The river Meles flows under the aqueduct, which is sixty feet high, having seven arches above and two below, and is 200 feet across. It was erected by the vizier Achmet in 1674; and it carries a fine stream of water across the valley to the castle hill, where a watercourse excavated in the side of the mount carries the water on to the supply of the town. Above this aqueduct, on the right bank of the Meles, is an old wall, through which the lower road to Boujah is carried, supposed by Chandler to be the wall of the Pomœrium, which surrounded the city, at a distance. Close to this old wall, a tomb excavated in the rock has lately been discovered, in which were found some coins.

July 16th.—I rode this evening to the romantic spot called the Great Paradise in contradistinction to the Little Paradise, where the Meles is crossed by a loftier and larger aqueduct than bestrides the valley at the latter place. To this pleasant spot the Franks from Smyrna frequently resort on

festive occasions. The aqueduct is very lofty and picturesque, being seventy feet high, 350 feet long, and having fourteen arches. There is a picturesque water-mill on the opposite side, and beyond is another smaller aqueduct covered with ivy and shrubs luxuriating along the watercourse, which is beautifully cemented on the inside, and conveys a delicious stream of cool crystal water to Smyrna. The rocks below are shaded by shrubs, among which the laurel rose, covered with blossoms, is preeminent. Beyond this spot the stream of the Meles flows in a ravine between steep banks covered with dwarf shrubs, whose aspect is delightful and refreshing in the midst of the parched, burnt up country.

July 17th.—I rode to the pleasant village of Sedekuy, two hours distant from Boujah, and passed a thicket from behind which some robbers a few days ago fired on a caravan, wounded several men, and literally cut a poor Jew into pieces. It is the custom for people in this country to carry their money rolled up in their belts, which in this case were soon ripped open, and near 500*l.* in hard cash were secured by the robbers, who rode away on horseback. There is, I am told, no chance of their apprehension.

The country is solitary and little cultivated,

but as we approached Sedekuy we entered a picturesque lane, and rode through a beautiful valley studded with vineyards and corn fields, and bounded beyond by the range of Mount Corax. Here at Sedekuy are numerous villas belonging to the families of Dutch and English merchants. There is scarcely a Turk in the place, almost the whole population being Greek. I observed numerous Greek girls standing at the doors of the houses, all of whom were spinning cotton, but only one of them, a girl filling a water-pitcher at a fountain, had any pretensions to beauty.

July 18th.—Riding into Smyrna this morning, I encountered in the principal street of the Frank quarter a family being led off to the plague hospital, preceded and followed by a man with a long stick, shouting to the people to get out of the way; doors were hastily shut, the passengers shrunk into corners and gazed with pity and affright on a young mother with an infant at her breast, and a numerous family of young children, being hurried along to that place of horror and disease. As soon as any member of a family is attacked, the whole family, and all who have been in communication with them, are carried to the plague hospital; the furniture is burnt, and the house shut up, (i.e. in the Frank quarter,) where the

sanatory regulations are under the European consuls. These hospitals are attended by persons who, having had the plague once, are not likely to take it again; the most horrid stories are told of their hastening the end of their poor patients, and even strangling them, in order to make sure of the perquisites of their office; so that the Greeks who can afford it subscribe to an hospital which they have furnished, as do also the English and other Europeans, who have provided an extensive and comfortable establishment for the reception of themselves and families if taken ill; but it is little occupied, in consequence of the great care they take against contagion.

The plague is very mild at present, but as occasional isolated cases are constantly appearing in different quarters of the town, and even in the Frank quarter, precautions are still adopted, the houses are shut up, and the town is most triste and gloomy in appearance.

The nature of the disease is immediately known by the buboes that break out in different parts of the body, generally under the arm-pits. If the person will recover, a mild buboe makes its appearance, which sloughs off a quantity of flesh, and the lower orders of people have a most disgusting superstition, that this flesh, dried in the

sun and hung round the neck, is a sovereign remedy against the disease; sometimes inoculation is resorted to by the Turks when the plague is bad, but this experiment is too dangerous to become popular.

The disease, from all concurring testimony, is propagated by contagion, but the propagation of the contagion appears to depend upon the state of the atmosphere, as the disease is frequently most materially checked by a change in the wind, or temperature of the weather; probably from the effect of the change upon the human frame, rendering it more or less predisposed to the taking of the malady. When the disease is bad, all scents and strong smelling substances are avoided, no meat is cooked, and flowers are not allowed near the houses.

July 19th.—The English Protestant service is performed in the village every Sunday at one of the private houses by the English chaplain of Smyrna, or some of the American or English missionaries. Every Sunday evening, about sunset, the Greek ladies of the village with their friends from the adjacent town, seat themselves on the ground along various little eminences on the road to Smyrna, dressed in lofty enormous gauze turbans and in short jackets of satin or velvet em-

broidered with gold; these jackets are left open in front displaying an under vest and a gauze handkerchief which covers the bosom, the sleeves are made tight to the arm as far as the elbow, from whence they are split open and hang down exposing the wrist and a long loose gauze shirt sleeve; with this upper dress they wear a gown similar to that worn by European ladies, which gives their whole attire a strange incongruous appearance. The Turkish ladies, who wear a jacket somewhat similar to this, are clothed in long flowing satin trousers bound at the waist by a Cashmere shawl, and have a loose vest which trails upon the ground and a long train behind, making the whole dress appear in character; but this Greek costume of a jacket worn with a gown, and white cotton or silk stockings and black shoes, has a graceless and inelegant appearance. One has certainly the disadvantage of seeing it on all the old and middle-aged women, the young girls universally preferring the European dress with the addition of a little crimson cloth or velvet cap with a gold flower worked on the top, and a long pendent blue tassel fastened gracefully to one side of the head. The Greeks generally appear to be dropping the costume they have been accustomed to wear, for the Frank dress. The men seem gradually exchanging

their loose petticoat trowsers, jackets, and caps; for pantaloons, coats, and hats.

The European dress is considered a mark of distinction by the Christian mercantile population, and many of the Armenians, on becoming rich, throw off their long cloaks and calpacks or pin-cushion head-dress, and adopt coats and hats. I recollect the other day a gay gentleman in a frock coat being pointed out to me, with a curl of the lip, as a man who a few years back wore the calpack, but having acquired some property, now considered himself of sufficient consequence to put on Frank habiliments. I am at a loss to conceive why these latter should be thought to confer any mark of distinction upon the wearer, as the greatest rogues and blackguards in the town sport it as well as the respectable Frank merchants.

The Armenian subjects of the Porte, numbers of whom abound in Smyrna, are the most industrious and valuable portion of the Turkish community. With the Greeks they transact almost all the commerce transacted by the subjects of the Porte, the Turks themselves being too lazy and indolent. They travel with caravans through the interior, and penetrate with their goods into Europe. They are frugal and economical, living chiefly upon rice; they spread

themselves throughout every portion of the empire, and mainly contribute to the support of what little remaining industry exists among the Turkish population, by procuring a ready market for different commodities produced in the interior.

Turkey has to thank Shah Abbas the First, the greatest monarch of Persia, for this valuable portion of her industrious population. The Turks in their attacks always entered Persia through Armenia, and Shah Abbas to stop their incursions laid waste and depopulated the whole country, transporting the Armenians to other portions of his dominions. Scattered, dispersed, and deprived of their country, the Armenians thus gradually spread themselves over the whole of Asia, and have ever been distinguished by their industry and patient sufferance, and their skill in the manufacture of silk.

July 20th.—Among the European merchants of Smyrna, the character of the Turks for probity and honour stands high, while that of the Greeks stands universally low. In all contracts and engagements, the Turk is true to his word, and if you can induce him to make a promise, he will religiously keep it. Not so, however, with the Greeks, who are not trusted an inch by the English merchants.

As the fruit in the vineyard is ripening, the English gentleman with whom I am staying has sent into Smyrna for a Turk to come and watch the grapes, not venturing to trust a Greek with any responsibility. I was pleased with the native dignity and high independent bearing of the man when he arrived, so different from the people of most other nations in his condition of life. He has constructed for himself a little hut in the middle of the vineyard, under an olive tree, where he watches with his gun and a dog during the night. On my first meeting him in the morning he generally salutes me with *Captan-Captan gel boorcah?* "Captain, Captain, how do you do?" and after breakfast when we ascend the kiosk, which is on a level with the first floor of the house, shaded by mulberry-trees, to read or to smoke, he generally makes his appearance with his pipe and a little mat, which he lays down under an olive-tree just below, and commences a conversation with the master of the house and ourselves above, with a coolness and quiet dignity of manner quite novel, he being in his own estimation the best man of the party. His conversation, in Turkish, was conducted with an ease and independence of opinion quite remarkable.

Upon the subject of Turkey, he says, that it is a

doomed nation, that God has thrown dust into the eyes of her rulers, and has blinded their senses. Their exactions, he says, have been so great, that the country is exhausted, and there is now scarcely any thing more left for them to take. He himself has a wife and family, in a complete state of destitution, in the interior, and has nothing to send them; formerly he possessed a little merchandize, and a property, consisting of a few camels and some cattle, and was in the habit of travelling about with goods; but the Aga has come upon him so often for money, that he is now completely stripped of every thing, and when they come again, he has nothing left for them to take, but his life, which, says he, belongs to the Grand Signior, and the sooner he comes and takes it now the better. On my shewing him a drawing of the Sultan in his Turkish robes, as before the adoption of the Frank dress, he shook his head and said, "Ah! Sultan Mahmoud is now dressed in nonsense and folly; he has sold himself to the Russians, and stretches out his hands to the infidels. He turns his back upon his true subjects, and takes away all their money; he has been made to eat dirt; and if France and England would come and take the country, and keep it out

of the hands of the Russians, it would be a good job."

"Our country," says he, "is like a loaf of bread, first one cuts a slice away, and then another, till at last we have only got the crumbs remaining." At the hour of prayer, he is to be seen laying down his pipe, fetching a pitcher of water, washing his arms, elbows, feet, &c.: and then arranging his mat, he reverently performs his devotions under the shade of the olive-tree, bowing his forehead to the earth, and suffering himself to be interrupted by nothing whatever during the ceremony.

July 21st.—To-day some flour was wanted from Smyrna, and the Turk was desired to go into the town with the donkey and buy some. In the market there is a duty on all flour coming out into the country, and to evade this duty the Greek servant instructed him to tell the custom-house officers at the entrance of the town that the flour came from a magazine of the family which had already paid the duty. The Turk immediately came to the master of the house, related the occurrence, and declined going if his master joined the Greek servant in wishing him to tell a lie.

July 22d.—The village of Boujah is governed by an Aga. He is appointed by the Musselim of Smyrna, and has a certain number of police officers under him. The other day a disturbance took place in the village,—the Aga rushed with a great riding-whip, attended by his officers, to the scene of contention, laying about him, right and left, over the heads of all assembled, the lookers on as well as the guilty; those who were likely to have any money were immediately taken up, and bastinadoed until they paid a fine.

Here in Turkey if a man becomes rich, various endeavours are made to entrap him in the commission of some trivial offence as a pretext for imposing a fine; if this fails, the Aga sends word that he wants so much money, and it is dangerous to refuse the whole sum demanded, and sometimes even a part. The Agas and Governors sit smoking on their divans all day long, ready to administer justice and settle disputes. There are no lawyers to mystify the case, and each party pleads his own cause. The first step for bringing a suit into court is to lodge a formal complaint before the Aga, who sends his officers to apprehend the defendant, and bring the parties before him to hear their dispute. A violent altercation and dis-

cussion then takes place, which is terminated very frequently by the Aga's being unable to distinguish which party is in the right, when he gives them both the bastinado, and sends them about their business. The parties are their own witnesses, aud are allowed to swear to the truth of their statements upon the Koran. If a man owes a debt, the creditor complains to the Aga, who sends for the man, puts him into prison, and inflicts occasional bastinadoes until the money is collected and brought to him; he then perhaps pays one-third to the plaintiff, reserving the rest for his trouble, or detains the whole, to be set against the plaintiff's probable deficits in the next year's taxes, or in the last year's contributions.

The Aga is always remarkably civil to me; almost every evening I encounter him on horse-back, attended by three or four of his officers on foot, running by the side of his horse, when he invariably makes a polite bow.

July 23d.—This evening at dusk, hearing music in the court-yard of the Aga's house, I ventured in. He immediately descried me, and ordered one of his servants to bring me a cushion to sit down on. There was a large assemblage of company, most of whom appeared, like myself, to have dropped in uninvited to witness some of the

dancing of this country, which was being exhibited for the amusement and relaxation of his Excellency after the hours of business.

The Aga was seated on a divan smoking his pipe, regarding with satisfaction the evolutions of the dancers, who elicited occasional loud bursts of merriment from the delighted spectators. The dancers were Greeks, two men, the one in his proper character, the other dressed up as a Turkish female. The man held in one hand a lighted candle, and accompanied the music with singing in a strong nasal twang, while the sham woman beat time with castanets, and moved in a circle round the man with those peculiar gestures not to be conceived by those who have not been in the east. The scene, I recollect, ended by the man and the pretended woman being seen sprawling together on the floor with the light puffed out, amid peals of laughter from the spectators. I took the opportunity to make my escape, fearful lest the Aga should have asked my opinion of his delightful way of spending his time.

Voluptuous dancers are the chief amusement of the Turkish women; they are generally females of the lowest class, and most depraved morals; but the richer of the Turkish ladies generally have

their own slaves professionally educated in these passion inspiring movements; and I do hear that this peculiar style of dancing, exhibited in the recesses of the harem by a group of fine Georgian and Circassian slaves, is very attractive.

The music is monotonous, but pleasing rather than otherwise; the airs mostly admired are Persian; they have no notes, but employ letters to indicate the different sounds and the time. The general instrument appears to be a sort of guitar, played with a quill or piece of wood.

July 24th.—We are at present favoured with a large encampment of Turcomans in the plain to the west of the village, wandering tribes, who carry their tents and provisions on mules and horses; they encamp sometimes for months together on the same spot; the mules and horses tied together by long strings are left to browse the dry grass and shrubs, attended by hundreds of dogs. On approaching the encampment, the incessant barking of dogs, the braying of jackasses, and the crowing of cocks were distracting. The whole encampment was surrounded by an inclosure, which we walked round, earnestly watched by some wild figures in tattered shirts, with a piece of linen wound round their heads and matchlocks in their

hands. Their huts are arched, and formed of bent twigs, covered with tarpaulin or leaves, and earth and dry grass.

The presence of these wild people is a source of alarm and anxiety to all the neighbouring villages, from their thievish propensities. They made the round of the houses of Boujah with a pretended view of telling fortunes, but with the real design of making off with the moveables of the inhabitants, in which they succeeded to a great extent.

These Turcomans are a portion of the great Tartar tribe, and spring from the same stem as the Turks. Pastoral, like the Bedouin Arabs, they traverse immense tracts to procure subsistence for their numerous herds of camels, buffaloes, goats, and sheep. They breed horses and sell them, together with milk, butter, and meat to the different towns and villages, and take in return, arms, clothes and money. Their women spin wool and make carpets. Each camp is under a chief, whose power is regulated by custom and circumstance, and the abuse of it is restrained by public opinion. In the summer, they come northward, where they find pasturage in greater abundance, and pay so much a tent to the different governors for pasturing their cattle over the uninclosed, uncultivated districts. These tribes, which, like

the Bedouins, have led the same mode of life from time immemorial, are supposed to be alluded to in the 14th verse of the 27th chapter of Ezekiel. "They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses and horsemen and mules."

CHAPTER XIII.

RUINS OF EPHESUS.—A PIC NIC.—THE GROTTO OF HOMER. —TURKISH HAREM. — CARNIVAL COSTUMES. — ASCENT OF MOUNT TAKHTALI. — FATIMA. — VISIT TO SEDEKUY.—THE GARDENS OF SMYRNA.—EXCURSION TO NYMPHEU.—CARAVANS OF FIGS.

"Magnificentiæ vera admiratio exstat Templum Ephesiæ Dianæ," PLINY, LIB. XXXVI. 14.

JULY 26th.—The ruins of Ephesus are two short days' journey from Smyrna.

Beyond the pretty village of Sedekuy, two hours distant from Boujah, the country is everywhere solitary and unpicturesque; the ground is covered with burnt up grass and thorny bushes, mostly dead at this season of the year.

One hour from Sedekuy is the village of Gumbarbashee, lying in the plain, consisting of a few wooden houses, surrounded by a few green trees, above which may be seen a tapering minaret;

beyond this, the country is undulating and covered with dwarf shrubs. About two hours and a half from Sedekuy is the ruined village of Danizzi; it was burnt and destroyed by a party of Samiotes during the Greek war. Beyond extends a wide, solitary, uncultivated plain. Several burial grounds may be observed, near one of which, on an eminence, are the supposed ruins of the antient Metropolis, consisting of shattered walls, in which some pillars, architraves, and fragments of marble have been built. Shortly before arriving at Ephesus, the road skirts along some abrupt precipices at the base of mount Gallesus. The soil of the plain appears rich; it is covered with a rank, burnt up vegetation, and is everywhere deserted and solitary:—

"Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus, write . . . . . .

"Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works, or else I will come upon thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place unless thou repent."—Rev.

The plain of Ephesus is now a dreary, uncultivated spot, bordered by picturesque mountains; a few corn-fields are scattered along the site of the antient city, which is marked by some large

masses of shapeless ruins and stone walls. Towards the sea, supposed to be the antient port, extends a pestilential marsh; and to sleep on the spot, at this season of the year, is attended with certain fever. Along the slope of the mountain, and over the plain, are scattered fragments of masonry and detached ruins, but nothing can at this period be fixed upon as the great Temple of Diana. There are some broken columns, and capitals of the Corinthian order, of white marble; the diameter of the columns being four feet six inches, and the length of the shaft, which is of one entire piece of stone, thirty-nine feet two inches. There are also ruins of a theatre, consisting of some circular seats, and numerous arches, supposed to be the one in which St. Paul was preaching when they interrupted him with shouts of "Great is the Diana of the Ephesians." Her temple is said to have been adorned with 120 columns, the shaft of each being sixty feet high, to have been the first specimen of the Ionic, and to have taken 220 years in building. It exercised the talents and genius of all the first painters and sculptors of the day, among whom were Praxiteles and his son Cephidorus, and Apelles. It was burnt down by Eratostratus, an Ephesian, to eternize (according to Plutarch, in vit. Alex.) his name;

and this occurrence taking place the very night that Alexander was born, it was said that the goddess, being absent at the labours of Olympias, was unable to prevent the catastrophe!

It is melancholy to think of the numerous cities that once overspread this continent, now waste and desolate, the habitation only of wolves and jackalls. Marble is now no longer quarried from mount Prion. The antient port of Ephesus is a swampy marsh, and the renowned city reduced to one or two mud huts*.

Travelling at this season of the year is far from agreeable, and I was delighted to become once more an inmate of our clean and comfortable villa at Boujah. The fruit is now delicious, and we get a large plate of the finest figs every morning at breakfast.

August 1st.—Yesterday evening, the officers of his Majesty's ships of war in the port gave a grand pic nic at the romantic spot called the "Great Paradise," where the river Meles is bestrided by a gigantic ruined acqueduct covered with dwarf shrubs and creeping plants; a little bit of green sward close by the river side, the only patch of

* Chandler gives a copious description of the ruins of Ephesus.

green to be found in the country at this season, was carefully mown; two large tents were pitched; sundry handsome little English sailor-boys presided over hampers of porter and wine, and the surrounding rocks were covered with cloths, dishes, and cold viands.

Crowds of young ladies from Boujah, Smyrna, and Bournabat successively arrived on donkeys, mules, on horse-back and on foot. Gay young Smyrniotes were to be seen scouring the fields on horses boasted to be of Arab origin, and among them the portly English consul, curvetting on a fine mare, accompanied by two gay individuals in turbans and oriental dresses, just arrived from England, styled Persian Princes, and who, after having been fêted and feasted there, were now flattered, fêted and feasted in Smyrna, notwithstanding many shrewd suspicions that were industriously circulated about them, and grave assertions made, that one was the Shah's barber and the other his baker.

There was a great sprinkling of beauty among the ladies, most of whom wore the graceful little cap and tassel, of which some were red, some purple, and some had numerous gold threads intertwined with the blue silk. There were several very pretty Greek girls, but all in the European

style of dress, none venturing to appear in the short embroidered jacket, or Greek costume, which would have been considered decidedly vulgar. Before dancing commenced, numerous walking parties were formed to visit the romantic environs. Gentlemen, to shew their courage, walked boldly across the ruined aqueduct at an elevation of seventy feet, amid the screams and shudders of the ladies. Others went to visit the Grotto of Homer, near an old romantic water-mill, overshadowed by a large plane tree, and surrounded by streams of water gushing swiftly from the rocks. This is the cave pointed out by the antient Smyrniotes as the spot in which Homer composed his verses, mentioned by Pausanias*, a fact not at all probable, as it is a mere hollow in the rock, and the poet might have found a much more agreeable retirement further on.

Of all the seven cities who claimed to be the birthplace of Homer,

" Septem urbes certant de stirpe insignis Homeri;
Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,"

Smyrna seems to have the best pretensions; and so convinced were its antient inhabitants of the

* Ach. 5.

strength of their claims, that they struck a brass coin called the Homerium.

Returning from this grotto, I ran across a vineyard to a small country villa, the only house in the neighbourhood, and having seen some ladies of the party entering a small doorway, I opened the portal and walked into a garden, where I was very shortly encountered by a black slave with a flat nose, as ugly as Satan, having a long white stick in his hand. He began to scream and make violent demonstrations with loud shouts of "Harem"; and the ladies who had just entered rushing out, begged me immediately to go away as their sex only was privileged to enter the sacred spot.

Passing to the exterior of the mansion, I observed two young Turkish females, who had partly opened the lattice above to get a peep at the festive throng congregating on the banks of the Meles. They manifested no alarm whatever at their faces being seen, but burst into a loud laugh. There is something very fascinating, elegant, and attractive in the oriental style of dress. Both these girls had amazingly long hair, which fell all down their backs. They had both of them purple embroidered jackets, and the bosom was most lavishly displayed. I involuntarily halted for a moment; both instantly vanished, and the lattice

was shut fast. I was walking on when an old Turk suddenly made his appearance round a distant angle of the building, and seeing me, immediately quickened his pace to a faster rate of walking than he had probably indulged in for a long period, at the same time catching up a stone in his hand. I walked away with as much composure and dignity as I could muster, sadly afraid I should have been saluted with the stone, when it is impossible to say what might have been the consequence. The old fellow however followed me only until I had departed some distance from his house, shouting out abusive epithets with a Stentorian voice, one of which I understood from a Smyrniote who was within hearing, was, "May God change thee into a dog or a pig!"

The sun having set, dancing commenced on the green sward, and was kept up indefatigably by moonlight until the following morning. The Smyrna girls are most determined dancers, and during the Carnival they tell me they have often danced for twelve consecutive hours,—from eight in the evening until eight the next morning.

A stranger desiring to see eastern costumes should come to Smyrna during the Carnival, as the Levantine girls then dress themselves in every species and variety of oriental dress, and show off

at the balls given twice a week at the Casino. A more brilliant and interesting sight can, I am told, scarcely be imagined;—the display of beauty must be of no ordinary description,—and as the Smyrna merchants are very wealthy, and their daughters very fond of dress, the costumes are no doubt worth seeing.

Their constant intercourse with Turkish females gives them an opportunity of studying every variety and peculiarity of oriental dress.

Aug. 3d.—A large riding party left the village this evening to ascend the lofty mountain of Takhtali, the antient Mastusia mentioned by Pliny. It is about six hours to the east of Smyrna, and a prominent feature in the landscape. Many of the gentlemen were armed to the teeth with guns and pistols, and others had swords girt round their loins as if they expected to encounter a host of armed robbers, whereas a timid hare or a few wild cats were the only living objects they were at all likely to meet with on the road.

The country to the base of Takhtali is everywhere solitary and lonely. On all sides towards the interior, waving ridges of mountains, wide rocky districts covered with dwarf shrubs, and here and there open spots clothed with dry grass and burnt up weeds meet the eye. There is no

cultivation, there is no habitation, nor trace of man for miles; but in the repose and solitude of these wild tracts there is certainly a soothing charm which we taste not amid the cultivated fields and the dwellings of men. Freed from the busy world and the every day cares of life, we feel escaped from trifling excitement and wearisome occupations, to the perception of a new sense of enjoyment in the silence and retirement of the untrodden solitude.

As we ascended and descended successive eminences, I observed a dusky, lonely country spread below, by the faint light of the rising moon; the night was fast waning, and many of the bright stars we had seen in the zenith when we left the village were now fast approaching the western horizon.

The ascent of Takhtali is at first gradual. The country is broken into ravines; but there are none of the trees and forests which generally add so much to the beauty of mountain scenery. After resting some time at the base of the steepest part of the mountain, we commenced the ascent on foot over loose stones and rocks; there was not a blade of grass or a single shrub to be seen. From the summit, which is elevated about 5000 feet above the Gulph of Smyrna, a grand and magnificent

prospect is presented to the eye, embracing the distant Mediterranean, the winding gulf bordered by blue mountains, the rich plain at the end of it, and wide undulating solitary districts inclosed by vast ranges of mountains, which stretch away to the north-east and south until they lose themselves in the distant blue haze. To the north and west Takhtali rises almost perpendicularly for near 2000 feet, and the shelving rocks afford a sublime prospect into the chasms and gulleys below. The principal range of mountains that strikes the eye from this lofty eminence is the bold range of Mount Tmolus—

> . . . . . "riget arduus alto
> Tmolus in ascensu" . . .
>
> OVID, MET. II. V. 150.

often spoken of by antient poets and historians, and at one time famous for the wine it produced.

> "Hinc, nota Baccho Tmolus attollit juga."
>
> SENECA, PHŒN. 604.

A light white mist curled along the northern side of the mountain, and partially obscured the valley below; but to the southward the extensive prospect, and the wavy blue mountain ridges appeared clear and distinct in the bright morning's sun.

We had a tragical descent. The heat became

intense, and the glare from the rocks most dazzling; the loose stones rolled from under us,—the young ladies lost their shoes—their tender feet were rudely cut with the sharp rocks; some slid, some rolled, and all were constantly tumbling; veils were lost, dresses torn, parasols broken; and at last, fatigued and fainting, they gained the shelter of some rocks, under which the donkeys, horses, and mules were ready arranged for mounting. Here matters were somewhat repaired, and the whole party returned to Boujah without any of the gentlemen having had an opportunity of displaying their courage by the shooting of a brigand, or their murderous propensities by the slaughter of a hare.

Aug. 4th.—A fine old English lady, the widow of the late excellent British consul at Smyrna, describes enthusiastically the beauty of many Turkish ladies whom she has been in the habit of visiting; among them is a young lady of the name of Fatima, the principal wife of the late Governor of Smyrna, to whom she was in the habit of paying frequent visits. From her description, it appears that these ladies are generally very fair, with black eyes, black hair, and beautiful teeth. Fatima was brought to Smyrna by the Governor when she was about eighteen years of

age, and appears to have been a most stylish person. She never appeared more than once in the same dress. She was sometimes habited in light blue, at other times in rose coloured satin trousers; she wore different coloured silken vests, and long trailing garments of figured satin; her long black hair, interwoven with gold threads, hung down behind her back and trailed on the divan upon which she sat. From the description of her bearing and manners, she appears to have been the very beau ideal of every thing courteous, elegant, and graceful.

Aug. 5th.—This morning I accompanied a large party on donkeys and horses to spend the day at the pretty village of Sedekuy, at the base of Mount Corax. The house of a worthy Greek had been hired for our reception, and some French gentlemen had forwarded a large store of the sparkling wine for which France is so deservedly celebrated.

The donkeys in this part of the world are most spirited little animals, and almost every young lady possesses her favourite jackass, who is adorned with a gay saddle, and decorated with beads, shells, and blue fringe. Great emulation exists between the donkeys, and likewise between the fair creatures who ride them, so that no sooner

are the girls mounted, than a race begins, which is not unfrequently terminated by one of the parties being rolled into the dust. No sooner does the width of the path contract, than all the donkeys rush together into the narrow passage, one attempting to head the other, and the screaming, jostling, and squeezing are quite frightful.

The morning was lovely, but the sun was intensely hot, and numerous were the catastrophes that occurred ere we reached the village. On arriving, the ladies retired to a separate apartment; in a short time they appeared in new attire, and radiant in beauty; their straw riding hats had been exchanged for the little velvet or cloth cap stuck on one side of the head, and the blue tassel, intermixed with their long ringlets, fell gracefully upon their shoulders.

Under a burning sun, and almost melted with heat, we threaded our way through the narrow streets to visit the principal Frank families of the place.

The first house we arrived at was the country villa of the late British consul of Smyrna. Grapes of enormous size hung over the doorway, and the interior of the mansion was commodious and elegant; the lady of the house conducted us under some mulberry trees in a beautiful and luxu-

riant garden; the trees were loaded with fruit, and some eager individual venturing to shake the boughs, the red ripe mulberries fell upon the white dresses, kid gloves, Cashmere shawls, and velvet caps, imprinting the most dreadful crimson stains, and causing great vexation of spirit. These Levantine ladies, however, soon recover their good humour, and after strolling through the garden we visited a luxurious bath, and a splendid conservatory filled with fruit.

Another old mansion that we visited belonged to a Dutch family; it possessed some fine rooms ornamented with carved wood, and a much admired avenue of trees. On our arrival we were offered coffee in small cups, not bigger than an egg cup; a tray was then handed round filled with conserves, and a glass containing a heap of spoons; each person took a spoonful of conserve, and then drank a glass of cold water, of which there was a quantity well iced in goblets. The young ladies congregated together on a divan at the upper end of the room, which was raised about two feet above the rest of the floor, while the gentlemen walked about, talking and snapping their riding whips.

Fragments of marbles, and several Greek inscriptions, have been found in this place. The

neighbouring mountains present lovely walks and most beautiful scenery.

We returned after dark amid the howlings of the jackals from the neighbouring hills, and the gleaming fires of the charcoal-burners, which sparkled brilliantly on the mountain's side. The crickets chirped among the dry grass below, and numerous flying insects concealed among the thickets kept up a continued screeching. The nights in this climate are most lovely, and the refreshing coolness is very grateful after the heat of day.

August 7th.—The fine fresh westerly breeze from the Gulph of Smyrna to-day ceased, and the thermometer in a few hours rose to 104 in the shade outside the house. The weather was hazy, and a hot sciroc wind from the southward blew in puffs and gusts, which were followed by a complete lull. To keep the houses cool, the windows are all thrown open at night, so as to admit of a thorough draught of cool air through the house; soon after sunrise, this cool air is shut in by the doors and windows being close fastened, and on the side of the house where the sun shines, the shutters are fast closed. When a sciroc wind, however, blows, it is impossible to keep the heat out. At this season the whole country is burnt

up excepting the gardens, which are delicious from the contrast they present to the rest of the country. The environs of Smyrna are still green and beautiful, and the gardens more delightful than ever from the coolness produced by the luxuriant verdure, and the plants and vegetables that are still nourished by plentiful irrigation. The river Meles, which flows through them, is distributed into small streams by numerous water-wheels with buckets attached to them, which raise the water into reservoirs, or bring it up from wells sunk in damp situations, and the creak of these, turned by oxen, is heard evening and morning. It is interesting to watch the labourer with a hoe, now making a channel to a bed of lettuces or radishes, where the vivifying element is immediately absorbed by the parched ground, or conducting it to flood, for a short period, a district flourishing in green fodder for cattle. A fine stream of fresh water is in these climates invaluable, and its presence always marked by a rich green and luxuriant vegetation.

The ground is divided into squares by furrows, and along these the water runs. A cart is a phenomenon here, but I have seen one or two, where the nature of the ground will admit of their being used, consisting of a large rude wicker basket

placed upon two wheels of solid wood, and drawn by oxen.

The corn has been cut some time, it is trodden out in the fields by oxen and piled in heaps, and men watch all night long beside them to prevent the corn being stolen.

August 14th.—A sudden and very great change in the weather has taken place; the thermometer has fallen to 60°, and the last few nights have been cold. Clouds are now beginning to appear, and we may shortly expect rain.

August 17th.—We rode to Nympheu. From the top of the mountain above Boujah, we had a superb view of the rich plain, about 2000 feet below us, of the Gulph of Smyrna, and of a grand range of majestic mountains. We descended between hedges of myrtle and evergreen shrubs to the lovely village of Coucloujah, enjoying at every turn the most lovely scenery and sudden bursts of the gulph through the silvery branches of the olive trees. The plain below appears fertile, but at a distance from the village the land is but little cultivated. Riding through a country thinly scattered with vineyards and olives, we reached quite a forest of the pomegranate, the walnut and fig, extending for a considerable distance and irrigated by streams of water. We passed, but at some

distance, the villages of Bournarbashi and Hadjilar, and at the top of the valley crossed the mountains between two conical peaks, and stopped at a café under the shade of some large walnut trees surrounded by lovely scenery. In a room hung round with guns and sabres, were some Turks seated on mats, and at a little shop close by were sold coffee, dates, cheese, bread, &c. A little further on, the vast magnificent plain in which Nympheu stands suddenly burst upon our sight. Descending through vineyards, we reached its level surface, which extended in front to the verge of the horizon, and was hemmed in on either side by a lofty range of mountains. Here and there groves of tall cypresses rising in the distance, above, olive trees, marked the site of a Turkish village; but it is melancholy to see so fine a soil and so magnificent a country thus neglected and uncultivated.

We passed on the road-side a tombstone close to a gigantic plane-tree, the spot where a Turk had been killed:—it is the universal custom to erect such a stone upon the spot where a Turk has been slain. The mountains on either hand are said to abound in silver ore, medicinal plants, the juniper and the lentisk, &c., &c.

We passed some ruined bridges thrown over the dry beds of torrents, and through lanes bor-

dered with luxuriant hedges of evergreen shrubs, among which were myrtles.

We saw some miserable tent-like dwellings, constructed of tarpaulins, sticks, and bushes, called by our guide a ruined village, and continuing through the same beautiful lanes we arrived at the cherry, apple, mulberry, and pomegranate groves of Nympheu, the resort and the delight of all the country when the cherries are in blossom or when they are ripe. The whole district is watered by fine streams that flow from the mountain, and the forest of trees is delightful.

The village of Nympheu is composed of miserable houses of sun-burnt brick. We saw several Turkish women, the younger of whom were without veils, at the doors of their houses; their arms were covered with bracelets and amulets, and their hair was braided and ornamented with beads.

A gorge behind Nympheu presents the most romantic scenery. Lofty precipitous rocks, scattered over with evergreen shrubs, rear their craggy summits to the skies. Majestic mountains rise before and behind, and a noisy stream rolls along its rocky channel, shaded by the plane, the walnut, the wild fig, and numerous evergreens. Under some fine plane trees, at the base of a lofty

rock, were three fine springs rising directly out of the earth with great force, producing an immense volume of water, which rolled into the plain below, refreshing the delicious fruit groves. On a lofty crag hung a ruined archway, and distant glimpses of the plain were seen through the rocks as we mounted the defile. For miles the scenery is constantly varying, and becomes more bold and Alpine.

Returning to Nympheu, we ascended to the castle, a large straggling fortress, from whence there is a magnificent view, and some remnants of Greek masonry, probably the work of Michael Palæologus, who built a castle on this eminence. It was at Nympheu (the antient Nymphæum) that the Byzantine emperors, according to the historians of the period, enjoyed the fine season apart from the cares of public life and the tumult of war. For a long time it was their favourite place of resort. The town of Nymphæum was destroyed by an earthquake in the time of Andronicus Palæologus *.

On our return to Boujah we saw some caravans encamped for the night; the camels kneeled in a circle, and the Turks squatted round a fire smoking

* Anna Comnena, p. 421. M. Duc, p. 45.

their pipes. These encampments are very romantic, and along the great thoroughfares fires may be seen gleaming every night.

Long strings of camels are now pressing into Smyrna with the figs, which are very late this season. These are sewed up in packages, which are slung on either side of a camel.

The moonlight nights are splendid. Large walking parties set out from the village every evening, and perambulate the vineyards, eating grapes, until one o'clock in the morning. The jackals come down from the mountains, and frequently commit sad havock among the grapes, but the prowling dogs, who own no master, are the worst depredators. They have the greatest fondness for ripe grapes, and are shot without mercy by the Frank merchants when found in the vineyards.

Aug. 18th.—This morning wine-making commenced, and I was requested to come and see the process; a large cistern lined within with a hard polished cement was filled with grapes, and to my great disgust our dirty Greek servant with nothing on but his shirt stood up to his knees in the grapes, most manfully stamping, crushing, and squeezing the juice out with his feet, while the perspiration streamed down his naked person. The sight sick-

ened me, and I made a vow never to drink any more wine. The proprietor of the vineyard, however, remarked that it was only the second rate and inferior wine that was made in this disgusting manner. "Our finest wine," said he, "is produced from the pure juice of the grape, which escapes from the hole at the bottom of the cistern from the mere pressure of the fruit without any squeezing." Very little of this description of wine, however, is made. I never saw such a figure as the Greek presented in the wine vat, his naked legs were dyed perfectly red, and also his hands and his face, which were plentifully bespattered with the red juice. The black grapes make the red wine, and the colouring is given to the liquid by the juice of the black husk; the more the husks are pounded and squeezed, the darker the wine becomes, and more rough and disagreeable to the taste; the common wine is almost black from the squeezing of the husks, and is a most nauseous liquor. The juice ran out of a small orifice at the bottom of the vat, and was there collected into pails and put into barrels. After the husks of the grapes have been squeezed nearly into a paste, there is still another liquid obtained from them by distillation—a powerful pungent spirit, called rakee.

Aug. 19th.—We have a crowd of Greek girls and Greek women hard at work picking grapes and eating them into the bargain. They almost entirely live on them just at this time, and it is their privilege to eat as many as they choose.

They adopt here a curious method to improve the quality and flavour of the figs. There is a species of bastard fig, tasteless and good for nothing, which grows along the hedges, and which breeds a small maggot, or some species of insect; these bastard figs are stuck on to the trees which produce the eating fig and the maggots or insects bred in them inoculate all the other figs, and wonderfully improve their flavour and lusciousness. All the fig trees in our vineyard are treated in this fashion, and the proprietor tells me he has made experiments with and without the service of the bastard fig, and always found his fruit much inferior when he neglected to make use of it.

The figs that are exported are all grown from two to three days' journey in the interior; they are quite a different description of fruit from the fig grown in the immediate environs of Smyrna, and are not considered fit to eat fresh from the tree. They have all a remarkably tough outer skin, which admits of the fig being squeezed down into the drums without bursting; this is the cause of its

preservation, for if the outer skin bursts, the fig is good for nothing when unpacked in Europe. All the figs that are eaten fresh from the tree have a soft tender skin, which immediately cracks and bursts open when the fruit ripens. They are all the small white fig; the large blue or purple fig of the species grown in England is not eaten, and is here universally despised and neglected as a very inferior fruit. There are several wild trees of the purple fig, but very few are cultivated and nurtured in the gardens.

Aug. 20th.—Riding into Smyrna this morning, I was indulged with a view of the packing of the figs, which was going on in all the merchants' yards along the water-side. The captain of the first ship who clears with a cargo for England gets a reward, I am told, of 20*l.*, the second 15*l.*, and the third 10*l.* There are now a great many beautiful vessels in port from Liverpool, made in the yacht style, with raking masts, waiting for cargoes; every morning one or two may be seen getting under sail and making head most beautifully against the strong inbat which blows almost directly in their teeth, while the other vessels, excepting the American, lie quietly at anchor awaiting a change in the weather, not being able to work their ships in so seamanlike a style; those in

England who are fond of figs would never put this fruit between their lips if they saw the process of fig-packing in Smyrna, and the crowds of dirty people squeezing them into the drums with their filthy hands, and moistening their gummy fingers with a disgusting liquid contained in earthen jars.

Aug. 21st.—Every night as soon as it becomes dark, numerous fires are seen burning on the mountain sides, presenting a most beautiful and singular appearance. They arise from the dwarf shrubs and grass, which are set fire to by the peasants and burned down, in order that the young tender shoots which sprout up the following spring may afford food for the goats, who browse and thrive on them astonishingly. I witnessed, the other night, a tremendous fire in a deep gorge or ravine; it had fastened hold of a thick wood of dwarf evergreen shrubs, which were choked with dry grass and weeds, and as the wind drew down the gully between the rocks, it burnt with terrific fury, and with a noise and crackling that were heard half a mile distant. I have seen the hill sides burnt bare and blackened to an immense distance with these fires.

There are several pretty secluded spots among the distant hills, and a valley, watered by a clear

murmuring stream, whose banks are overshadowed by a beautiful blossoming shrub, called the "Laurier rose" by the Franks. I frequently in the evening take long walks among these undulating hills, a circumstance which has greatly puzzled some Turkish charcoal burners in the neighbourhood, who, after many conjectures upon the subject, have at last, I understand, set me down as a madman, not being able to conceive that an individual should walk about the country, toiling over the hills and descending into the valleys, without having any apparent object in view or any urgent motive to excite him to the exertion. I was obliged to give up a favourite walk past a water-mill, in a very secluded situation, where a group of cottages were huddled together, in consequence of the curiosity that seemed to be excited among the few occupants of the humble dwellings by my presence and my supposed unfortunate excited state of mind!

The sunsets are at the present time most beautiful, and the softness of the air quite delicious. All the shrubs, the trees, and the grass are filled with an insect which makes a continued unceasing noise, something like the chirping of the cricket, but more shrill and much louder. The noise from these insects is sometimes quite extraordinary,

very monotonous,' but not altogether unpleasing. They appear to be a species of very large fly, but it is most difficult to catch them, as the instant you approach the spot where they are heard they cease their noise.

Aug. 22nd.—For some days past immense flights of storks have been wheeling through the air in a southerly direction, sometimes extending in lines all across the horizon. I never saw such a number of large birds; they are, say the Turks, making the pilgrimage to Mecca, which, according to them, they do annually; and for this they are called hajjis or pilgrims.

Aug. 23rd.—Rain has fallen for the first time since June, and the change is delightful. It has been merely a shower, but the earth sends forth a delicious fragrance, and some of the shrubs which appeared quite dead now begin to grow green again. This evening, as we rode through the cemetery, we met a Turkish funeral. The body is carried to the grave with the head foremost, and the turban is placed at the top of the coffin. Dervishes walk before in procession, and the friends and relations keep up a sort of chaunt.

Aug. 24th.—The view at sunset from the eminence about two miles north of Boujah is most beautiful. You walk up a gradual ascent over

abrupt undulating ground, everywhere naked and unpicturesque. The ascent is so gradual that you are unaware of the altitude you have attained until you find yourself suddenly standing upon the brow of a mountain, and looking down from a great elevation upon the magnificent plain of the Hermus, lying extended under the feet like a map, and bounded by the bold, lofty, waving chain of Mount Sipylus, the ground shelves away from the ridge on which you stand in steep descents and slopes covered with olive trees and vineyards. To the westward is seen the ruined desolate castle of Smyrna, crowning the summit of Mount Pagus, and beyond, the deep blue waters of the gulph. There is a balminess in the air, a stillness and calm tranquillity at this hour of sunset, which produce a most pleasing effect upon the mind; and the varied colours of the landscape, with the soft mellow light spread over every object, give a singular charm to the surrounding scenery. The waters of the gulph are burnished with gold as the sun dips into them, the blue of the mountains is shaded off with the faintest purple, while their summits are illuminated by the last rays of the sun. The valley, intersected with hedges of myrtle and numerous trees, is gradually assuming the sable colourless garb of evening, and the tink-

ling of the goat-bell on the mountains or the bark of the shepherd's dog, are the only sounds that disturb the surrounding solitude.

Although there are no carriage-roads in this part of the world, yet there is an English landau in the village, in which the ladies drive with a pair of horses regularly every evening over the turf, and over the level open part of the plain; they are confined to one beat, a circuit of about three miles, and can never vary their drive. To get the carriage into Smyrna, the wheels must be taken off, and it must be slung on mules; there, however, it is perfectly useless.

August 25th.—On my return this evening after dark from a walk, I was surprised by the apparition of a bright light elevated a few feet from the ground in a knoll of fir-trees, which I immediately lost on changing my position. After some difficulty I succeeded in finding the spot where it was located, and pulling down a tile and the branches of some trees, I found a species of oven with a lamp burning inside; beside the lamp was a bunch of flowers, and at the end of this little recess was stuck a picture. Quite at a loss to conceive the meaning of this little establishment, but perceiving that a great deal of care had been displayed in its construction, I replaced the

tile, and on returning home, I found from inquiry that it was a spot held very sacred by the Greeks, from a tradition that St. John had preached there! On which account they constantly kept a lamp burning, and have constructed this little mud house to shelter their light from the weather.

August 27th.—We made an excursion to the ruins of Clazomenæ, about six hours' ride from Smyrna, at the bottom of the Gulph of Vourla. We passed to the southward of the Castle Hill, and skirted along the beautiful shores of the gulph. The western shore presents a luxuriant and a beautifully green appearance. Between the mountains and the water extends a rich plain well planted with trees, through the waving branches of which may be seen the blue waters of the gulph. This plain is in many places covered with green sward, which is in spring beautifully enamelled with flowers. The young Smyrniotes make frequent shooting excursions to these delightful shores in boats, and at certain seasons of the year guns may be heard popping in every direction. About five miles from Smyrna are the hot springs, supposed to be the site of the antient hot baths called the Agamemnonian, from a story that the Grecian army, ravaging Mysia, was engaged by Telephus near the river Caicus, and

that Agamemnon, being wounded in the battle, was directed for a cure to these waters, and out of gratitude suspended the helmets taken from the enemy on the spot; whence the waters became much celebrated, and ever after retained his name. The view of the Gulph of Vourla, on passing the spit of land beyond the Turkish castles, is very beautiful; the mountainous shores curve round in a circle, and over the opposite peninsula of the main land may be seen the summits of the blue mountains of the island of Samos. The bridle track continues close alongside the gulph, through a picturesque country covered with dwarf shrubs, and a few villages are seen bordering the hills.

Vourla is distinguished at a distance by a number of windmills crowning the heights; the sloping sides of the hills are in many places decked with vineyards and cornfields. The vines are all cut down close to the ground in the autumn after the grapes are gathered, and the bine serves the inhabitants for fuel; the young shoots that come up in the spring grow to a great size, and produce fine crops of grapes. The bine is generally trained to a short stick, but is sometimes left to itself. Vourla is a large village, governed by an Aga; the houses are mostly con-

structed of wood and sun-burnt brick; there are several mosques and a Greek church. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful, and when the British fleet of five line of battle ships with frigates, and the Medea steamer, are lying in the bay, the prospect is very grand; the fleet is at present cruising off Mitylin and the Dardanelles, under the command of Admiral Sir Josias Rowley. The Aga of Vourla, when the fleet is lying at this spot, makes a fine harvest; he obliges all the individuals who serve the ships with fresh provisions to pay him a tax upon every article that is sold. The captain of the Tribune, finding the commodities charged at an exorbitant price, remonstrated with the Aga, and some high words passed at the house of a Greek, where they happened to meet. The poor Greek followed the captain down to the waterside bemoaning his fate, and begging he would do something to shield him from the bastinado, with which he said he should assuredly be punished, because the dispute had by chance arisen in his house.

The ruins of Clazomenæ are on an island about a quarter of a mile from the shore, now deserted and uninhabited. It is the general resort of the sailors and officers of the ships of war on the station for their amusement and recreation; they

have made some gardens on the island and have grown some good crops of potatoes. The ruins of the mole constructed by Alexander to connect the island with the main land, may still be seen rising above the water. The captain of the Tribune has lately excavated various mosaic pavements on this spot; he has found some coins, and has uncovered the foundations of structures which appear to have been private houses. There is a cluster of small barren islets close to Clazomenæ, one of which is called Long Island, from a story of some Englishmen having been murdered on it by pirates. Near to the sea are some traces of the walls of the antient Clazomenæ, and a slight hollow in a hill with some substructions of masonry, appears to be the remains of an antient theatre. The island is very small, and one may walk from one end of it to the other in a quarter of an hour; it is about three miles in circuit.

Not far from Vourla are the two lofty conical peaks of Mount Corax called the Brothers, the ascent to the summit of which is a very delightful and favourite excursion from Smyrna. The scenery is very beautiful, and the view from the top very grand. To the westward is seen the expanse of the Ægean sea studded with islands, the bold

waving outlines of Samos, the blue shores of Scio, and the long mountainous coast of Asia Minor. To the north and south, ranges of mountains rise one above the other. Below winds the beautiful gulph, and at the end of it is seen the old castle of Smyrna and the rich valley of the Hermus. The shape of this mountain much resembles Vesuvius; it is the most beautiful and prominent object from every part of the gulph; its base is clothed with dwarf shrubs, and towards the summit it becomes very precipitous, ending in bare conical rocks and steep craggy precipices.

From Vourla to the ruins of Erythræ is about a day's journey across the peninsula which forms the southern side of the Gulph of Smyrna; the ruins of walls and of a theatre still exist, and there are some fragments of columns and subterranean vaults; it is situated in a wild deserted country, rocky and uncultivated.

Aug. 29th.—I rode to the Turkish castle on the spit of land commanding the narrow passage which leads into what is called the inner gulph of Smyrna; it is about three miles distant from the town, and is seated on low marshy ground covered with bushes and reeds. I was shown over all the batteries, which appear rather formidable from their position, and the immense stone shot that

they throw; the cannons are of very large bore, and are, as usual, fixed into the wall without carriages. All vessels going into Smyrna are here overhauled, and their names and nations taken down. Whilst walking in the wood in the neighbourhood of this castle, I encountered two of the governor's wives or women in a narrow pathway; they were taking an airing, preceded by an eunuch armed with a long white stick, which he brandished in a most threatening manner, ordering me to get out of the way; when, however, he approached nearer, he dropped his insolence. The two ladies pushed through the narrow path close by me; they were both partly unveiled, and smiled and laughed as they came by. One was young and pretty, but very pale. The ride from this castle to Smyrna, along the shores of the Gulph, through the green trees and the rich meadows, is most beautiful; the view of the water and of the surrounding mountains presents a charming prospect.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRESENT AND PAST STATE OF TURKEY.—INSECURITY OF PROPERTY.—LATE CHANGES.—POVERTY.—SCANTY POPULATION.—WEALTH OF THE EUROPEAN MERCHANTS.—NATURE OF THE GOVERNMENT.—TURKISH CHARACTER.—STATE OF THE TURKISH CONQUESTS.—GRADUAL DECLINE.

"La vénalité a introduit un depravation générale : ils ont vendu la faveur suprême au visir, et le visir a vendu l'empire. Ils ont vendu la loi au cadi, et le cadi a vendu la justice. . . . . pour l'or l'ami a trahi son ami; l'enfant son père; le serviteur son maître; la femme son honneur; la marchand sa conscience; et il n'y a plus eu dans l'État ni bonne foi, ni mœurs, ni concorde, ni force."

VOLNEY.

SEPT. 1st.—To the west and south of Boujah extends a fine plain with a rich soil, which, when cultivated, produces fine grapes, corn, and delicious fruit. This fine plain, almost the whole way across its undulating surface, for the distance of

six miles in the direction of the village of Sedekuy, lies uncultivated and neglected, and is covered with a luxuriant vegetation of camels' thorn, rank grass, dwarf shrubs, and bushes. An individual lately arrived from the highly cultivated parts of Europe, naturally enquires the reason of its neglected state. He is told, perhaps, that the people are idle, and that they have few wants to supply; that they are contented with some fried Indian corn, or some few raw roots and salt, as their food, and a garment of cotton to cover their nakedness; and that they are quite as happy as those who sleep on down couches, and revel in luxuries; meaning that the nearer man approaches the brute beast, and lives in a state of benighted ignorance, the happier is his lot.

In the breast of every individual is implanted a desire of advancing himself, of adding to his comforts, and of bettering his conditon, which, if left to take its course unimpeded by the injustice, the cruelty, and the barbarous oppression of his fellow man, will assuredly tend to raise him in the scale of society, and induce him to exert himself to improve the blessings and the bounties of Nature.

What is it that impedes this tendency to advancement everywhere in the East? How is it that these countries have been thrown back from

a state of comparative wealth, prosperity, and happiness, to one of almost utter desertion, desolation, and poverty? It is because all the common motives and inducements to active industry are destroyed by the insecurity of property.

How can agriculture be expected to flourish when the seed, and all the cultivator's advances are liable to be seized? How can industry be expected to prevail in a state when no security is felt for the enjoyment of those blessings which are by industry procurable? Where is the motive to an individual to trust his labour and capital to the ground, with a view of a remote return, and to employ energy and industry in the acquisition of property, in a state where the rulers, who are naturally established to protect property and wealth, are themselves the authors of its dilapidation?

The oppressive despotism of the Turkish government is peculiarly fatal to agriculture, which yields a produce that cannot be concealed, and is therefore the first that attracts the rapacity of local despots. In the rural districts, where all are alike poor, there is no barrier whatever against rapacity and oppression; and since of late years the government has been involved in expensive wars, and its expenditure has been increased to an

extent altogether disproportioned to the resources of the country, the central govenment has been pressing the Pashas for money, the Pashas the Agas, and the Agas have oppressed the productive classes by rigorous exactions. The cotton crop of the poor cultivator of the soil, or his field of flax, the produce of six months' hard labour, have in many instances been seized and sold to the European merchants, and an inadequate remuneration doled back to the husbandman, the farmer, or the peasant.

We occasionally hear individuals praise the Sultan, because he has shewn himself somewhat above the prejudices of his nation, and has ventured to copy Europeans in some trifling and unimportant particulars. The Sultan sends young men to Europe to be educated in the ranks of the artillery, or to learn how to cast cannons; he introduces the European discipline into his armies; he increases the amount of his forces; he dresses himself in the European fashion, and adopts a vast many useless regulations and trifling changes, and he is then praised as a great man, a wonderful Turk, quite a phenomenon.

How much more beneficial would it be to the country, if his highness, instead of occupying himself with trifling absurdities, was to see that the

gains of the poor man are protected against the rapacity of the rich; that the individual who is charged with the administration of justice is not himself a perverter of it; that the amount of his income does not depend upon the quantity of money he can squeeze out of the pockets of those under his government; and lastly, if he would see to the establishment of a fixed scale of taxation, so that every individual might know his liabilities, what he must pay to the state, and what will remain as the reward of his own exertions after the employment of his labour and capital in the acquisition of property.

I was told, when I left Europe, that I should find Turkey in an improving state; that the Sultan was fast doing away with Mahometan prejudices; was teaching the women to go without veils, causing them to learn music; building barracks, establishing printing presses, editing newspapers, employing American ship-builders, and furnishing his navy with brass cannon, &c., &c., &c. Without troubling myself very minutely about these particulars, I chose rather to inquire among the merchants and the residents in this part of the world, whether industrious habits are becoming more generally diffused among the population; whether the government is seeking to inspire

confidence and security by establishing a just administration of the law; whether the burthens of the state have been diminished, and the amount of taxation equalized and rendered fixed; whether within the memory of people residing in the country new houses have to any extent been built; whether fresh land has been brought into cultivation; whether population has aggregately increased; whether a greater amount of capital has been accumulated on the soil by the employment of labour upon it; and whether the population generally appears to be in the enjoyment of greater comforts, to be better clothed, to live in better houses, and whether there is generally a more emulous disposition among them to better their condition by the employment of active industry.

The result of my inquiries, both among Greek Rayahs, or subjects of the Porte, and European merchants settled at Smyrna, is to the effect, that there is no increase of population, but on the other hand, a constant diminution,—that within the last ten years the diminution has been more perceptible, and appears to have been going on at an accelerated pace; that many of the districts, within the recollection of residents in this part of the world, were better and more extensively

cultivated than at present; that the scattered population existing in single houses between village and village, town and town, has of late been materially diminishing, and is now in most parts entirely destroyed, and the intermediate districts, which before were to a certain extent cultivated, now lie waste and produce nothing; that the cultivation is now almost entirely reduced to the neighbourhood of the villages and the large towns, and to the banks of the few rivulets and streams which afford a ready supply of water; that where the land is cultivated, it is generally for an immediate subsistence. The soil produces two or three crops of vegetables in the course of the year, which are of a perishable nature, and are consumed as soon as they come to hand. That with the exception of the figs, and the cotton and flax plantations, which are confined to particular districts, the land is not cultivated, nor is capital employed upon it to produce a return for exportation; that there is scarcely any internal commerce whatever, and that each little village, and each little hamlet, generally provide for their own few and simple wants, without confining themselves to any particular class of production for which the soil would be favourable. That the population lives mostly from hand to mouth,

gathering the fruits of the earth as they come to hand. The women spin a little flax, which is grown in their gardens, and which they weave into the coarse dresses worn by the poorer class of the people; and the men occupy themselves in growing tobacco, a little Indian corn, radishes, and roots, which suffice for a bare subsistence.

If a man were to become very industrious, and were to acquire a little capital, he would find it difficult to procure a market for his produce, from the general stagnation of industry, enterprise, and energy. People would be afraid to buy, for all their expected gains, if they had any prospect of employing their purchase to advantage, would be endangered by the possible cupidity of the village Aga, against whose spoliation, if he takes it into his head to rob, there is no protection and no security; he is himself the administrator of the law, and there is no other tribunal to which to appeal for justice.

In this land of injustice, robbery, and insecurity, there is a phenomenon which attracted my attention very forcibly in the large commercial ports of the empire, and particularly at Smyrna, the largest and most important of all.

In the course of your perambulations amid the wooden houses and the poverty stricken popula-

tion in the neighbourhood, you will come to the village of Bournabat, where you will see two magnificent country villas, surrounded by fine gardens, conservatories, and plantations of trees. You will be ushered into a handsome mansion, elegantly furnished; you will see a grand piano, mahogany tables, chairs, candelabra, splendid dessert services, china, damask curtains, &c., &c., which have been all sent out from England at an immense expense; you will see rakes, spades, pick-axes, rollers, ploughs, carts, dogs, cats, birds, and beasts in the grounds and shrubberies, all likewise sent out from England; you are shewn another dwelling, almost equal in splendour and convenience. Well, you are tempted to exclaim, these must be rich Pashas, gorged with plunder but very enlightened men, and possessing singularly refined tastes. No: you are told they are two brothers, Englishmen, who came out to the country poor and without capital, and have acquired all their property, all their comforts, and all their luxuries in this land of general poverty, and are now two of the richest merchants of the place, employing, as individuals, a very large amount of productive industry in the interior of the country, and annually finding a market for a great variety of commodities, which they buy

from the poor native cultivators. This is passing strange, you are perhaps tempted to exclaim. Your surprise vanishes on a little reflection. These individuals are not under the Turkish Government, they are governed by their own laws; they are under the protection of their own consul, and their property is secured to them by the national force of the British empire. They were animated to successful exertion by the hope of acquiring and enjoying property; they had nothing to fear from rapacious governors; they felt no danger of exciting the cupidity of individuals who had the power to despoil them of their acquired wealth; they felt morally certain of enjoying what property they might accumulate, and therefore bent all their energies, and exerted all their industry and talent for its acquisition, and were successful. The result of their individual labours, too, has been of the greatest benefit to the country in which they have been exercised, by finding a market in England for the raw produce of its soil, thereby stimulating the native cultivator to till the ground, to prune the fig, to plant the cotton, to graft the vine, and dry the raisins, by the hope of a speedy market. We are shewn other houses, neat, handsome, and commodious, and furnished with pianos, and with accomplished ladies who play them, and

possessing fine flower gardens,—and these are all the country villas of Smyrna merchants, who are protected in the possession of their property by their respective governments.

We look at other houses, built with wood and encumbered with filth,—a festering ditch runs between them, a bit of ragged tarpaulin is stuck over the windows to keep the sun out; there are no glass casements; there is no furniture in the house except a mat and a jar of water; the windows are shut with a rotten sliding pannel, or a warped cracked lattice, and the whole establishment might be bought with the price of the grand piano in the neighbouring mansion. This, we are told, is the residence of a Turk or a Greek, who is a subject of the Ottoman Porte, and has no security, no consular protection, against the rapacity of local governors.

From the village of Bournabat you cross over to the village of Boujah, and on the way you are pointed out a portly old English gentleman, who you are informed is worth at the very least £150,000 sterling, acquired by himself, his father, and grandfather, by successful exertion in this country under the security and protection of the British Government.

On arriving at the village of Boujah, you are

introduced into several handsome houses, which, although inferior to the principal mansions of Bournabat, yet are handsome and commodious, and quite palaces when compared with the habitations of native subjects. You meet in the evening, at some one or other of them, a réunion of the different families, and are entertained with a concert of instrumental and vocal music which would do honour to the saloons of London and Paris. You hear some of the finest of the Italian operas played off with great spirit and execution, on pianos, harps, and violins; you have German songs sung in an admirable manner, and you look around you at the elegant assortment of ladies, and are tempted to ask yourself with astonishment, Is it possible that I am in the Turkish dominions?

These are all the families of European merchants born in Smyrna, many of whom have just returned from Europe, after having been sent there for their education. They are all, by treaty, under the protection of their respective governments, and form a little colony not amenable to Turkish tribunals and petty Agas; nor are their respective properties subject to the *equitable* decisions of local governors, they can only be reached through the consuls, and can only be deprived of

their property with their sanction and consent. They all feel as secure in the enjoyment of private rights as if they were in their own countries, and know that if they are robbed and despoiled by unjust governors and popular tumults, that their respective governments will compel restitution. These then are the great thriving class. While the population around them languishes in sloth and idleness, these are alone active. While the people around are poor and destitute, these alone are wealthy. While scarcely one out of 500 of the Turkish subjects raises himself from a mean condition to a state of affluence, among this class it is of frequent occurrence. While those around do not build houses and improve the neighbourhood, these on the other hand are frequently erecting handsome buildings and importing the luxuries and elegancies of distant lands to minister to their comfort and pleasures. The animating motive then to the toil and exertion of all these people, is the security they feel of possessing and enjoying whatever they may acquire by hard labour and successful industry. However large their gains, they have a guarantee for the enjoyment of them, which a Turkish subject cannot feel under his government, where there is no fixed scale of taxation, and where those very in-

dividuals who are appointed to administer the law, and ought to grant protection and security to person and property, become the violators of both—being mostly avaricious plunderers, against whose rapacity there is no barrier in law, justice, or public opinion.

The despotic governments of Europe, so styled, are indeed widely different from the despotisms of the East. They are, to a certain extent, controlled by public opinion, by some sense of rectitude and justice, and of the existence of certain influential classes; but here the actions of the monarch are regarded as prescribed by inevitable fate, and the subjects of the government suffer with resignation, believing that they have neither right nor reason to complain. There are no restraints of law, custom, or opinion; no prescriptive rights to form a barrier against the exercise of unjust authority; no community of sentiment against acts of despotism the most harsh and oppressive; nothing which can in any way impede the tremendous and unlimited power wielded by the monarch and those filling the subordinate stations of government under him.

The despotic authority of the Sultan descends to every one of his subordinate officers, who reign absolute within their jurisdiction, unimpeded by

local customs, written laws, or settled opinions; the interpretation and administration of equity and justice are made to suit their interest and convenience; and if the petty governor swears white is black, there is no man sufficiently bold to contradict him. Every office of the state is sold, and in the public registers the value of every important post is recorded. The whole system of the government seems to be built on rapine, pillage and extortion. The Pasha pays the central government for the administration of his province, in which at the most he has a life interest. If he is avaricious, he extortsmoney to h oard in his coffers; if he is fond of his pleasures, he seeks it to minister to his enjoyments; if he has a large harem filled with women who have expensive tastes and are fond of jewels, he presses for money to satisfy their vanity; and there is no barrier whatever against his extortions. The government of his different villages is again sold or farmed out by him, as also are the different imposts and taxes. The same system is pursued by these different lessees; their only object in view is to obtain the greatest amount of money that can possibly be extracted during their respective occupations. Thus rapine and robbery descend step by step through every department; the collector of customs robs the

merchant and depresses commerce, the Aga pillages the cultivator of the soil, and destroys the habits of industry of the rural population. These last will not grow valuable produce, as they lose their gains through exaction and robbery, and their labour, toil, and anxiety are thus thrown away; the cultivation consequently is at last reduced to the production of those perishable commodities which afford the bare means of subsistence, and offer no temptation to the cupidity of persons in power. Sometimes, however, the very grain about to be sown in the ground is seized, and when the inhabitants, driven to desperation from absolute hunger and want, at last rebel, and utter their complaints so loudly that they reach the throne of Constantinople, the opportunity is gladly seized to depose or bowstring the greedy Pasha, and to do justice to the people by pocketing the accumulated wealth of the greedy governor! Thus they pretend to do justice to the despoiled subject, by acting a most ridiculous and unprincipled farce. A man who has been robbed calls on a third party to assist him in obtaining redress; the individual appealed to knocks down the robber, pockets the money himself, and wishes good morning to the party deprived of his property. This is Turkish justice and Turkish re-

dress. As for law, there is none in the country; it is pretended that a code of laws exists founded on the precepts of the Koran, the examples and opinions of Mahomet, and the precepts of the first four Caliphs, digested together in a large volume called the Multeka, which is expounded and explained by the learned doctors of the Ulema,—an absurd bundle of obscure maxims and precepts, which form no rule of justice or standard of equity to regulate the dealings between man and man. They form no guarantee for the protection of private rights, of personal security, or of private property, to which the oppressed subject can appeal, or which can form any barrier to the cupidity and avarice of a local governor. Under this vicious system of government every thing declines—industry, literature, arts, and science; and the present Turks remain in the same state of benighted ignorance as their ancestors were in, when they first passed the banks of the Oxus. The petty governors of the villages, up to the Pasha of three horse-tails, are frequently taken from the dregs of society, and the mass of the people being perfectly uneducated, ignorance pervades every office and every department of the government. God has indeed "thrown dust into the eyes of the rulers of Turkey," or they would have seen the inevitable

tendency of their vicious and unprincipled mode of government; but these people never look beyond the passing day, and what the country may come to after they are gone, is to them of very little consequence.

The regeneration of Turkey appears perfectly hopeless; the whole structure of society is vicious to a degree, and the religious fanaticism of the people presents an almost insuperable barrier to improvement.

The description of authority to which they have been so long subject has completely relaxed the nerves and deadened the energies of the nation. A long system of bad government has now done its work; the whole population has become demoralized, rottenness has crept through every fibre and sinew of their vast empire, and with the best government and the best measures it would be a difficult and a tedious task to stir up the population to habits of industry—to excite their dormant energies, and make them feel those common impulses to exertion which stimulate the mass in every prosperous community. The only hope of amendment would be with the rising generation. The government must take the initiative, and inculcate habits of industry by finding means of employment for the younger classes, and they must

hold out inducements and rewards to stimulate them to exertion. The absurd and pernicious doctrines of the Koran seem to present a barrier to the advancement of all those who tenaciously adhere to them, and apparently have a tendency to retain all nations professing Mahometanism in a state of ignorance and barbarism. The doctrine that the lot and circumstances of all mankind are marked out from their birth upwards, by the inevitable decree of fate, is most destructive to individual and national advancement; the prohibiting all communication with infidels, and the inculcating disdain and aversion to all those who are strangers to the Mussulman faith, present an insuperable obstacle to the correction of national prejudices by a familiar intercourse with neighbouring nations.

All those nations who have professed the religion of Mahomet, and whose government and administration of justice, and whose code of law and morality have been formed upon the precepts and maxims of the Koran, have not prospered, but their power has everywhere declined; their resources have diminished, their population has decreased, and while the European nations have been everywhere emerging from a state of bar-

barism, and have everywhere increased in wealth, population, and resources, in literature, science and arms, these alone have gone backward, and exist at present in a state of prostrate weakness and helpless decrepitude. We may be directed to fitful gleams of prosperity,—our attention may be drawn to the momentary glitter and splendour of the Moorish kingdom in Spain, of the Caliphs of Damascus and Bagdad, of the Mamlook kings of Egypt, and of the Turkish empire in the time of Sultans Soliman the Magnificent, Amurath, and Mahomet the Second; but it will be recollected, that at that period the Mussulmen came into rich provinces, and they seized the property of private individuals. Their motto was "Death—tribute—or the Koran." They spent and squandered away the capital they found in the different countries when they took possession of them; they made a momentary and brilliant display, and in the very height of their greatest apparent prosperity they were consuming the funds of cultivation, destroying more produce than they replaced, and were paving the way for a sure and rapid decline and fall. They were all consumers, they lived upon the industry of those whom they conquered; war was their profession, and none turned their atten-

tion to the cultivation of the land and to the means of replacing in after years the expenditure they were then indulging in.

If we compare the present state of Mussulman conquests over the whole globe with the wealth and population they possessed centuries ago, when they first fell into their hands, we must acknowledge that a most fearful and rapid decline has taken place. Persia under Mussulman government, founded on the principles and doctrines of the Koran, has never been what she was under the "Worshippers of Fire." Egypt has never possessed the enormous population, the wealth that it contained, under the idolatrous Greeks and Romans, and latterly under the sway of the Greek empire of Constantinople, nor have any of the vast and fertile provinces of Asia and Europe, which were wrested from the grasp of the emperors of Constantinople, ever aggregately increased in wealth, population, and resources under Turkish sway, but, on the contrary, have shewn a rapid and constant state of decline.

The kingdom of Roum, as Asia Minor is called by the Moslem writers, on its conquest by Sultan Soliman, is described as extending from the Euxine to the confines of Syria, pregnant with mines of silver and iron; alum and copper — fruitful in

corn and wine, and productive of cattle and excellent horses*.

"In the present day," remarks Gibbon, "Anatolia still contains *some* wealthy and populous cities; but, under the Byzantine empire, they were far more flourishing in numbers, size, and opulence." In the decline of that empire, too, only two centuries before the fall of Constantinople, "the emperors might assert with dignity and truth, that, of all the monarchs of Christendom, they possessed the greatest city, the most ample revenue, the most flourishing and populous state." In the time of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, forty cities are enumerated in Peloponnesus, one of the themes of the empire, among which we find Sparta, Argos, and Corinth. A sum of five pieces of gold was annually assessed on the different proprietors of land; and, on the proclamation of an Italian war, the Peloponnesians excused themselves by a voluntary oblation of one hundred pounds of gold, (£400,000 sterling,) and a thousand horses, with their arms and trappings."†

The manufacture of linen and woollen flourished

* Haiton's Tartar History — Abulpheda Geo. Climat, xvii. 301—305.

† Constantine de Administrando Imperio, lib. ii. chap. 50, 52.

in Greece, and the manufacture of silk had been long introduced, and was in a flourishing state under the Greek Christian emperors. These arts, which were exercised at Corinth, Thebes, and Argos, afforded food and occupation to a numerous population. Danielis, a matron of Peloponnesus, presented to the Emperor Basil a carpet of fine wool, fabricated in the Grecian looms, of a pattern which imitated the spots of a peacock's tail, of a magnitude to overspread the floor of a new church erected in the triple name of Christ, of Michael the Archangel, and of the prophet Elijah. She presented also six hundred pieces of silk, and linen of various denominations, painted with the Tyrian dye and adorned by the labours of the needle; and the linen was so exquisitely fine, that an entire piece might be rolled in the hollow of a cane *.

The career of the Moslems and the Turks has been, like the poison wind of the desert, traceable by the ruin and desolation that have marked their progress. No flourishing towns spring up under Turkish rule, but many, considerable when first under their sway, now exist but in name. Population increases not within their borders, and

* Constantine in vit. Basil.

waste lands are not brought into cultivation, but, on the contrary, districts once cultivated now lie deserted, and fine plains, where there was once an agricultural population, now no longer contain an inhabitant.

They are, in fact, a band of robbers, who have settled like a swarm of locusts on a vast continent, wasting and destroying it. They mixed not, neither did they intermarry, with the original inhabitants, but all, under the guidance of a great robber chief, pillaged and robbed others, and then set to work pillaging and robbing themselves, until at last, year after year, the fine estate, upon which they have been committing their depredations has been gradually impoverished, and must at last come to ruin.

The Turks came sword in hand into a peaceable, a luxurious, and, compared with its present state, a very wealthy country; they conquered it by the sword, and they held it by the sword. The power of the chiefs was perfectly despotic, and they could rob, plunder, and levy confiscations at pleasure. They were, however, a people of plain and simple habits, and their wants were at first limited,—when they had obtained enough to gratify their immediate occasions, and satisfy the tastes and pleasures of the moment, they were

content. The rising population, which had been educated in habits of industry, still endeavoured to struggle against the withering influence of the government, whose terribly destructive tendencies had not yet had sufficient time to develope themselves and to destroy all hope and expectation from the future. There was capital to satiate the rapacity of the conquerors, and there still remained enough to stimulate industry, to encourage the cultivation of the ground, and to keep alive hope. But as time rolled on, war and conquest being the ruling passions of the conquerors, the expenditure of the government became disproportionate to the resources of the country,—more capital was consumed in each year than the annual production would replace; and the despotic tendencies of the government, by destroying the main incitement to industry—security of property, year after year increased the evil, and that gradual state of decline in wealth and population began which has been constantly and gradually going on throughout the whole Turkish conquests.

Industry being the foundation of all property and the source of all wealth, whatever tends to check or undermine its progress in any state, paves the way for a sure and constant decline. All that man values, every thing which in civilized

life tends to his happiness and enjoyment, is created by industry. However lavish nature may be of her bounties, however fertile the soil, yet they are of no advantage to man until those blessings have been made available for his happiness and enjoyment by the expenditure of labour and industry upon them. The capital of the country increases in proportion to the industry and economy of the population, and industry requires capital for its full development and employment. When, therefore, from a scarcity or from extravagance, the community consumes more than the annual surplus produce, it trenches upon the capital which is employed in producing an annual return, and the national wealth is diminished; and if the evil continues to progress, a rapid decline in wealth and population quickly takes place, and will go on until the balance is again restored between production and consumption. As every individual who consumes his capital in place of revenue is advancing to ruin, so is a nation composed of such consumers advancing to ruin likewise; and a nation may be placed in this situation either by the prodigality of a despotic government, or the prodigality of private individuals—either from habits of idleness creeping among the mass, which induces

them to consume what capital they have rather than exert themselves to acquire more, or by a despotic unprincipled government seizing on the produce of the nation, consuming the funds of cultivation, and destroying all the incitements to industry by the insecurity it creates.

When a government, like the Turkish government, can dip its hands at will into the pockets of the people, it expends for its subjects, and the expenditure of the whole nation is in such circumstances regulated by the expenditure of the government. If the government, therefore, by establishing expensive armies and creating a host of official situations, causes the class of consumers to preponderate over the productive class, it is trenching upon the funds destined for reproduction, and is doing just what the solitary cultivator would be doing if he ate the seed which ought to be sown in the ground to produce an annual valuable return.

The expensive wars and the military preparations of these Eastern despots have been the fatal cause of this general decline. The Mussulman governments have been essentially military; the Koran enjoins them to make war on all infidels, until they adopt the Mahometan religion or become tributary. The progress of the Turks since

they passed the Oxus and the Jaxartes has been one scene of war, bloodshed, and military rapine. They derived the sinews of war from the people they conquered; they existed among them as a military garrison, and the cultivation of the soil was left entirely in the hands of the effeminate population they subdued. Every dictate of sound policy would have prompted the Turks to have protected this class, to have encouraged their industry, to have introduced a fixed scale of taxation among them, and to have animated their exertions to accumulate capital, by teaching them to feel secure of their property. They would have seen, had they possessed any foresight whatever, that the more the capital of the country was increased the greater would have been the eventual annual revenue, and more numerous the legitimate sources of taxation. And as they did not themselves apply to the cultivation of the soil, common sense should have prompted them to protect and multiply the industrious classes, upon whom they must necessarily have leant for the means of subsistence.

Although the Turks individually may possess honesty, honour, a love of truth and of fair dealing, —sterling qualities ever to be admired,—yet they will ever be cursed for their bloody deeds as a

nation, and for the terrible calamities they have brought upon some of the fairest countries of the globe. Their course has always been marked by ruin and devastation; prosperity has never followed in their footsteps; protection and security have never rested under the wings of their government; and the countries they have subdued have never aggregately increased in wealth and resources under their guidance.

Notwithstanding the bad administration of the criminal laws in this country, the cold-blooded deliberate murders of Europe appear unknown. Manslaughter is often committed in sudden passion during an excited and revengeful state of mind, but those deliberate assassinations which are schemed and contrived days and weeks before they are put into execution—horrible examples of reckless depravity—are unknown in this land. Among the Rayahs or Greek subjects of the Porte, who are much less courageous than the Turks, murders more frequently take place. Some time back, two Greeks murdered a woman and concealed her in a well on the old castle hill. One of the men fearing lest the other would bear witness against him, stabbed him and threw the body into a ditch. He was happily apprehended and executed.

The infrequency of murder possibly arises from there being no public executions, which are generally considered calculated to harden the hearts and blunt the feelings of the spectators without at all checking the tendency to commit the crime. In this country, execution takes place as soon as sentence is pronounced, and is carried into effect by the servants of the Pasha, who either force the criminal on his knees and take off his head with a short sword, or strangle him with a stick and a piece of catgut. If it is a Turk, the body is exposed with the decapitated head under the arm; but if a Rayah or Christian subject, the head is ignominiously placed between the legs; but executions are very rare, except during some state of political excitement.

Sept. 2nd.—I was present this evening at a very gay ball given by a wealthy Greek, who is a subject of King Otho, and therefore under consular protection. There are different sets and coteries in the society here as well as at London and Paris, and the families of some of the principal merchants would on no account honour the mansion of the worthy Greek, who was designated as an upstart, with their presence.

All the young ladies, many of whom were very pretty, were dressed in the European fashion; but

many of those more advanced in years were in full Greek costume, looking very prim and stiff in their laced velvet jackets and wide gauze turbans. A band of musicians from Smyrna played remarkably well, and dancing was kept up with spirit until daylight: there was an abundance of ice and fruit, and the entertainment was altogether very stylish. It must be observed, that all these people are under consular protection, which they claim either by descent or marriage; and some, it is said, manage to purchase it. In fact, the whole Frank quarter of Smyrna is under the jurisdiction of the European consuls, and the superior social and intellectual condition of its inhabitants, as contrasted with the rest of the town, affords a fine comment upon the two different systems of government.

Sept. 3rd.—In the course of a long ramble this evening, I encountered in a secluded field surrounded with trees and hedges, a large party of Greeks, who had assembled together for dancing and amusement; there were among them some very pretty girls lying at full length on the grass with flowers stuck in their hair; some more elderly matrons, in the Greek jacket and turban, were seated on a bank eating grapes, and some of

the young men were amusing themselves with jumping, and singing on the grass below. The Greeks seem to be very fond of fêtes, and out-of-door amusements; they love on festive occasions to congregate together in gardens, and eat their frugal meal under the shade of the trees or by the side of the flowing stream.

The modern Greek language is the prevailing language among the Franks of Smyrna; it is the general language of most of the young ladies of Boujah, and is very beautiful, particularly soft, and very musical. Most of the Levantine girls, however, speak Italian and French with perfect fluency, which is a great advantage to those travellers who come here ignorant of the Greek language. Many girls of English extraction, called English, and under the protection of the British consul, cannot speak two sentences of the language; the general language of most of those calling themselves English, is the modern Greek.

Sept. 8th.—A beautiful little English steamer has lately arrived here, intended to ply between Constantinople and Smyrna; and after some delay and many conferences, we have mustered a large party of Syrian and Egyptian travellers, and have made a tempting offer to the captain

to take us down to Syria and Egypt. His vessel is now advertised in the Smyrna Gazette, for "a grand and novel excursion."

Sept. 10th.—Our party is now mustered, and appears composed of travellers from all parts of the world; some are from Persia, some from Egypt, some from America, and two have just arrived from Liverpool.

There are some Englishmen going as far as Jaffa, in order that they may ride across the country while the steamer is lying off the coast and get one peep at Jerusalem, contenting themselves with a few hours' glance of one of the most interesting countries under the sun; and they will then go home and talk with enthusiasm of their extensive travels, and of the various countries which they have seen, with about as much advantage as if they had witnessed them in the exhibition of a panorama.

Sept. 13th.—I rode into Smyrna at sunrise, to prepare for our departure, which is to take place at mid-day. It was a lovely morning, and I looked with regret for the last time upon the bewitching prospect that is presented to the eye on descending the steep eminence to the valley of St. Anne. I often regret that we have no fine

range of mountains in England; without them no scenery can be truly beautiful.

The landlocked Gulph of Smyrna presents from every point of view the appearance of a magnificent lake, and the beautiful mountains by which it is environed, the green foliage that extends along its shores, and the deep indigo blue of its waters in these cloudless skies, always afford a most fascinating prospect.

All fear of the plague is now over in Smyrna, and the pretty Greek and Levantine girls are seen lounging at the doors of the houses as usual. All these girls have an odd fashion of chewing mastick, a gum which is imported from the island of Scio. I at first thought it was India rubber, from the noise that it made when pressed between their teeth; it is said to give an odoriferous smell to the breath. The Smyrna Frank and Greek girls are very pretty and very pleasing.

The Rayahs or Greek subjects of the Porte, are very superstitious, and some of them very bigoted. Their patriarch is elected by the Greek bishops, whose choice is confirmed by the Sultan; the priests are allowed to marry, but bigamy is forbidden, and it is considered a disgraceful thing among the Greek laity to follow the example of

the Turks by indulging in more than one wife. They admit no images in their churches, but pictures ad libitum, before which lamps are hung. Their priests wear three-cornered caps, black cloaks, and very long beards, and are generally dirty ill-favoured men, and very ignorant. The liturgy of St. Chrysostom is used in their churches. The other day I witnessed a Greek funeral, which was very revolting, as the corpse was borne along on a bier, exposed to the gaze of the passers by.

CHAPTER XV.

DEPARTURE.—BAY OF TCHESMEH.—SAMOS.—SCIO.—DELOS.—SYRA.—NAXOS.—COS.—RHODES.—STREET OF THE KNIGHTS.—CATHEDRAL.—FORTIFICATIONS.—PILGRIMS.—EXCURSION IN THE ISLAND.—SCENERY.—DEPARTURE.—CYPRUS.—LARNECA.—PAPHOS.—STATE OF CYPRUS.—LATE TROUBLES.

"Non ego te, Dîs et mensis accepta secundis,
Transierim, Rhodia, et tumidis, Bumaste racemis."

GEORGICS.

SEPT. 13th.—We got underweigh at mid-day, bound for the island of Rhodes. We passed a fine English brig of war lying at anchor, and in a few hours we arrived at the entrance of the straits of Scio.

The broad expanse of water, and the distant mountains were brilliantly illuminated by the golden flush that spread along the western horizon.

We were within a stone's throw of the Asiatic shore, darting rapidly along a line of dark perpendicular cliffs fringed with the white foam of the breakers. Aloft in the indentation of a barren parched mountain, stood a white Turkish village, surrounded by wild rocks and precipices, and further on, we passed the little Bay of Tchesmeh, celebrated for the destruction of the Turkish fleet during the night of the 7th and 8th of July 1770, by the Russians, who sent in two fire-ships commanded by English officers, and burnt the whole, amounting to twenty-four vessels, so that one only of sixty guns escaped the conflagration. Ship after ship exploded in the air, and the shotted guns, as the fire reached them, discharged their contents and beat down the houses. We could distinguish the green trees of the rich pianura of Scio backed by the bold blue mountains of Armista.

From Scio is brought the mastick which the Levantine ladies are in the habit of chewing, it is obtained from the lentisk, a small shrub, the rind of which is pierced in the month of August, from whence a gum distils, and at the expiration of about a month after this puncture has been made, the gum is gathered, refined, and exported to all parts of the Levant. I never think of the

desolate deserted aspect of this lovely island, which is now so saddening to the view, without calling to mind the accounts of its flourishing condition given by our early travellers. Sandys, when he visited the island in 1610, speaks of the merry Greek who would never let a holiday pass without some public meeting for rejoicing, "where intermixed with women they dance out the day, and with full crownd cups enlengthen their iollitie . . . . . the streets do almost all night long partake of their music. . . . The women celebrated of old for their beauties, yet carrie that same, I will not say, undeservedly. They have their heads tricked out with tassels and flowers. The bodies of their gowns exceed not their arme pits; from whence the skirts flow loosely fringed below; the upper shorter than the neather of damasks or stuffes less costly, according to their condition."

The lofty blue land of Samos was seen in front, the island celebrated in antient mythology as the birthplace of Juno, who is reported to have been born under a willow tree close to the river Imbrasius, and famous in authentic history as the birthplace of Pythagoras. The island is not more than a quarter of a mile distant from the continent of Asia, and is now almost entirely deserted and desolate.

Sept. 14th.—At sunrise we were off the sharp rocks of the island of Delos, which according to the antients once floated upon the bosom of the waters and was at last firmly fixed by Jupiter. The oracles of this island were once very celebrated, but their reputation is said to have declined about the time of the birth of our Saviour. Sandys makes a happy conjecture on a story of Plutarch's concerning the decline of oracles about that period. "Plutarche reports from the mouth of one Epitherses, who had been his school-maister, that he imbarking from Italy, and one euening being becalmed, they sodainly heard a voice from the shore calling to one Thamus, a pilot, who till the third call would not answer. *Then, (quoth the voyce,) when thou art come to the Palodes proclaim it aloud that the great Pan is dead.* All in the ship were amazed when they heard this. When drawing neare to the aforesaid place, Thamus standing on the poupe of the ship did vtter what was formerly commanded; forthwith there was heard a great lamentation, accompanied with grones and skreeches. This coming to the knowledge of Tiberius Cæsar — hee sent for Thamus who auouched the truth thereof. Which declared the death of Christ the great shepherd and subjector

of Satan, who had now no longer power to abuse the illuminated world with his impostures."

In a short time we cast anchor at Syra, where we were surrounded by crowds of people, who were astonished and amused at the sight of a steamer, and were apparently quite confounded when they saw us letting off the steam. The British consul and several of the inhabitants put off in boats to speak with us; not the slightest communication was allowed with the shore as we were all in quarantine. After leaving letters, &c., we took our departure for the island of Naxos. The weather was lovely, we had a large awning stretched over the deck, which shaded us from the sun, from under which we could agreeably survey the calm still expanse of water and the blue rocky shores of the different islands.

At four o'clock in the evening we ran close alongside the beautiful shores of the island of Naxos, the largest of the Cyclades; the coast is very bold and lofty, and irregular precipitous rocks in many places hem in the shore. Naxia, the capital of the island, is beautifully situated on an eminence by the sea-side on the western coast; the old Venetian walls so bravely defended against the Turks still exist, and the scenery from the

eminences in the vicinity of the place is most lovely. The site of the old town is to the north of the castle; there are the ruins of an aqueduct and some substructions of masonry. The celebrated fountain of Ariadne is still pointed out near the sea-side; it is merely a scanty rill of water.

On a rock within a stone's throw of the main land, near this fountain of Ariadne, are the ruins of the temple of Bacchus, consisting of a part of the foundations of a building, and of the architrave of a gateway of white marble. A bridge is said to have united this small rocky island to the main land, across which was carried an aqueduct conveying water used by the priests in the sacred offices of the temple. Some fine statues are said to have been found here. One of our friends, who spent some time in the early part of the summer on the island, describes the Greek girls as possessing considerable beauty, they are fond of putting artificial flowers in their hair, and some of them tend the flocks and goats upon the mountains, but they are very shy and very wild.

There is a very high mountain called Dia or Zia in the interior, in which is a beautiful grotto of white marble, regarded as a very sacred spot by the inhabitants, from some traditionary legends concerning it; the hills are generally covered with arbu-

tuses, lentisks, and dwarf shrubs; there are some figs grown upon the island, and there are some vineyards, but the inhabitants seem generally very poor. The shepherds are a wild race of men, clothed in sheep skins, and the principal wealth of the inhabitants seems to consist in their flocks.

At sunset the surrounding scenery was most lovely, the water was perfectly still and motionless, the numerous rocky islands around us were tinged with a soft purple, and the sea all along the western horizon, as the sun sank into the bed of waters, was flushed with a bright golden hue.

Sept. 15th, six, A.M.—Magnificent sunrise! We are surrounded by islands with bold mountainous shores; and through the rocky headlands we can see the main land. We passed the Gulph of Cos, and saw in the distance the lofty blue mountains of Rhodes. It was perfectly calm, and the steamer cleft her way beautifully through the still waters; while here and there an unfortunate sailing vessel was lying motionless with her sails flapping against the mast. We brought a large store of water melons and pomegranates, the cool juices of which were delicious during the heat, which we found sensibly to increase as we got farther south.

We ran close along the shores of Rhodes, past a beautiful valley sprinkled with houses surrounded by groves, and over a narrow spit of land stretching out into the sea; we shortly saw the windmills and towers of the town.

Three, P.M.—We cast anchor in the great harbour, which is surrounded by fortifications and lofty walls. On our right was a fine large square tower, and in the walls a richly ornamented Gothic gateway; behind the walls rose a few tall palm trees and slender minarets, which, with the heavy architecture of the middle ages around, presented a very striking scene. In about half an hour we were allowed to land, and accompanied by a Jew, the dragoman of the English consul; we passed along the quay and entered a covered bazaar, on each side of which were bakers' shops and coffee-houses, in one of which I found an old acquaintance, the sailor of a Hydriote vessel in which some time before I had taken a passage for Rhodes, but changed my mind and deserted her, luckily enough, for the captain having a vast many dollars on board had abstracted the dollars and sunk the ship, pretending that she was lost, cargo and all; he was, however, discovered, and the sailor told me, was then lying in prison under sentence of death. He was a fine, handsome

young fellow, and I was very sorry to hear of his sad fate.

Passing through an old gateway, we entered a delicious area shaded by large plane trees and refreshed by a fountain. At the end rose a heavy building of the mixed architecture of the middle ages, and passing on, we entered the principal street, existing just as it was in the time of the knights, well paved with very small stones, and bordered by low gloomy stone houses, over the doors of which, let into the walls, were the coats of arms of the knights on white marble shields, containing among them the arms of many of the principal families of Europe. Not a soul was in the street besides ourselves, which had a most gloomy appearance, there being very few windows looking into it, and these were surrounded by Turkish lattices. At the top is the antient cathedral, now turned into a mosque. It presents little architectural beauty, and the interior consists simply of a vaulted hall, supported by white-washed columns. Beyond, we came upon the strong and lofty battlements erected by the knights. Below was a deep fosse, and we passed through numerous gates guarded by Turkish soldiers to the suburb outside the town. From hence the deep blue of the sea, the bold mountainous coast of

Asia Minor, the town, the minarets, the fantastic windmills, and a few scattered palm trees, with their long fantastic leaves, presented a lovely and perfect oriental landscape. We went down to the small port, and were pointed out the spot where the celebrated Colossus is supposed to have stood. Here large blocks of stone fallen from their places are seen lying in the waves below.

Along the shore were encamped a crowd of pilgrims just returned from Mecca, all dressed alike, in the most miserable and unsightly garments; some were lying on mats around fires, and others were cooking beans for supper; they were going to Tunis.

We were hospitably entertained by the British consul, whose friends flocked in to see us; his wife is a handsome Greek, who speaks Italian fluently, and there were some girls who spoke French. Most of the Levantines speak three languages, Greek, French, and Italian! Sweetmeats were handed round, followed by trays covered with glasses of cold water. The consul's Greek wife did the honours with great grace; in fact, all the Greek ladies are pleasing and ladylike in their manners.

Returning to the vessel at night, we lost our way, and after rowing about in all directions amid

rocks and fortifications, we were obliged to put back for a waterman to assist us in finding the steamer, in which we were at last successful.

Sept. 16th.—We left the vessel at sunrise, and passing through the quays and the bazaar we halted under a large wide-spreading plane tree for some horses and mules, which were soon brought us to mount. Riding through the town, we followed a wild romantic path along the sea-shore, overhung by huge threatening rocks, and strewed with large fragments of stone which had tumbled from above. Across the waters of a beautiful bay rose a line of majestic mountains, to the summit of one of which we were about to ascend, where are some ruins, perhaps of the antient Ialysus. The scenery was very rich, and reminded me of Sicily. Enormous hedges of the cactus, or Indian fig, bordered the road, which wound through a rich valley and continued gardens filled with the pomegranate, the orange, the citron, and ripe almonds. We picked figs from the branches of the fig trees that hung over the path, and made prize of delicious grapes from the baskets of fruit borne on the backs of donkeys into the city for sale. Several square flat-roofed stone houses, of the same style of architecture as the houses of the knights of Rhodes, and doubtless of the same date, were

scattered about the plain, and surrounded by gardens.

We ascended a lofty mountain thickly clothed with the dwarf oak, then through groves of plane trees and the Valonea oak. We left the mules at a fountain, and proceeded on foot to the summit. Passing through a ruined gate in some mouldering walls, we entered a long area, on the highest part of which are the ruins of a church, surrounded by two or three Valonea oaks, from whence we enjoyed a magnificent view over the island, the town of Rhodes, and the opposite coast of Asia Minor. The day was lovely, the sky of the deepest blue, and the splendour of the sun dazzling, but the heat was tempered by a refreshing coolness.

The clearness of the atmosphere, the blaze of light spread over the vast landscape below, the distant bold rocky shores seen with a remarkable clearness and distinctness, every indentation in the mountain, to the very trees and shrubs growing upon the rocks, and the softness of the colouring, free from that cold blue vapour which hangs over a landscape when seen from a great elevation in England, altogether presented a scene of grandeur and beauty which, were the natural features of

the landscape the same, could never be equalled in an English climate, or so northern a latitude, where the sun gives far less light.

In our excursion we were accompanied by a large English bull-dog, which belonged to one of our party; as we passed a pretty cottage the ferocious beast made a rush at a very fat pet ram which belonged to the inmates, decorated with blue riband, beads, and shells, and seized it by the leg; the ram was very strong, it broke loose from the rope with which it was tied, and a fierce struggle commenced between the parties; the inmates of the cottage aghast with horror, screamed and shouted, and a very nice looking girl wept most bitterly. We jumped off our horses, and the dog after some difficulty was seized, but still kept a most determined hold upon the leg of the poor ram, which we were afraid was broken; the dog was held by three of us, and it was only when the tip of his tail had been almost bitten off, that the savage brute relaxed his hold. The astonishment of the poor Rhodians was great; never had they seen such a monster before, and great was the terror excited by his savage appearance. The poor ram was very lame and wild with terror, but his leg appeared not to have been broken, and

after paying the price of the animal, we made peace with the cottagers, and continued our journey.

This part of the island of Rhodes is certainly most beautiful; the soil appears to be amazingly fertile, and in no part of the Turkish dominions hitherto have I seen so pleasant and luxuriant a district, nor a population scattered about in single detached houses surrounded by green trees, such as is seen here. These tenements are vastly superior to the usual dwellings of the rustic population in the Turkish dominions, being built solidly and of stone; they seem, from their construction, to be the work of the Rhodians ere the island fell into the hands of the Turks.

We halted at one of these stone houses, and dismounting from our horses, entered a pleasant garden, and seating ourselves under the shade of some trees, we were regaled with grapes, figs, and bread by the inmates, and a good looking strong healthy girl brought us a fine pitcher full of cool clear water; the people were Christians, as also are almost the whole rural population of the island.

From our agreeable retreat we gazed on the deep blue of the sea, ruffled by the light cool trembling breeze which played upon the surface

of the water; on the distant bold mountainous coast of Asia; and listened to the surging noise of the swell as it broke at intervals upon the rugged rocks along the shore.

When we survey the extreme beauty of a landscape like this, the sparkling waters glittering in the bright cheering sunbeam, and feel the luxury of shade and rest as contrasted with the heat and discomfort of active exertion, we can hardly feel surprised that people of southern climes, independent of the bad government which cramps their energies, should feel less inclined to active industry than the inhabitants of the north. Here a man may be perfectly happy in sitting still by the hour together, and looking at the bright sunny landscape, and listening to the chirping of the numerous insects, while in England, there are but few days out of the year in which an idle person does not feel depressed by the sombre and leaden aspect of the skies, and the chill damp wind, which sends a shivering ague fit through his bones; he feels more in want of excitement and change; he seeks for objects to divert his thoughts, and for occupation to employ his mind.

We continued our journey along this beautiful coast, and in another hour we reached the towers

and fortifications of the city of Rhodes, and saw the tall slender palms waving above them. On entering the gateway we found that the bull dog was missing, and were apprehensive that some other sad disaster had happened. We immediately caused proclamation to be made that a handsome reward would be given to any individual who would produce him, and several active young Rhodians immediately set off into the country in quest of the animal.

We again made the circuit of this interesting town, and were shewn the antient hospital of the Knights, which is now converted into a public granary, and the ruins of the palace of the Grand Masters. We penetrated through narrow streets, winding staircases, through empty courts, and along the bases of lofty walls. In a little chapel of the Christians I saw a large collection of skulls, before which were placed some wax tapers. This town appears very extensive, and is certainly most interesting; it has scarcely been touched; nothing has been done to it by the Turks, and it appears in the same state as when first taken by Soliman from the small but valiant band of knights that defended it. Narrow winding vaulted passages, apparently constructed for defence, lead from one street to the other; the

houses are low, and built of a hard petrified stone with an irregular surface. We descended through passages and down staircases to a large mosque, shaded by trees and refreshed by the falling water from numerous fountains. Around it extended a large open space filled with picturesque groups, two or three horsemen, and some Christian females.

Proceeding for nearly a mile through narrow silent streets, apparently deserted of their inhabitants, and along narrow raised causeways on each side of them, resembling in appearance those in the excavated streets of Pompeii, we came to a stupendous fortification, presenting the loftiest and most magnificent face of stone wall I ever saw, bordered by a ditch, and the ramparts on the top were defended by cannon. This fortress extends along the extreme southern end of the town, and appears far to surpass any other of the works of the knights in the place. We were stopped at a gateway having a figure of the Virgin Mary sculptured in high relief over it, and were allowed to proceed no farther.

In a court-yard by the side of a well overshadowed by a fig tree, we saw part of the shaft of a beautiful column of cipollino, and in other nooks and corners several antique marbles of great

beauty, the tops of them being adorned with festoons of vine branches fastened to goats' heads. Some Turkish women came to the doors of the houses, wondering what we could want poking about their courts, and several very beautiful children were playing in the court-yards. In several of these houses we observed pet rams, with magnificent curving horns. In the midst of our researches we nearly frightened some of the children into fits, who appeared, from their wild terror, never before in their lives to have seen so many strange people in hats.

The antient city of Rhodes, which stood on this spot, was a very famous place, and is said to have been built by Hippodamus of Miletus, the architect whom the Athenians employed in building the Piræus; it was celebrated for its stately buildings, its straight and broad streets, its avenues, groves, and squares, its numerous heathen temples, each containing immense treasures. In the Dionysian, or Temple of Bacchus, was a statue of Pluto of massy gold. According to Pliny, there were in his time three thousand statues in the city of Rhodes; and it is stated by Aristides, that more valuable statues and pictures existed in this city than in all the other cities of Greece. In the time of the Romans, it was famous for its

study of the sciences and its school of literature, and it is by some writers made equal even to Athens herself*.

Although a mere speck upon the waters, this little island has occupied a prominent position in history. According to the fables of the antient poets, it was raised by Jupiter from the sea, and was antiently sacred to the sun†, and its climate was so beautiful, that the sun was never obscured for an hour together‡. Its fleets at one period swept the seas, its harbours were filled with shipping, and its commerce extended to every part of the Mediterranean. The deliciousness of the climate and the fertility of the soil, which produced delicious fruits and wines, gave rise to a fable, embellished by the poets, of the golden showers which were said to have fallen upon it. Its wines were of so exquisite a flavour, that they were used chiefly in sacrifices, and were thought too good for mortals§.

In the time of Homer, the island of Rhodes

* Pliny, ii. 647. 6. Dio Chrysostom.

† "Tuque domus verè Solis, cui tota sacrata es." Manilius, lib. iv.

‡ "Rhodi nunquam tanta nubila obduci, ut non aliquâ horâ sol cernatur." Pliny, lib. ii. chap. 62.

§ Georgics, lib. ii.

had three cities, Lindus, Camyrus, and Ialysus, founded, according to Herodotus, by the daughters of Danaus, who landed on this island after putting to death the sons of Ægyptus, their husbands. In the city of Lindus was a magnificent temple, built, according to Plutarch, in honour of Minerva, among the ruins of which a magnificent statue was found and removed to Constantinople. Upon this little petty spot, according to Strabo, existed three republics, perfectly independent of each other, and governed by their own laws, who at last congregated together in the city of Rhodes.

For many ages the Rhodians were sovereigns of the sea, and their maritime code of laws was the standard by which all naval affairs were adjusted; and so admirably were they framed, that they were afterwards incorporated in the Roman pandects, and observed in all the provinces of the Roman empire.

The government was monarchical, and several kings are said to have reigned in the island previous to the Trojan war. Diagoras the Second, the last of these kings, proved the conqueror in the Olympic, Isthmian, Nemæan, and Argive games. On his death some extraordinary revolution seems to have taken place, and we shortly

find a republican form of government established, during which the Rhodians planted the colony of Rhodes in Spain, and others in different parts of the Mediterranean. They delivered themselves up without opposition to Alexander the Great, but on his death expelled the Macedonian garrison. They subsequently bravely defended themselves against Antigonus and Demetrius. Their defence against the unprincipled attack of the latter was most noble; they burnt his military engines, repulsed three desperate assaults, and in the last furious assault they not only repelled the enemy, but broke into the very centre of his battalion, killed both the commanders, and of the whole force not a man escaped being killed or taken prisoner. The besieging army of 35,000 men then retreated from before the city, and after the siege had lasted a year, Demetrius retired and concluded a peace, B. C. 303.

The next war was with the Byzantines, which terminated, it is said, about the same time that the celebrated Colossus was thrown down by the earthquake in the year B. C. 203. The Rhodians formed an alliance with the Romans, and they subsequently enjoyed their liberties while all the other states of Greece were brought under the Roman yoke. In the civil war between Cæsar

and Pompey, they assisted the latter with a numerous fleet. After the death of Pompey, however, siding with Cæsar, they were besieged by Caius Cassius, and a naval engagement was fought which is said to have been the first battle at sea in which the Rhodians were defeated. Cassius took possession of the town, and the immense amount of booty that he extorted from the place proves that the inhabitants must have been very wealthy, and have long existed in a prosperous condition. After stripping the town of every species of furniture and property that he could lay his hands on, he is said to have offered a reward to any person who would discover concealed treasure, and by this means he extorted 8,000 talents from private persons, and 500 from the city.

After various changes and revolutions, sometimes acquiring their liberties and sometimes being deprived of them, the island became a Roman province and was governed by a Roman prætor. With the rest of the empire it passed under the sway of the emperors of Constantinople, and in the twelfth year of the reign of the Emperor Constans, it was captured by the Saracens under the command of Moawyah; it was, however, recovered by the Greek emperors, and after passing successively into the hands of Baldwin and Ducas, it was conquered by the knights of St. John, by

whom it was most valiantly defended for a long time against the Turks. They made a successful and courageous defence against Mahomet the Second. In the great siege of 1522 formed by Soliman, it is said that an army of 300,000 was collected against it; (one half would doubtless be much nearer the truth;) the knights made a most valiant defence, and were at last destroyed rather than vanquished. "Soliman could not enter the town without wading through the blood of his soldiers; and in it he found nothing but heaps of ruins defended by a small company of knights."

Six, P.M.—We received intelligence that the steamer was prepared to start but the bull dog was not forthcoming, and we vowed he should not be left behind. Messengers had been despatched in every direction, and the reward that had been offered proved at last successful, for in about half an hour the sullen animal was seen tied up with a rope being dragged along in the hands of two stout Rhodian peasants. We immediately walked down the quays and embarked. These quays and the shores of this harbour present a very different aspect from that which they must have presented when Rhodes was at the height of its prosperity, when ships from every nation crowded its port, and its quays were loaded with merchandize. Two or three miserable Greek fishing boats and a few

feluccas are the only vessels that are now seen upon these waters. When we look at the dimensions of this port, which is spoken of as affording commodious shelter to fleets and ships of every size, one is inclined to smile at the contrast between our fleets of the present day and the pigmy vessels of times past. The British Mediterranean squadron would find it a hard matter to obtain shelter within the narrow circumference of the present harbour; in fact there is not depth of water enough for a ship of the line to get in. The entrance is defended by two large square towers, constructed by the grand masters, called the towers of St. John and St. Michael; the magnificent tower on the northern side of the port rises grandly and gloomily to the height of 180 feet. There is something powerfully interesting in these massive venerable fortifications of the middle ages, which resisted so long the fierce onslaughts of the Turks, and which were defended so bravely by the little band of 600 knights and 4,500 soldiers with the armed inhabitants under the command of the venerable Villiers de l'Isle Adam, their Grand Master. Around these towers and fortifications were collected the four hundred vessels of Soliman carrying 140,000 trained soldiers, and 60,000 peasants of Servia and Wallachia, and from these walls the

fierce Janissaries were again and again beaten back until they at last refused to obey their generals.

From this harbour too, after the termination of the siege by an honourable capitulation, the great captain the venerable Villiers de l'Isle Adam, sailed with his small remaining band to Malta.

This old man was visited by Sultan Soliman after the defence he had made, and that haughty conqueror on bidding adieu to him, is reported to have said to those around him, "It troubles me much that I am obliged to cause this aged Christian to quit his house at his time of life."

Seven, P. M.—We got under weigh; there was a heavy swell from the southward, but the night was lovely, and the water as it was thrown from the paddle-wheels glittered with sparkling fiery coruscations.

Sept. 17th.—Distant view of the coast of Asia Minor; broad expanse of sea to the southward, free from islands, and a heavy swell rolling up; a few birds are seen skimming along the surface of the water. Distant mountainous land was seen all day long in the north. Our gallant little vessel ploughs swiftly through the waves. What a grand and noble monument of human skill and ingenuity is a steam vessel—time and space seem annihilated! Whilst we sit quietly reading and

talking, we are in twenty-four hours wafted imperceptibly over 200 miles of the earth's surface!

Sept. 18th, six, A.M. — We are close off the western shore of Cyprus, a fine bold coast; we passed the site of Palæpaphos, or Old Paphos, where Venus is said to have first appeared when she was formed out of the froth of the sea*, a spot in antient times particularly sacred to that goddess; and afterwards Baffo, the antient Paphos, where stood the antient Temple of Venus. Some few remnants of which are still to be seen in the vicinity.

"Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
Læta suas; ubi templum illi centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant."

ÆN. I.

We rounded a bold promontory, and passed down the south side of the island. The shores were bordered by white cliffs backed by bold mountains, which here and there receded, leaving a narrow valley between them and the sea; here and there a solitary house was seen, some few trees, and a scanty vegetation. After doubling Cape Cavallo, and Cape Chiti, we entered the Gulph of Larneca and cast anchor at Larneca, a

* "Illa Paphum genuit de quo tenet insula nomen."

OVID. MET. LIB. X.

town very oriental in appearance. Along the shore were numerous open cafés, filled with turbaned people with pipes in their hands, and Greeks in scarlet caps; some tall minarets rose above the houses, backed by numerous wide spreading palm trees.

Crowds collected on shore, and numerous parties put off in boats, to examine the rare phenomenon of a steamer, testifying the liveliest astonishment at the great noise made by the escape of the steam.

Here reside the European consuls, and merchants.

In Cyprus, we have another instance of the withering and blighting effect of Turkish despotism. In its present decayed and wasted state, we recognize no longer the fertility and productiveness of antient times. The famous copper mines, formerly so productive, and the mines of gold, are now no longer known; the emeralds, the jaspers, and amethysts are found no more, and the fine marble quarries are abandoned. Under the Venetians, 30,000 bales of cotton were exported annually; the quantity now amounts to scarcely more than 3000. Corn, which was formerly exported to so great an extent, now scarcely suffices for the miserable population; the large plantations

of the sugar-cane, cultivated by the Venetians, have now decayed, and the culture of the coffee-plant, introduced by them, is abandoned.

In the vicinity of Larneca are some remains of antient cisterns and reservoirs, but the antiquities on the island are very scanty. Chiti is supposed to occupy the site of Citium, where Cimon died in his expedition against Egypt; and the hamlet of Baffo to be the site of antient Paphos. In different spots are seen fine groves of mulberry trees. The cultivation of silk is still considerable, and the carob tree still produces its long fruit-pods. In the vicinity of Larneca, great quantities of fine vegetables, radishes, cauliflowers, lettuces, &c., are grown; and at the foot of the mountains of the Holy Cross, formerly Mount Olympus, opium and a small quantity of cochineal is still cultivated.

The population of the island is now very scanty, and the climate in many parts very insalubrious. The town of Famagousta, a long day's journey from Larneca, is seated in a fine plain between two promontories; it possesses a large harbour, which is rendered very secure by some high rocks at its entrance, which break the force of the waves. Nicosia, another long day's journey from Larneca, across the mountains in the interior, was formerly

a most beautiful city, but has been sadly defaced by the Turks; it is now in a ruinous and neglected state.

The various mineral and vegetable productions, for which this island was antiently so celebrated, are now entirely neglected, and its numerous advantages disregarded.

The Cyprian wine, however, is still celebrated, and the custom of filling a vessel with wine and stopping it up when a child is born, to be left untouched until the same child is married, still prevails. The climate, on the northern side of the island, which is divided by a chain of mountains from the southern, is said to be much cooler in summer, in fact quite another climate, so that many individuals emigrate there during the great heat.

The capture of this fair island from the Venetians was marked by an atrocious act of brutality and perfidy on the part of the Turks. After sustaining six assaults, and experiencing the ravages of 500,000 shells thrown among the garrison, the Venetian commander capitulated on honourable terms, by which he was to leave the island with his followers in safety, August 1st, 1571. Going to the tent of Mustapha, the general of Selim, to take leave, the barbarian ordered him to be seized, skinned alive, and then impaled;

and his skin, stuffed with straw, was hung to the yard-arm of a galley!

Under the Turkish government the inhabitants have been constantly oppressed, and the population and the resources of the country have as constantly declined. In 1822, the fanatic Mussulmen, unrestrained by their rulers, massacred and committed the most frightful ravages on the Greeks, in revenge, as it should seem, for the revolt that had taken place in the Morea. In July and August, at Paphos, Amathout, and Famagousta, more than 25,000 Christians, it is said, fell by the hands of the Turkish soldiers. Seventy-four villages, containing a population of 18,000 Christians, were destroyed; old men and married women massacred, children under four years were thrown into the sea, and the rest were sold for slaves.

In a district forty leagues in extent, the churches and monasteries were destroyed, and the priests and monks received the crown of martyrdom perishing in torments. One portion of the island, however, being occupied by the troops of Mohammed Ali, remained tranquil, and the lives and property of the inhabitants were preserved under their protection. The safety of the Franks, too, it was said, was only preserved by the pre-

sence of the Egyptian army. Cyprus, like the rest of the Ottoman dominions, is gradually declining. It has never been in the hands of the Turks what it was before they took it, and will never be what it has been, until it again falls into the hands of Europeans.

The sunset this evening was most magnificent, a deep crimson flush extended along the western horizon, against which the palm trees, the minarets, and the buildings of the town, stood out in striking relief.

Nine, P.M.—We got under weigh; numerous boats, filled with picturesque costumes, crowded round to see us depart. The stars were brilliant, and not a breath of air moved upon the surface of the water.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

J. Woodfall, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

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